

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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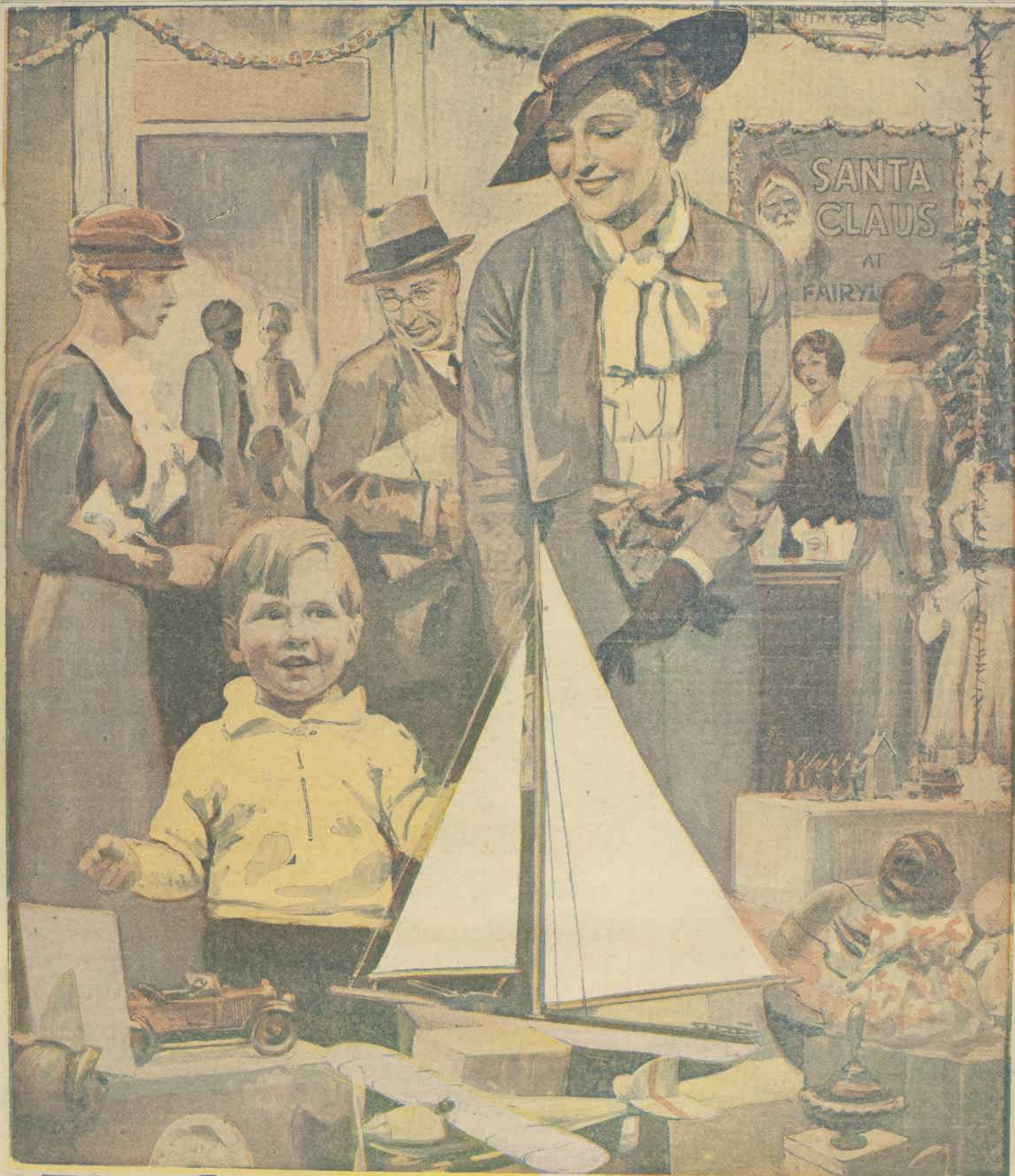
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13 DEC 1934

64 PAGES



Toyland

Verse by PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN. Drawing by BOOTHROYD.

"There are humming-tops and aeroplanes
And just the nicest clockwork trains,
There are motor-cars that really go
And bugles little boys can blow,
And marching soldiers made of tin
And boxes that have sentries in—
At Christmas time.

"I don't like dolls with sort of curls,
'Cause dolls and things are just for girls.
But what I like the best of all
Is a truly yacht with sails and all,
And when I speak with Santa Claus
I'll ask him for that yacht because
It's Christmas time."

WHAT on Earth has Happened to OUR GLORIOUS Weather?

Everybody is Put Out when the Sun Fails to Shine!

It takes a bad summer, like the one we are having, for people to appreciate the importance of good weather.

All over Australia trouble has been strewn in the wake of storms. To a few it has meant stark tragedy, to many it has meant loss of money, amounting to hundreds of thousands, while to everyone it has meant depression.

Women are the worst sufferers. If getting the washing done was the only problem it would be bad enough; but the weather affects them in many other ways.

WHAT has happened to summer this year is a problem no one is able to solve.

Skies that alternately threaten and weep; clouds that hang around with grim persistence; winds that sweep up from the Pole; mornings that break menacingly; and nights that bring shivers; wet and dripping pavements, raincoats, goloshes, abandoned picnics, deserted beaches, colds, sore heads, bad tempers—these have been the order of the day, with slight variation, since the middle of November.

Trouble All Round

WHEN the summer goes astray and normal ways of living are upset the women are the worst sufferers. Their household arrangements are thrown out of gear.

The problem of what to cook is unsolvable as the problem of what to wear.

Suitable diet for hot days is a different thing from appropriate feeding for such weather as Australia has encountered in this misplaced summer of 1934.

Pockets and tempers are alike affected when provision is made for summer meals, and the deadly persistence of rain and mist keeps the temperature down to winter levels. Unseasonable cold and wet bring epidemics in their train, and mothers of families have sickness to add to their other troubles.

As for the clothes problem, there is no woman who does not realise its importance when the seasons turn topsy-turvy.

What is to be done with the purchases made, with anxious care, when a normal summer was expected?

What of the fabrics that were to adorn the racecourse and the beaches?

What of the evening frocks, to go out in which, any time this summer, is to invite pneumonia?

What of the bathing costumes that get no chance to disport themselves?

That is not the whole story by any means. Unseasonably cold weather has been varied by gales of unprecedented force and fury. The first experience was in South Australia, on November 7, when rain fell in a deluge on Adelaide, 133 points being recorded in half an hour.

Just as it was expected to bask in the warmth of a summer sun, the Southern State was hit by this visitation which meant a return of winter in its fiercest mood.

Then, at the end of last month, came Victoria's worst storm to date. Winds of cyclone violence, torrential rains that inundated Gippsland towns and put the homes of thousands of Melbourne suburban residents under water, were part of the experience.

In Sydney the first week of December has been the chilliest ever known. The mean temperature to Saturday last was 61.5 degrees, or 8.5 degrees below normal. Fortunately this part of the Commonwealth has missed the gales that have been sweeping the Southern States, but the normal activities of the season have had to be suspended, and the result has been more than disappointing.

For thousands of people it has meant heavy financial loss.

What To Buy

FROM the purchaser's point of view the situation is awkward and embarrassing. From the seller's standpoint it is a thousand times worse. The loss of trade to retail establishments that deal in summer fabrics, to flimsies, parasols, organdies, and the like, is enormous. The keepers of open-air amusement places, the dealers in ices and cold drinks, the promoters of seaside and country trips, the garage men and the hundred-and-one trades that specialise in summer goods and amusements—all these have been hit by the non-arrival of summer, as they have not been hit in living memory.

We realise why the weather in Australia has become more than a topic of conversation. It is an outstanding event.

You might describe it as a portent—and a menacing one. It transcends in importance the ordinary details of business and of sport as a Test match transcends a game of ping-pong. For the comfort, the health, the means of living of millions of people are involved.

What is the reason for this extraordinary change in what we are taught to believe is an ordered and regular sequence? It is an age of science, and the man in the street, hearing of new

scientific marvels every day, wonders why Science cannot give us good weather.

MR. MARES, the New South Wales weather man, said:

"This year, all over the world, the weather, generally speaking, has been abnormal. Many places have experienced the greatest of extremes. Droughts, floods, severe cold, have been found everywhere. The Australian experience has therefore been in keeping with the rest of the world."

"Our particular type of weather during the past month has been due to an extensive and persistent tropical 'airflow' from north to south."

"The primary condition, however, which is world-wide, is not yet known for certain, although it is being investigated all over the world. It takes a long time to discover whether the sun, for instance, is abnormal in any way, and the condition is felt to be probably due to variations which take place in the radiations from the sun."



A VICTIM OF the weather. This little girl is sitting on the verandah of her ruined home in a Melbourne suburb. Bad weather has been world-wide this year. Some experts say it's due to a spot on the sun.

PRINCE HENRY'S Xmas Present from MARINA

What is it? Too Big for Mail Bags!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe. By Beam Wireless.

When Prince Henry opens his Christmas mail in Auckland, he will find an enormous parcel from his new sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent.

BUT what does the parcel contain? That's the mystery that is intriguing everyone here.

The new Duchess of Kent can keep a secret, and so everyone can just keep on guessing!

All that is really known is that the Duchess sent a huge parcel to Gloucester for delivery to Prince Henry in Auckland on Christmas day. As it was too large to fit the ordinary air bag it was entrusted to the pilot.

At the official ceremony of opening the air service it caused much amusement.

"What can be in it?" was the question on all lips.

"If it's pleasant," said someone, "they should at least be high enough by the time the Prince gets them." This witicism was greeted with laughter.

But the Duchess of Kent, like Her Royal Highness, "Ain't sayin' nuffin'." So Prince Henry's first Christmas present from her will be a genuine surprise.

CONDEMNED Mother's PLIGHT Stirs ENGLAND!

Terrible Revelations of Similar Tragic Cases in Many Homes

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe. By Beam Wireless.

Intense interest has been aroused here over the case of Mary Brownhill, the 62-year-old mother condemned to death for the murder of her imbecile son.

Thousands of letters are being received by the newspapers from sympathisers of the condemned woman. Undoubtedly there is overwhelmingly strong public feeling in favor of her reprieve.

ONE of the most pathetic features of these letters is that so many of them reveal the terrible fact that innumerable mothers are sacrificing their lives for children who are hopeless imbeciles.

Poignant as was the tragedy of Mrs. Brownhill's life, it is paralleled by that of so many other mothers that everywhere, it seems, there is raging the old controversy on the question, "Should the

law permit the painless killing of hopeless imbeciles?"

Counsel for both prosecution and defence described Mrs. Brownhill's case as the most pitiful that had ever come before the Crown. Night and day had she tended her 30-year-old imbecile son, Denis, sharing his room, and with her own rest constantly broken.

Never a day's rest, never a day's holiday had she allowed herself in her cease-

less vigil. Her doctor declared she had ruined her own health through her devotion to her son, who was completely helpless, paralysed in mind and body, unable even to recognise his own parents.

The world knows how, faced with the necessity to undergo a critical operation and dreading the thought of what might happen to Denis should she not survive, the unhappy mother decided to put an end to the imbecile's life. She gave him a hundred aspirins, placed a gaspipe in his mouth, and, going downstairs, told her husband calmly, "Denis has gone to eternal rest!"

Yes, the world knows now the tragic story of this mother. But how many mothers are there in similar plight of whom the world knows nothing?

Darkening Child Lives

STILL more terrible than the thought of mothers sacrificing themselves for children who are hopeless imbeciles are the cases where the imbecile is a member of an otherwise normal family.

In such cases, the brothers and sisters of the afflicted child grow up in constant contact with conditions so morbid one dreads to contemplate the terrible warping of young minds that must result. What a shadow to throw over the lives of normal children! How fearfully must it rob them of every child's birthright to a happy, carefree childhood!

ATKINSON'S

No 24

FACE POWDER

DEDICATED TO THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—"No 24" was first created for an exclusive English clientele, but its fame has spread far and wide through the fashion centres of the world. Eight perfect shades . . . 1/4 LARGE BOX

A. B. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



WOMAN BELLINGER

MRS T. C. LUMLEY is, as far as she knows, the only woman bellringer in N.S.W., and probably is the only one in the Commonwealth, although there are several hundreds of women bellringers in England. In fact during the War, Mrs. Lumley was one of a band of eight women who kept all the bells in Teyford going while the men were away.

Born in Wantage, Berks, Mrs. Lumley comes from a family noted for its bellringers. She is a Licentiate of the London College of Music for pianoforte, was made an honorary member of the St. Mark's, Darling Point, Bellringers' Society, many years ago, and two years ago was elected an honorary member of St. Mary's Bellringers' Society. She has "pulled the ropes" at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, and at St. Paul's Bendigo. A fortnight ago she had the honor of ringing with the visiting team of English bellringers at St. Mary's.

Although fragile in appearance, Mrs. Lumley once pulled 1260 times running the rope of a bell weighing ten hundredweight.



WIFE OF SCIENTIST

MRS JULIAN HUXLEY is the charming wife of Professor Huxley, the well-known biologist and writer. Professor Huxley was recently chosen to succeed Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell as secretary of the Zoological Society of London.

Before her marriage in 1915 Mrs. Huxley was Marie Juliette Ballot, of Neuchâtel, Switzerland.



—Dayne.

STUDYING ABROAD

MISS OLGA WILSHIRE will leave on December 15 for post-graduate study in various branches of social service in America.

Miss Wilshire, who is a graduate in Arts of Sydney University, and has taken the course under the Board of Social Studies in Sydney, has been lately attached to the Almoner's Department at the Children's Hospital, and to the Social Service Department at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, where she specialised in psychiatric work.

She will visit hospitals and Universities at San Francisco, Minneapolis, Chicago, Toronto, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and social service enthusiasts in the various cities have arranged programmes for her benefit. To aid their selection, Miss Wilshire was asked to send a photo, and a list of her likes and dislikes.

A NEW ANGLE to the CHRISTMAS Spirit!

Has Stood Test of Centuries

By F. W. L. ESCH

A remarkable thing about Christmas is that people never get tired of it.

It is always the same every year, yet the whole world throws itself into the spirit of the season with a greater zest each time.

It is a celebration which has grown in popularity with the spread of civilisation, and its universal acceptance, not only by all nations, but by all classes of people, should not be dismissed any longer as a matter of no consequence.

Christmas is the greatest experiment in applied ethics in which the human race has ever taken part.

The fact that it was never intended as an experiment and that the human race is not aware of its part, does not make any difference.

MORE than two thousand years ago Greek philosophers were arguing about the facts of life.

What is the greatest good? What is the ultimate aim of life? What is truth? All their theories were up in the air, so to speak, because they had no way of putting them to test, but most of them agreed that Happiness is what everyone is after, though they disagreed as to whether personal happiness should come before public happiness.

When Christianity came into being, the most popular theory about life was what is known as hedonism, the idea of pleasure for pleasure's sake.

It was a selfish, egotistical ideal, which found its peak of expression in the feasts of Saturnalia, on approximately December 17, when, as one historian describes it, "the blackest passions were given free rein and the people revelled in an orgy of merrymaking, feasting, and drinking."

How It Started

THE early Christian fathers founded their moral code on ideals which place the common good before individual pleasure or happiness. It was, and still is, a combination of utilitarianism and altruism and is the very opposite to hedonism.

With the fall of the Roman Empire and paganism, the church replaced the feast of Saturnalia and its hedonistic orgy with the feast of Christmas and the date was moved to December 25 to coincide with the birth of Christ. A few of the less harmful hedonistic qualities were retained, but the general spirit of the feast became utilitarian.

TO-DAY your Christmas pudding and turkey, and your gift giving are about all that remain of the old Roman orgy of Saturnalia; but the hedonistic idea of pleasure for pleasure's sake is by no means dead, for though the prevailing spirit of Christmas is utilitarian, with its annual message of "Goodwill to all Men," there are still so many people addicted to hedonism, all the year round, that it seems we need some convincing as to the merits of these rival theories.

The prolonged success of Christmas in spite of its "sameness" year after year, should supply this conviction for those who need it.

TO arrive at any acceptable degree of proof regarding a theory concerning how we should live, millions of people must be made to try it out.

Supposing, to take a ridiculous instance, you have a theory that the secret of health, success, and happiness consists in doing as little as possible, getting as much as you can, knowing nothing and going to parties every night. You are entitled to your opinion, of course, but your theory could not be proved true, or untrue, for everybody, till a majority of people had tried it and noted the results.

One way to test it would be to have the Federal Government select a certain period, say, a fortnight, when everybody would have to live according to your theory.

Experts would be detailed to check up

on the results, and the main symptoms of its success or failure would be its effects on the public.

If everybody was happy and business boomed, it is possible that your theory would be right; but if everybody was miserable, and strikes were declared and murders and suicides were increased, then the world would be justified in saying you were wrong.

It would be interesting if theories about life could be tested out deliberately and "en masse" like this.

The public would suffer a good deal, no doubt, but in the end we might learn something really useful.

If we search a long way back in the history of governments we will find that this was one of the original reasons for having them, but it has since been lost so completely, that it is hardly worth mentioning.

Universal Test

THIS is where Christmas comes in, however, for although there is no institution in the world to-day capable of enlisting or compelling the aid of the public to try out such experiments, the public, unknowingly, does this every year at Christmas time.

During the Christmas season millions of people do the same things year after year, with the same results.

Nearly everybody is happy, business booms, a feeling of good-fellowship prevails, wars are stopped, enemies become friends, families are united, the sick and the poor are cared for—and in other ways too numerous to describe, the world is transformed into a genuine Utopia for a week or so.

This has not happened just once or twice with a few people—but it has happened regularly for hundreds of years with millions of people. The "experiment" is the same each year, a vast majority of people "try it out"—and the result is always the same.

Surely these are facts which would convince the most sceptical that the prevailing spirit of Christmas—which is to see that everyone is happy and which is summed up in "Goodwill to all men"—is something more than a theory, and is worth applying all the year round.



THE JOY of Christmas festivities is illustrated in this delightful Boothroyd study of a pretty Australian girl dressing her Christmas tree for a party.

What delicacy of
FLAVOUR

What stimulating
REFRESHMENT

When you
DRINK

GOLDENIA
TEA

ULM'S FLIGHT is Pacific TRAGEDY

Waiting Wives Will Not Give Up Hope

Refusing to abandon belief in their husbands' rescue, the wives of the three missing aviators have spent a week of tension in the Ulm home at Rose Bay, Sydney.

All Australia has the keenest sympathy for these women who have been brought together at this time of stress.

THE Ulm home, where three anxious wives wait, is a neat, brick bungalow, red-roofed, standing apart from other houses. It is high placed on the road that sweeps past the cliffs that look down on the wide Pacific at Bondi.

Fit home, you would say, for a flying man. At the back of it the rollers break ceaselessly against rocks that jut the precipitous descent. In front, it looks over open spaces leading towards the suburban villas of Bondi and Bellevue Hill, with the foam-tossed waters of Port Jackson beyond.

To this home on the heights of Rose Bay the eyes of all Australia have been turning with deep and sincere sympathy this week. For here dwell the wives of the three aviators whose fate has riveted the attention of the civilised world.

The Waiting Wives

THEY are Mrs. C. T. P. Ulm, Mrs. George Littlejohn, and Mrs. L. J. Skilling. All young women, all Sydney girls before their marriages. A common anxiety, a common fear, deepening in intensity as the days go on, has brought

Who's the ... Woman?

NAMES of winners of our great Christmas competition, "Who's the Woman?" will be announced in our next issue.

them together in this house by the sea. There are no men and no children. The Ulms have a boy aged 12, but he is away at a boarding school at Chatswood. The Littlejohns have an infant son of 18 months, but in this time of stress, with his mother's thoughts on the Pacific, the child is being taken care of by relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Skilling are a young couple without children.

SHARING the vigil of the wives are two other women—Miss F. Rodgers (Ulm's secretary) and a sister of Mrs. Ulm. The five women have had an unenviable week waiting, listening, expecting, hoping—and still hoping when the world at large has practically given up hope.

How News Came

THESE women are brave. News of the forced descent into the sea "somewhere outside Honolulu" reached them on Wednesday morning of last week. Just 24 hours previously they had learned that their husbands were on the wing, having taken off from Oakland, California, on the first hop to Honolulu.

Through Tuesday night they listened in to the wireless story of the flight. "Weather perfect, engine sweet," came the first radio flash. This was at 10.30 on Tuesday morning (Sydney time). At 2.45 p.m. it was still good news—"Engine fine; weather perfect. Starting lunch." And so on, with no hint of trouble, and no note of anxiety, until just before daybreak in Sydney on Wednesday, when came the message—"No tidings from Ulm for nearly two hours." Then, half an hour later—"Ulm is apparently lost. He has been sending out emergency calls for radio beacon directions, saying that his petrol was running low."

The rest of the story is known. How the last fateful message came from the plane at 9.24 a.m. on Wednesday—"On water now; plane will float," and how thenceforward there was silence—how an intensive search by aircraft and destroyers was begun with fine promptitude by the American Admiral at Honolulu—are matters of aviation history.

Refuse to Despair

IN the house on Rose Bay heights the women did not despair. Mrs. Ulm kept up the spirits of the others. She had unbending faith in her peerless ocean flier. How many times had he crossed the waste of waters! Had he not vanquished the Pacific itself! He had been missing before and everything had come all right.

Mrs. Ulm spoke for herself and the other girls twice on Thursday, when it was known that a 24-hours search had revealed nothing.

"We are still very hopeful and confident that the plane will be located soon," she said.

Thursday passed, and Friday, and Saturday. Hope in the breasts of most people was growing dim.

On Sunday there was still no news. And there was none on Monday morning.

In Honolulu, where confidence had been high for the first day or two, there was no longer any belief in the possibility of the aviators being found alive. In England and in Europe they were beginning to talk of Charlie Ulm and his companions as brave men who had crossed the widest ocean of all.

In Australia the lamp of hope was flickering to extinction. Few of us could see any ray against the gloom.

BUT in the house on the Hill three women refused to admit what Fate seemed to have demonstrated. On Monday morning, an hour before midday, Miss Rodgers gave a message to The Australian Women's Weekly which she said came from all three of the aviators' wives:

"Tell your readers that we are very grateful for all the sympathetic messages we have received, and we are not cast down. We are confident they will yet be found."

So they watched, and waited—while the waves flung themselves restlessly on the cliffs below.



AN IMPRESSIVE COMPOSITE picture of the Ulm home, where the three anxious wives wait news of their menfolk. In the background is the Pacific, black and menacing with storms which have been ravaging Australia. Bad as those clouds look—they mean hope for the lost aviators; for bad weather on our coast may spell good weather near Honolulu.

OUR READERS' CHANCE ... to Earn Money Weekly More than £1000 Has Been Paid in Prize-Money

The part of the onlooker is apt to tire, but when one participates in a venture and profits by its success, then the whole position becomes altered.

That is the state of affairs that exists to-day among readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

WOMEN appreciate the fact that they have a paper that gives them opportunities for bringing forth that "latent wrapped in a napkin," and turning it into hard cash, as well as being a medium for self-expression.

Since The Australian Women's Weekly started last year, more than £1000 prize money has been paid contributors to these pages.

The loneliest woman, living in the isolated parts of Australia, as well as the busy city dweller, has experienced, at some time in her life interesting things that she can tell about, achieved definite ideas on a topic of common concern, learned valuable methods of household management, evolved masterpieces in cookery, and done a hundred and one things that other women can read of with interest.

But before the advent of The Australian Women's Weekly they had to keep all these things stored up in their memory and did not realise their possibilities as "money spinners," apart from their interest and information.

The Australian Women's Weekly provides a wealth of entertaining and informative reading matter, but it goes a lot further than that.

It gives scope to the individual woman's ability to write of the things she has seen, heard, or experienced, and rewards her for this accordingly.

No paper in Australia, or perhaps in the world, gives women the same opportunities for earning pin-money as The Australian Women's Weekly does.

ONLY ONE Woman's Paper

Last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly completely sold out and a number of newsagents were unable to meet the demand.

For this week's issue, newsagents report they anticipate a still heavier demand.

Thousands of entirely unsolicited letters received from all parts of the city and country testify to the fact that, as far as the women in this State are concerned, there is only one woman's paper.

Apart from the big special competitions conducted from time to time there appear weekly numerous regular features which give them a chance of adding to the family income.

Monetary awards are made each week for contributions to the "So They Say," "Things That Happen," "Clever Ideas," "Brain Waves," "Prize Recipes," and the children's pages.

"I have smoked 44,000 during the past 5 years and have never suffered any throat trouble"

Try Craven "A." Test their smoothness, coolness and flavour; their freshness and freedom from all irritation. Carreras confidently invite your verdict on Craven "A"—the Cigarette that is made specially to prevent sore throats.

CRAVEN "A"



Dawn Over INDIA

The East — its color, romance, intrigue. Against this background Jan Chambers won through... to love!



As the train slowed down by the long platform and stopped, Janice Chambers descended, and, taking the suitcase which the attendant handed down to her, stood glancing about with rather scared eyes.

All around her the crowd surged. Indians in various types of costumes, their faces ranging from the handsome, clear-cut features of the high-caste Hindus to the flat blackness of the "untouchables."

At the far end of the train, from a private coach, some high personage had alighted. There were slim, veiled women accompanying him, great dark eyes glancing about them with covert curiosity.

Jan's breath caught.

India!

She felt that she was in the very heart of it at last. But her excitement was tempered by a sudden intense loneliness and a stir of anxiety.

Suppose no one had come to meet her! There did not appear to be a European on the platform, and she had no idea how to find her way about in this remote hill station.

Then suddenly she saw the crowd of white-robed natives part to let through the tall figure of a man in a white drill uniform, who came striding towards her—a man with a handsome, clear-cut face set into grave and rather stern lines.

As he caught sight of the girl standing there alone he reached her at a stride, raising a hand to his sun helmet. "Miss Chambers?"

"Yes."

"I'm Colonel Enderby. I am awfully sorry that I could not send anyone to meet you before this—hope you managed the journey all right."

As she placed her hand in the one extended, and met the steel-blue eyes

"I expect you feel rather strange," he told her as he helped her into the big grey car which was waiting outside the station. "You will soon get used to it all, though."

"Yes—very soon."

Somehow, Jan knew already that she could never feel strange or lonely while this man was near. There was something about Giles Enderby which was terribly dependable.

Jan had always been prone to hero worship—and here was a real, live, ready-made hero. She knew the story of Colonel Giles Enderby's exploits—that the Governor of this remote hill station was one of the finest makers of Empire in the vast continent, and also that the D.S.O. and the Victoria Cross, which he hated to have in any way referred to, had been won in service on the Western Front during the Great War.

For Jan had been engaged to come out here as companion to the Colonel's only daughter. Somehow, though, Jan had expected him to be quite old, whereas he was not old at all, and it was difficult to imagine him with a grown-up daughter. As a matter of fact, Rosalind Enderby was just nineteen, and there was a difference of exactly twenty-one years between herself and her father.

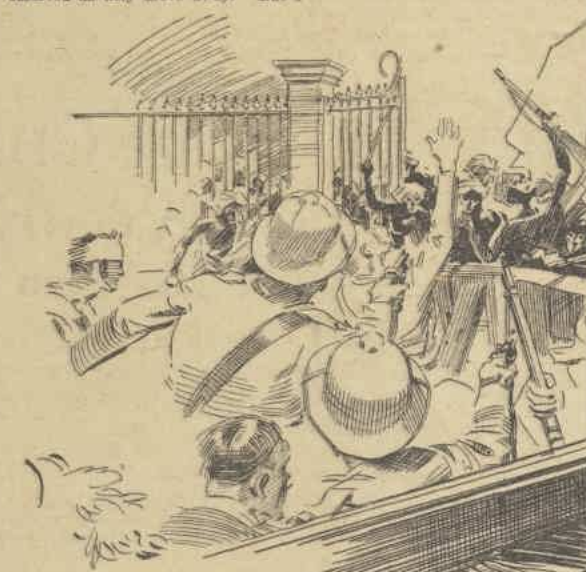
"My daughter ought to be here," he observed as they drove away. "But I

COMPLETE STORY!

— BY —

Oreen Sherman

Illustrated by FISCHER



am afraid she will not be back until late this evening. She has been staying with friends for a few days."

"I am looking forward to seeing her," said Jan impulsively.

He gave her a swift, penetrating glance from those rather disconcerting eyes, and found to his satisfaction that the remark was not an empty commonplace. His quick judgment—a judgment trained to take much note of men and women—had already placed this girl as transparently sincere.

He wished he could have replied that Rosalind was equally looking forward to meeting her new companion, and a swift, deep line drew itself between his brows. He hoped the child was not going to be too difficult.

As they drove through the native quarter of the city he pointed out various things to her.

High upon a hill the Rajah's palace looked down, a poem in white marble with gold domes and minarets flashing against the intense blue of the Indian sky. And dwarfing it into insignificance rose the distant snow-capped peaks of the great mountain range which seemed to shut the rest of the world away.

"I've always wanted most desperately to come to India," she told him.

He smiled. "And what did India mean? Calcutta? Bombay?"

"Oh, no," she said eagerly. "Not the big cities—but to see the country as I have done on my journey up here. And then—this—"

She made a little comprehensive gesture.

"We're pretty remote here," he warned her. "Of course, there is a certain amount of gaiety. But I confess I hesitated over having anyone young out—although I am afraid my daughter would never have endured what she would have indignantly termed 'an old fossil.' I hope you will not be bored."

She laughed. "I don't get bored easily, Colonel. Perhaps that's one of the advantages of not being 'an old fossil.'"

"Then, as the car stopped before the low white bulk of the Residency, he helped her out.

"You would like to go to your room. Would you prefer to remain there and rest, or will you come down to tea?"

"Oh, I'll come down, if I may!" Jan flushed, wondering if she had sounded too eager.

But he merely nodded. "Good. As a matter of fact, I rather want to talk to you."

A soft-footed servant showed her upstairs into the big green and white bedroom, off which a tiled bathroom led. There a white-robed Ayah unpacked her case and drew water for her to wash. And having stepped out of her travelling things into a little frock of lemon-colored shantung, and run a comb through the lovely natural waves of her dark hair, Jan went downstairs again and found the Colonel waiting in the drawing-room.

She never forgot that first tea, or the

charm with which her new employer helped her to feel at ease.

"Look here, Miss Chambers," he told her a little abruptly as he handed her his cup to be filled for the second time. "I hope you are not going to find things difficult."

"But why should I?" Jan looked at him in surprise.

She had the loveliest eyes, he decided suddenly. Just like the violets he remembered in the Devonshire lanes round the place where he had been born. Then he frowned swiftly. It was years since he had noticed the color of a woman's eyes.

"Well"—he rose, walking over to the hearthrug and standing with his back to the mantelpiece—the fact is, this young woman of mine is thoroughly apologetic. She prides herself on being very modern and independent—and considers that she ought to be left to look after herself, and is perfectly capable

of doing so. The regret of my life is that I was obliged to send her back home to school. Seems to me that they learn more that they should not than that they should at these academies for young ladies! What I mean is"—he was actually stammering—"don't be depressed if you find her a little difficult at first."

"Oh, don't worry, we'll soon be friends!" Jan told him.

But she wished she felt as confident as she sounded. It was obvious from the way he spoke that Miss Rosalind was something of a handful.

He knitted his brows. "I expect you'll understand her better than I do. Someone once wrote that 'daughters just happen to a man'—and I have had to be father and mother too. You see, her mother died when she was born."

Please turn to Page 16

My Favorite Poem

Sea Fever

I must go down to the sea again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and
a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song,
And the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face,
And a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the sea again,
for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call
that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with
the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
And the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the sea again,
to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's
way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
when the long trick's over.

—John Masefield.

Sent in by Miss J. Beale, No. 2 Flat, Opawa, Royston St., King's Cross.

which looked down into hers, Jan felt her heart give a queer little throb.

"Yes, thank you," she said. "I managed quite all right."

The gravity of the handsome face above her was broken by the most charming smile.

"Too bad to make you travel all this way alone," he told her. "Give Midar your case"—he indicated a tall Indian who stood by—"and your luggage checks. He will see to all that. Come along." He glanced down again, as he guided her through the crowd, deciding with a touch of humor that his sister certainly had not chosen a plain young woman to send out here. This girl was more than ordinarily good-looking—he wondered what Rosalind would say if she found her kingdom in jeopardy.

Doc Virginia



LATE autumn lay upon the north-west hills a blanket of gloom. Snow was not yet falling, but it hung high in the grey skies and threatened.

It threatened the hapless stragglers from the ranch herds left in the hills. It threatened all life on the bleak and windwept levels. Only those dwellers in the harsh land who remained year after year knew the downright menace of that threat.

Doc Virginia, looking from her cabin window on a grey day, knew it and frowned. She had filled and nearly closed the big iron stove that was the heart of the lonely habitation, preparing for her return at heaven alone knew what hour of the night, and now stood wrapping her head in a woollen scarf and pulling on her fur-lined mittens, for the wind was biting cold.

She stood five feet eight in her stockings, this woman, and she was built of good manstuff. She had the heart of a crusader and the mind of a Socrates as sword and buckler for the life she lived on the hinter side of the line.

In the summers she drove over a radius of a hundred miles in the rattling flivver which hung together through sheer loyalty to the cause of humanity. In the winters she battled blizzard and thaw, behind the finest team of horses to be found in all the State.

The scattered denizens of the country knew little of her apart from the sight of her bouncing over the roads in the ramshackle car, or coming in like a breath of cheer and healing where sickness or death held carnival. She was strong and quiet with a smile that was quizzical behind its humanness, and she cared little for anything upon the earth, it seemed, or in the waters under the earth.

She had three mediums of health, and each was above price in the lonely land—her worn black bag of medicines, the tricks of her big hands with a body's bones, and her unfailing assurance of success.

They said of her for fifty miles each way that it was as good as a dose of her philtres just to see her come in from the cold outside, her cheeks glow-

**Complete
SHORT
STORY**
of the frozen
North-West
and a woman
with a will
of iron.

By....
**Vingie
E.
ROE**

Illustrated
.. by ..
FISCHER



The big woman ran down the room and caught the little Frenchman by the scruff of his collar.

By a Girl of 17

The Cricket

I cannot sing in the open air
For the spaces bewilder me,
And the daylight snatches away
My song.
And flings it from tree to tree.
I cannot sing in the open air,
For the feathered ones mock
My sound,
And darting down through the
empty shrubs
They worry it low to the
ground.
I cannot live in the blinding
light,
For the grasses that weave a
mesh
Of shadows about, lean down
To torture my helpless flesh.
It is meet and right that I hide
myself
Who am humble and beauty
blind.
So I beg you only to leave me
here
Where the darkness is cool and
kind.

—Yvonne Webb.

ing red above her smiling mouth, her brown eyes under their level brows alert, and quick in their appraisal of what was to do.

She took her pay in odd fashion, as best suited her patients' circumstances—sometimes a range steer, or hay for her barn, or wood hauled over the prairie to feed that hungry stove of hers, and how she spent it not many knew, for she was a lonely figure without close friends. Sanston at the crossroads store knew her best of all, perhaps; knew what sort of mail she got; what bundles of books came in by far parcels post; what periodicals, and he could tell nothing more.

What held her there in the bleak land, under the Canadian 11th when she might have practised anywhere, was a mystery, but there she stayed year by year, garnering a hoard of invisible laurels for service to her kind.

So she stood this day pulling on the well-worn gloves. It was a long drive to Darline's Dip, and she thought of the howls in the corral, fearing the threat of snow. However, the messenger had asked her to hurry so she would take a chance.

Darline's Dip was the most forsaken spot in all her territory, a sedge swale between the woods in spring, a whooping avenue for winds in the autumn and winter.

In the very centre of the lowest part a cabin sat huddled in upon itself as if huddling together against the pitiless cold. Here lived Pierre Poirre, a hunter of coyotes, a trapper of fur, handsome, slight, a gambler known for miles around, notorious in his phillanderings. He had a wife and a child or two that no one ever saw unless he came by the foot little but. The "lady doc" had seen them once or twice.

She saw them again this bleak autumn day, a pathetic group in the solitude. There was a fire in the stove and the two faces of the children, girls of six and four, were pressed, fat-nosed, against the dingy pane, and the woman lay upon the bed against the farther wall. The doctor went direct to her before she untied her scarf.

"What's all this?" she asked in her deep contralto voice that was half a laugh, half a warning.

"The small dark woman looked up with starry eyes of fear and faith.

"I am so glad," she said breathlessly, "so glad you are arrive. The latest one—the very latest one—the new one, mon docteur."

Doc Virginia straightened up with a

jerk. She stripped her hands, flung off her mackinaw.

"Where's Pierre?" she asked sharply. The pale face flushed, a shadow fled across it palpably.

"I don't know. He went yesterday—day before—to sell his furs at Sanston's!"

The soft brown eyes of the doctor hardened. Then they crinkled to a smile.

"Never mind Pierre," she said firmly, "we don't need him."

Suddenly the woman on the bed turned her face to the wall, her shoulders heaving.

"But yes, m'annsee," she whimpered. "I do! Oh, mon Dieu, I need him now!"

"Damn!" said Doc Virginia beneath her breath.

She sat down and gathered the neat black head against her breast, comforting vicariously the fearful sobbing heart. Then she was up and about her preparations, the sleeves rolled high on her capable arms, a starched white apron tied over her underslip.

She must be accoucheuse, nurse, and spiritual consolator, there in the windy night, a hundred miles from anywhere so far as human help was concerned, and she was ready.

So the night—and the dawn—and there were three children in the forsaken hut. The doctor cooked a breakfast, fed the poor brood, milked the cow in the barn and put hay in the manger. She carried in a pile of wood and bade small Marie to her, the stove and to give her mother milk from the pitcher at noon.

Then she bent and kissed Annette, put a finger on the wee red cheek against her breast.

"In two hours I'll be back," she said, "with Mrs. Broderick from 'Two Point Rise'."

She was as good as her word, and when she drove bouncing away towards home in the late afternoon she was weary in every bone, though the line of her lips was thin and narrow, and the brown eyes boded evil.

She slept the night in her cold house, tumbling in with her clothes on after she had looked to the horses in their corral.

The door of the barn was always open, hay settling in its slatted loft,

the spring running through the corral itself, so she had little care for her friends when she was away like this, knowing they were safe.

Early next day she strode into the store at the crossroads.

"Where's Pierre Poirre, Sanston?" she asked bluntly. "Did he sell you some furs?"

Sanston nodded, spat disgustedly. "Yes," he said, "he did—that pile yonder."

"You paid him cash?" Sanston nodded.

"Then where's he now?" The storekeeper put his hands on the counter and leaned forward in the earnestness of his indignation.

"I s'pect he's far as Angel Station by now," he said.

"Across the line!" cried Doc Virginia.

"Yes, John Buford met him headin' there—and he had with him that Minnie from Tom's place over in Sinkin's Stretch, the yellow-headed little hussy!"

Please turn to Page 32

MY AMBULANCE WORK ... Broke All RECORDS And Many Limbs!

When I was in the ambulance brigade — you didn't know I was in the ambulance brigade? Oh, my word, yes! Many's the few bob I've made driving people into town when they've missed their trains. As I was saying, when I was in the ambulance brigade I was renowned throughout the length and breadth and thickness of the land for my skill.

Anything from confession of the brain down to minor scratches and confusions I could handle with ease and colery. At inserting stitches I was nulli secundus. I could do plain or fancy stitching, rucking and smocking. I can tell you that when I stitched anyone they knew they were stitched.

I WAS also an expert poultice-mixer. I could turn out a bread poultice with ridiculous ease, also the more tasty ones with jam on them. Nobody in my district was game to try and get drowned when I was about.

I would just fling them on the ground and administer artificial perspiration to them till their spirits were broken.

Snake bites! My girl, they were child's play to me. For a snake to bite anybody when I was within cooee of the spot was a sheer waste of time.

It was just a matter of tying a ligature round the snake, carving the bitten portion off the patient, and rubbing permarmalade of potash in it. In about eighteen months' time the wound would be healed, and the patient would be able to be wheeled about in a chair.

All due to me.

OF course, things were not always so easy, especially in the country districts. I remember a time when word came to me that



Mr. Lower is seen here in one of his mad dashes back to the hospital in an effort to escape from a man to whom he has just rendered first aid.

a man was lying with a fraction of the leg in a paddock.

It seems that a riderless horse had returned to the homestead and begun barking furiously to attract attention.

After a while the interested spectators began to think that there was something amiss, so they followed the horse through wild and

came upon a man lying helpless in the thick undergrowth (Undergrowth, fool!) undergrowth.

Word was sent to me.

Hastily mounting my ambulance, I rushed to the spot.

I could see that the man was in great pain, so I had a stiff brandy, which seemed to relieve him a little.

Then, unravelling my tourniquet, I set to work. (I hope I am not confusing you with all these technical terms?)

— By —

L.W. Lower

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I placed the leg in splints, and bandaged it, dabbed a bit of sticking plaster here and there, and he was set.

It was when we started to shift him that I found that I had treated the wrong leg, but I had made such a nice job of it in the first place that I thought I'd let it go at that.

GETTING him through that rugged country was an experience which I shall never forget. We had to tie a rope around his waist and drag him.

So rapid was the progress of his complaint that, by the time we got him home he had his other leg broken, twelve ribs fractured, a piece out of his back, and he was all over gravel rash.

Three or four years later, when he was able to sit up, he had the ingratitude and effrontery to sue me for wilfully and maliciously rendering first aid.

Needless to say, I got out of it, the magistrate saying that it wasn't first aid within the meaning of the Act.

But it just shows you what a man has to put up with when he's out doing the Florence Nightingale act from dawn till dark.

There is precious little reward for one's work in the ambulance brigade.

Occasionally I'd get a few shillings when the victim was unconscious, but I found that very few people have much money on them when they meet with an accident.

I had to go eight miles for a chap once, and all I got out of him was a box of matches and a couple of old letters.

THE casual observer might think that an ambulance man has a wonderful time riding around in ambulances, and breaking traffic regulations, and expediting the seed limit, and getting his photo taken standing next to the spot marked X, and all that, but it's all wrong.

It's better to be a patient than an ambulance man. You go and get run over by a bus, and see if I'm not right.

DEFEATING a SLAM in CONTRACT

By ELY CULBERTSON

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

GEORGE WASHINGTON may have told the truth about chopping down the cherry tree, but it would take a better man than George to tell the truth in all cases in bidding bridge hands. In to-day's hand North, with two Ace-King combinations and another King, doubled what had all the earmarks of a very precarious Small Slam contract. Her partner did not believe her, and rescued her double with a sacrifice bid, at the very reasonable cost of 100 points, preventing East and West from making a vulnerable slam.

East, Dealer
East and West vulnerable.

S: A K
H: A K 10 9 5 3
D: 4
C: K 5 4 3

S: Q 2
H: —
D: A 8 7 6 5 3 2
C: 10 9 8 2

N: S 3
W: H: Q J 4 3
E: D: K Q J 10 9
S: J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4
H: 8 7 5
D: —
C: 7 6

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
1 D	2 Spades	4 D	5 Spades
Pass	Pass	6 D	Dbl.
Pass	6 Spades	Pass	Pass
Dbl.	Pass	Pass	Pass

SOUTH'S jump overall was, of course, a confession of weakness so far as high cards were concerned rather than an affirmation of strength. It was really a most desperate effort to prevent the adversaries from walking away with a two-game rubber. West's support for the opening bid was almost wholly distributional. North correctly interpreted South's bid, but even though the South hand was extremely weak, it would appear to require very little—in fact no more than a long spade suit and an Ace, with either a break in the heart suit or the heart Queen—to secure the fulfillment of a contract of six, while five from North's standpoint, appeared practically certain. North therefore felt safe in making a slam try.

West, in bidding six diamonds, unquestionably went too far, and North's double of this contract appeared to

BRIDGE is a great character builder and a wonderful exercise for the mind. Play it often, but not too often. If you read these articles by Ely Culbertson, which appear exclusively in The Australian Women's Weekly every week, you will improve your game — and enjoy it more.

have a solid basis in the honor strength of the hand. South, however, was fearful, knowing his entire lack of defensive strength, and "rescued" as stated above. East, with strength in every suit except trumps, correctly doubled. The contract was defeated two tricks, the opening lead of the diamond Ace being ruffed.

WHEN South saw the dummy he had strong hopes of fulfilling the contract—in fact, he thought he might even make an overtrick as well—when he found that the trumps broke 2-1. He then hoped against hope that each opponent had a doubton in hearts, but was compelled to concede defeat when on the Ace of hearts, West failed to follow suit.

His next play was a low heart away from the dummy. East won with the Jack, and returned a diamond. This South ruffed and then continued to lead trumps, on which East was forced to give up his remaining diamonds and the Queen and Jack of clubs. In the dummy South retained the King and ten of hearts and the lone King of clubs. South now led a club, and East won with the Ace, but was then forced to lead up to the heart tenace in dummy.

For the sacrifice of a mere 100 points South had prevented a vulnerable slam, and while he was bitterly disappointed in not being able to fulfil the contract after the high hopes raised by his first inspection of dummy, he remembered his gloom when he first scanned the apparently worthless hand East had dealt him.

(Copyright.)

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait.
sketched by Petrov



• TWO well-coiffured heads. One is brushed up with curls on the crown — the other shows the new fringe.



• A CHARMING coiffure blending soft waves and well-arranged curls. Note the new clip earring of colored stones covering the entire ear.



• AT the left, a new Agnes tricorne in navy straw with white camellias and an off-the-face Maria Guy model in white pique.



• THE two hats above are autumn models. The first is of palest pink soft felt with a double brim, the unusual trimming is navy blue cord. The beret is of red felt with a navy blue quill. To the left is a huge brown straw cart-wheel with white straw cherries.



• A FLATTERING Maria Guy maharajah turban of cypress green velvet, twisted so that your curls and fringe show.

GOOD DRESSING is an Art

Worth MASTERING

Here are Six Simple Rules for the Woman of Moderate Means

TO BE well dressed is the natural desire of nearly every woman, but success cannot be achieved unless you give plenty of thought to the matter. Study each little detail.

To be ultra-smart costs a lot of money, but to be nicely dressed for all occasions is quite possible on a very small dress allowance.

THERE are six hard and fast rules to be observed if you wish to be considered "well dressed":

First: Always be "well groomed" and learn to hold yourself correctly to show your clothes to their best advantage.

Second: Have the correct clothes for each occasion.

Third: Use the right accessories.

Fourth: Think out your color scheme before buying anything at all.

Fifth: Avoid fussy, frilly frocks for any daytime occasion.

Sixth: Dress as plainly as possible. Wear simple, well-cut frocks, plain hats, untrimmed shoes and gloves and bags.

To take the first rule. By being "well groomed" I mean see that your hair is always tidy and neatly done; your fingernails well cared for; your stockings spot-

less and the seams straight; your shoes and gloves clean; and your frocks clean and well pressed. There is an old saying, "You can tell a well-dressed woman by her handkerchief," which is, figuratively speaking, true. The most expensive dress, if worn with wrinkled stockings and down-at-heel shoes, will not make the wearer smart.

Rightly per cent. of the time it is the way a woman holds herself that gives the finishing touch to her costume. If you slouch along with bent shoulders or stand carelessly, you will spoil the line of any frock.

SKETCHED on this page are three of the latest styles in hairdressing. Admittedly they call for the hand of the expert, but even for those who do their own hair there is no excuse for it not being tidy and well brushed. Hair

reaching almost to the shoulders and curls hanging around the neck are fashionable no longer. A neat head with the hair brushed backwards and, if short, upwards from the nape, is the most popular style. There are still curls, but they should be soft and combed out and high at the back of the head.

Whether you have long or short hair, look at the side view in a mirror and see that it does not come down at the back more than an inch below the level of the bottom of your ear—if you wish to be smart brush it up well above the nape.

Use hobby-pins if you like, but never let them show—the sight of these will spoil any well-dressed head.

Clever Variations

NOW for rule two. To have the correct clothes for any occasion is the most important thing in good dressing. This does not necessarily mean that you must have a costume for every kind of event. With the clever use of accessories it is possible to make one dress or suit suitable for the beach, town or country; an ensemble appropriate for the races, for the morning or for travelling.

This can only be managed if your clothes are plainly made, without any suggestion of frills or fancy work.

For tennis, golf, spectator sports, country, seaside, and morning wear, you can have the same frock—one color, linen, cotton, or crepe-de-chine tailored-looking one-piece dresses, linen or tweed or flannel suits with different blouses, sweaters, and skirts.

A wool coat, if made of rough material on plain lines, can go to the races or to the country.



• ANOTHER autumn model in grape-blue felt, one of the most talked-of new colors. The brim turns sharply up at one side.

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large hats; but you would look infinitely worse if you wore an organdie dress into town.

If you are asked to an evening party and you are doubtful whether "to dress" or not, wear a floor-length chiffon, organdie or cotton evening frock that has a little matching jacket. Then you will feel right either way.

As to rule three, the use of correct accessories, the etceteras, such as hats, bags, gloves, and shoes, are of equal importance to the dress. It should only be necessary to have two sets if you have thought out your color scheme with care.

Sports shoes with Cuban or low heels, a pull-on felt or straw hat, fabric gloves, and a plain bag—these you will wear in the country, for watching or partaking in any sports, for motoring, or holiday wear. High-heeled Court shoes, smart little hats, or wide-brimmed ones will be kept for town occasions. See that your accessories match each other in color. Then they will go with almost any frock.

Matching Colors

THE three last rules speak for themselves. If you decide first upon your color scheme you will find that dresses, hats, coats, and jackets will all fit in with each other, allowing many changes.

Do not copy any freakish style that happens to be fashionable if you want your clothes to be practical. You will find such things suitable only for rare occasions.

Always hang up your frocks as soon as you take them off and, if possible, do not sit about the house in your good clothes—especially in artificial crepe frocks which lose their shape so easily.

My advice is to have a few frocks, plain, but well cut, plain hats, good shoes if possible. Keep them clean and well pressed, and wash out every day your stockings, gloves, and white accessories if you have them. Then in the simplest frock you can look well dressed.

Versatile Outfits

SPORTS clothes can be worn these days for almost all day occasions. The greatest danger to people who know little about the art of good dressing is to overdress. So, to be on the safe side, it is better to err in the other direction.

You might feel slightly uncomfortable if you arrive at a cocktail party in a linen suit and find everyone else in plain or printed crepes and dark frocks, with

A FAIR AUSTRALIAN

... Interprets The Modes of PARIS!



• MISS MARGARET VYNER in a stately dinner and theatre gown made of almond satin used on the dull side with incrustations of the shiny.

• THE sports frock is made of ribbed silk in dull white, and the jacket of the same material is striped with red and blue on the white ground. The chic white panama chapeau is banded in red leather.

• A DELIGHTFUL gown for formal wear in white crepe has a nasturtium design carried out with steel embroidery. The belt and turn-over of the bodice are also in nasturtium red.

• AN elegant gown of black velvet has a velvet corsage in the new "Patou White." This is made in satin. Note the effective jewels Miss Vyner is wearing. They hail from Van Cleef and Arpels.

• ANGORA wool and organdie is the strange combination used to make a very new Patou chapeau. The plaited angora inter-plaited with organdie is sapphire blue and lined with white pique.



JUST a few months ago, Miss Margaret Vyner left Australia, where she had added some stage experience to her already wide knowledge of mannequin work, to try her fortune abroad. As she passed through Paris, she met the famous Patou, and he was so struck with her beauty and elegance that he immediately secured her services for modelling his creations on a contract which, it is believed, made her the highest paid mannequin in the world.

On this page are photographs of Miss Vyner showing a variety of Patou's latest models. These photographs were selected by Miss Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, and sent by air-mail.

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your money can
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[SILK SUBSTITUTE] MACHINE TWIST

An Editorial

DECEMBER 15, 1934.

THE GIRL BEHIND
THE COUNTER

IN some ways the shopgirl's job is more difficult than either the factory-girl's or the office-girl's.

Her job is more difficult than the factory-girl's in that she has to keep up appearances to a greater extent—both in regard to her dress and her personal manner.

It is more difficult than the office-girl's because of long hours of standing on her feet, and the constant dealings with customers.

The factory-girl may have a bullying foreman, the office-girl may have a crotchety boss, but it is easier to adjust oneself to one person than to a number. No matter how amiable and tolerant customers may be, the very variety of them makes adjustment to their individual moods a psychological ordeal.

It is true, of course, that the job finds the man. And generally those girls who survive the first few months in a shop are by nature well suited to the work. Most times they hold their own very well. But at busy shopping seasons, such as Christmas-time, they are apt to be harassed by impatient customers.

So here's wishing a Merry Christmas shopping season to the girls who sell and wrap up the presents that other people receive on Christmas morning.

It is worth while to say a word about the general qualifications of shopgirls. That their work is skilled is recognised by the fact that some of the larger emporiums give special training and instruction to the staff.

An alert, intelligent salesgirl, interested in her department, makes shopping a satisfactory business undertaking. An ignorant or superior or listless salesgirl makes shopping an ordeal; but fortunately such types are rare.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Cynics

We watched the world together, you and I
Grown old and tired with the weight of days . . .
We saw the multitudes of men go by
Upon their transient and varied ways.
A cavalcade of youth and age we saw,
Of secret thoughts and artificial smiles,
The greed of gain, envy and hate and awe
Passing with cloven feet down sunlit aisles.
We heard the poisoned words that malice spoke
And idleness or envy bred again . . .
A ghastly dream from which we never woke
To wonder why we'd once believed in men.

F. D.-B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON

Flood Sufferers

THE sympathy of everyone in Australia goes out to sufferers by the Victorian floods. Many thousands have been washed out of house and home, and nearly 40 have lost their lives. The one ray of comfort in the sorry business is that it didn't happen a month earlier. If it had, we might have heard of the celebrations committee abandoning its job of decorating Melbourne for the Duke in order to look for marooned persons out Kensington and Koo-wee-rup way.

Residents of the suburb of Kensington, who have been flooded out three times in the last 11 months, must belong to the super-optimist class. If they don't, why do they go on living there when a humpy in the mallee, or a bark hut on the slopes of Donna Buang would see them out of harm's way?

Hope springs eternal. And the Kensingtonite never seems to abandon the hope that each flood will be the last.

Wonderful Recorders

IN the cables last week we read of the invention of an English scientist, Professor E. D. Adrian, who has been decorated for his discovery of "a method of photographing the electrical impulses of the brain." The more you think of this, the more alarming it seems.

Fancy being confronted in court, or anywhere else, by a man who can put a machine on you and then discover by his photographic apparatus whether you are telling a lie (in which case the impulses will be molto agitato), or just plain truth.

In a recent American detective story the idea of the brain-recorder is cleverly worked. A doctor suspected of the murder of a girl who has mysteriously disappeared is asked leading questions by a police chief who has one of these weird instruments in his possession. When the doctor gave a false account of his movements, the electrical impulses—invisible, of course, to the eye—showed agitation on the record. But there were no such signs when the suspect denied all knowledge of the murder. And it turned out that he was entirely innocent. In this case, fiction got ahead of fact.

The Real Australia?

THE real Australia? Mr. C. E. W. Bean, speaking at a luncheon given by the Fellowship of Australian Authors to the visiting Poet Laureate, Dr. John Masefield, placed it very happily. He doubted, he said, whether the poet would have time enough in his present brief visit to see "the real Australia." He remembered, however, how Masefield had visited Gallipoli shortly after the landing.

"Whether he stays a long or short while in this country," concluded Mr. Bean, "I can assure him that he saw the real Australia—in Gallipoli." And C. E. W. Bean should know!

Not So Sweet

YOUR recent article on this page about sugar, while being of great interest from an historical point of view, may mislead people into thinking that the sugar which was proved by Leibing many years ago to be a food is the same as the sugar we use to-day. It is not—as any expert on the subject knows.

This old sugar was brown, coarse, and unrefined, and it contained health-giving salts and vitamins which are absent in modern refined white sugar.

The brown sugar sold in shops to-day isn't any better either, for it is only a by-product of white sugar.

Many experts trace the enormous increase in deaths from heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and Bright's disease to the use of modern sugar, which we pay so highly to have "refined"—and denuded of its health-giving properties—R.K.P., Wollongong.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Those Illustrations

DO illustrations add to or detract from the interest of a novel or a short story? Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly have tackled the question in our "So They Say" column, but so far without definite result, there being about as many "Ayes" as "Noes."

If you could always get the right kind of picture there would be no doubt about it at all. But artists can't be expected always to realise and make visible the idea of a character, or of a scene that is in the reader's mind. When the romantic hero is made to look like a tailor's dummy, and the soulful heroine resembles our grandmother's ideal of a young Sunday school teacher the result is apt to be unconvincing.

A lot of responsibility is thrown on black-and-white men these days. They have to work at high pressure on newspaper jobs, and the really marvellous thing in the majority of cases is the way they capture the author's idea and make it stand out from the printed page.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF PERTH and Acting-Primate of Australia, Dr. le Fann, was born in Bray, County Wicklow (Ireland), on April 1, 1871. Was educated at Keble College, Oxford. He came to Australia as Archdeacon of Brisbane in 1905. Was made Co-adjutor Bishop of Brisbane in September, 1915. He was chosen as fourth Archbishop of Perth and enthroned on December 20, 1929. He is senior Archbishop of Australia.

Bishop on Golfers

NON-GOLFERS, of whom there are still a few left in Australia, will applaud the remarks of that English Bishop, Dr. Wilson, who says that men confining themselves to golf are not so much sportsmen as "fawful bores." The reason why they are so tiresome, in the Bishop's opinion, is that they play for themselves, whereas in cricket and football you get the team spirit. You don't find cricketers throwing out their chests and saying, "Alone I Did It" when their side registers a victory, but the golfer has only himself to think about. And when he wins—well, you must expect to hear from him.

Dr. Wilson admits that golf is the only game he plays, so his view of the golfer's idiosyncrasy is at least impartial. But, while he was about it, he might have mentioned one or two other classes of sportsmen, such as fishermen and contract bridge players, who run the golfer close in the matter of boreousness to outsiders. If a phlebotomist were taken as to who was inclined to be most puffed up by his exploits the fisherman would win by a short head, with the other two dead-heating for second place.

A Bright Girl's Letters

What Can the
Primate Do
In Australia?

By E. M. TILDESLEY

Is Sydney likely, after 100 years, to lose the titular leadership of the Church of England in Australia?

FOUR archbishops—Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Perth—are eligible. The vexed question will be settled in the New Year, when the House of Bishops is called together to hold the election.

Most of us have only a vague notion of what the Primacy means. In point of fact, it is an office whose prestige and influence are much more considerable than its rights and powers. The Primate has the right to preside at meetings of General Synod, which is the governing body of the Church of England in Australia, and as president he has a casting vote. But in each of the twenty-seven dioceses into which Australia is now divided, the power of its bishop can be exercised without appeal to the Primate. In England the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the Primate of All England, and the Archbishop of York, who has the Primacy in his northern province, still possess, and occasionally exercise, the right to intervene and reverse the decision of a diocesan bishop.

But, then, the Church in England is still the State Church, by law established. The King is its Supreme Head on earth, and the Prayer Book cannot be altered without consent of Parliament. The greater powers of the English Primates are based upon legal sanctions and deeply rooted in tradition. The Australian Primate may wield great power in his church and outside it; but he must acquire that power by the force of his personality.

A Busy Life

WHAT can a Primate do in Australia? He has the oversight of his own diocese like every other bishop—and a bishop leads a busy life nowadays. To the lay observer it would seem to be a steady round of confirmations, ordinations, and official visitations. He has an endless series of engagements; the present Archbishop of Sydney, for instance, was many months in Australia before he felt himself free to take time off to spend a whole day's holiday in the bush with his wife. But his task goes far beyond public appearances. His own flock look to him, in the words of a devout churchwoman, "to raise the standard of church life." And Australia, now a nation, needs a man who can be the voice of the national conscience. Wise, disinterested, confident leadership, inspired by the noblest ideals—who will give us that? Not our politicians, bound hand and foot to their party machines, and forced continually to manoeuvre for place and power.

They can only go as far as the necessity to placate groups of voters will let them. The Primate must not descend to the political arena. The See of Sydney was established nearly a hundred years ago, and it has always held the Primacy hitherto. But the choice between the four metropolitans this time is not easy, and no one can be sure how it will go.

Likely Candidates

THE Archbishop of Perth, Dr. le Fann, who was consecrated in 1915, and is Acting-Primate, is Senior. Dr. le Fann lived in Queensland before going to Perth, so has first-hand knowledge of both Eastern and Western Australia.

Dr. Head, Archbishop of Melbourne, had a distinguished career at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he held administrative office. He later became Canon of Manchester Cathedral, so has added to his academic experience contact with the industrial life of a great city.

Archbishop Mowll, in the short time he has been in Sydney, has won golden opinions. Before coming to Sydney he was, from 1926, Bishop of Western China.

Dr. Wand, recently appointed to Brisbane, was formerly Fellow, tutor, and Dean of Oriel College, Oxford, and lecturer in Church History at the University.

The arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Wand in Brisbane was under the shadow of a tragic personal sorrow. Their son, while mountaineering in Switzerland, lost his life in an accident. The courage with which the new Archbishop and his wife, in spite of private grief, have taken up the burden of their public duties has given them a special claim on the sympathy and goodwill of the people of Queensland.

No matter what the result of the election may be, we can hope that Australia will make a worthy addition to the long roll of Primates of the Anglican Church, stretching back over eight and a half centuries and containing many illustrious names—outstanding among them that of the great Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, who put himself at the head of the English barons when they forced King John to grant the Great Charter which is the foundation of our liberties.



BEGGARS' Horses

By ... **P.C.WREN** Author of "Beau Geste"



The most secret hopes of six men — all brother officers — is the theme of Wren's greatest novel. How those innermost desires were granted, and with what dramatic results, forms the action of the story.

CHAPTER 7.



APTAIN STACEY BURLESTONE and Lieutenant Aubrey Easterwood sat after dinner, cheroots alight, in the verandah of the bungalow that, at the time, they were sharing, neither yet being married.

With feet outstretched and higher than their heads, legs upon the long leg-rests, and eyes idly scanning the moonlit garden that looked so beautiful by night and so arid and unattractive by day, they took their ease.

Ease of body, at least, for the mind of Lieutenant Aubrey Easterwood, of the 1st Bombay Lancers, was not at ease; and his mentor, guide, philosopher and friend, Captain Stacey Burlestone, was a little concerned and uneasy about him.

The incident of the midnight intruder had undoubtedly made a very deep impression on Easterwood's mind. What Captain Stacey Burlestone really began to fear was that it might positively affect it.

In his opinion there was a distinct

Ghost

Adrienne, the dead child, moves about the orchard. Plays among the branches of the fruit trees there. Many folk have seen her, swinging from the peach tree. Bunches of red cherries, threaded through her hair. I have sat and waited here among the blossoms. Waiting for the dead child, waiting all in vain. Why do others see her? Those who never loved her? Adrienne, my darling, will you come again?

—Winifred McElwaine.

tion and a difference between the two things. A mind may be deeply impressed and be quite undamaged; in fact, may be greatly improved. On the other hand, an event which "affects" a person's mind, gives it a bias, a complex, an idea fixe, and does it an injury. If you say that a person's mind is "affected," you say something sinister and serious.

So he argued—and argued so with

his young friend, for whom he had very great admiration, very strong affection, and considerable respect.

"Yes, I know, I know, my dear chap," he said. "I know it has made a deep impression on your mind. Very deep, that's obvious enough. But you mustn't let it affect your mind, you know. Don't let it get on your nerves. India is a queer place, particularly for people blessed or cursed with an imagination. Imagination is a noble horse so long as you can ride it; but when it bolts, God help the rider. Especially, as I say, in India."

"The climate, d'you mean?" began Aubrey Easterwood. "Or ..."

"Oh, everything. Especially the heat; and what you might call its foreignness. We are bubbles on an ocean into which we can't sink and of the depths of which we know nothing. Yes, climate; way of life; incompatibility of self and circumstance; the earth, the sky, and the people; the air and the water; they are all against us; as well as celibacy, mental loneliness, depolarisation, monotony of strangeness—not to mention the power of the local gods."

AUBREY EASTERWOOD laughed.

"D'you believe in that?" he asked. "The power of the little gods?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, I don't go out of my way to defy it; and I do go out of my way to watch my step. That's a 'bull' worthy of Hennessey Wogan. Watch myself and watch my nerves. I began watching my nerves when I was subject to that cursed malaria and dysentery. Nerves!

Many a good man's nerves have got him—court-martialed ... hanged.

"And when you find you are getting something on your mind—get it off again, quick. Whatever you do, don't brood. Don't get introspective. That sitting alone in a little bungalow, all day, with the doors closed and the windows shuttered, as one has to, through the hot weather—is bad. One of the bad things of India. Worse than whisky."

"YES," agreed Easterwood. "When one's read all there is to read, the day seems pretty long from breakfast to tea-time, when you're alone, and it's too hot to go out of the house."

"You were getting like a broody hen," said Stacey Burlestone. "I know it's easy to say 'forget it,' but that is what you've got to do. And the best way to get something out, and keep it out, is to put something else in. Get this worry out of your mind and something else into it—a hobby of some sort."

"Now tell me all about it, thrash it all out, and then don't let's refer to it again. Get it in its proper perspective and see it in the proper light—as other people will. Believe me, nobody else looks at the matter as you do."

"They didn't suffer the ... the humiliation," was the reply.

"Humiliation was damned. Nothing of the sort. No more than taking a loss at hunting, pig-sticking, or sleepchasing. You wouldn't call that 'humiliation,' would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. But there's no comparison. One can't help ..."

feelings; and ever since it happened I've been humiliated."

"One can't help one's feelings," mused Stacey Burlestone. "Well, there I don't agree with you. I think one can."

"One can disguise them, of course," said Easterwood. "I've tried to."

"I know you have, my dear chap. I'm not talking about disguising one's feelings. That's mere repression, and, however admirable, doesn't do any good at all. I say one can change one's feelings. . . . Anyhow, we're going to try to change yours."

"Now, first of all, tell me all about it. Just exactly what happened; what you thought, and felt and did. Get it all up and out, and ventilate it. Let's get your mind swept and garnished."

"And then seven devils worse than the first will enter in?" smiled Easterwood.

"No, they won't. Not if I know you. Let one wholesome god—not goddess, mind you—enter in, instead of this miserable devil of doubt and depression and distrust of self. . . . Well, get on with it."

"I was asleep on the verandah," began Aubrey Easterwood. "I'd had my light camp-bed set up outside the bedroom door. I didn't have it out in the garden because it was full moon, and moonlight wakes me up and keeps me awake."

"I'd turned in at about eleven, and had gone to sleep fairly soon. I was awakened by a noise inside the bungalow. Somebody had either dropped something or knocked it over."

"As the servants sleep in their houses at the bottom of the compound, there should, of course, have been no one in the bungalow but myself."

"A beam of moonlight came through the lattice at the corner of the verandah, and I could see by my watch that it was a quarter to three; much too late and much too early for any of them to be about the place."

Let Us Introduce You to ...

Colonel Harrington-Spens: Who has secretly wished for immense wealth.

Captain Hazelrigg: Whose desire is for courage.

Captain Wogan: Who wants happiness.

Major Wallingford: Who wants long life.

Captain Burlestone: Whose longing is for health.

And—
Lieutenant Easterwood: Who covets strength.

These six have expressed their secret ambitions to a Holy Man, who has promised the fulfilment of their desires. None of them, however, thinks that the promise will be fulfilled. Even when Harrington-Spens marries Mary Hazelrigg, who, later, inherits vast wealth, does Lieutenant Easterwood attach any significance to it. Now read on:



"I hadn't a chance. It was absolutely humiliating."

"I PULLED up the mosquito-curtain, got out of bed, and looked into the bedroom. That's the end room; and the moon was shining in. . . . Nobody there. . . . I then went into the living-room and struck a match. I always keep a box in the breast-pocket of my pyjamas. Nobody there."

"Did you feel at all nervous?" "Not in the very slightest degree," replied Aubrey Easterwood. "I then went into the next room, where I keep my kit, boots, guns, and so forth. There's a desk and chair in the room. . . . Nobody there."

"But just as the match was going out, I noticed something wrong with the pattern of my bright-stuff on the wall, and also realised that there was a lamp on the shelf."

"I STRUCK another match and lit the lamp, and held it up to the wall where a large oblong of green baize was nailed up. On this baize hung all my bright-stuff, in a sort of trophy pattern: sword, scabbard, spurs, chain-mail shoulder-strap, bits, badges, belts, buckles, stirrups, revolver—and all that."

"But the revolver was gone."

"And then I noticed that a drawer of the desk was open."

"Well, as I'd heard the noise only half a minute before, I realised that there was somebody in the place and that, if I'd got no other weapon, they had got my revolver."

"Did you feel nervous then?" asked Stacey Burlestone. "I don't mean frightened, mark you, but keyed up, trembling with excitement, that sort of thing."

"Not in the least," replied Easterwood. "I felt annoyed, and only hoped that I'd catch the blighter. As there was only one other room, he must be in that, or in the back verandah."

Please turn to Page 59

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50 Handicapped Chromium-Plated Flap-Jacks will be awarded to the first 50 Competitors who submit entries containing any one line correct. Every entry is numbered consecutively.

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Send 2 x 6 d. stamps or plain paper or cut the form opposite. Don't forget your name and address.

The lines each read more than one way—but only one correct way. All you have to do is to put them in the author's correct order. Each line is by an Author of repute. £80 is the prize for all three lines correct, and £40 for two lines correct. All the divide. If there are no all lines correct entries, £120 will be divided among entrants having two correct lines.

The solution of this Competition is not known in its entirety to any one person. The correct solution of each of the last Three (3) Lines is held under Seal in three separate parts, one line being shown and held by the Promoter, one being shown and held by Mr. Norman Banks, of 322 Broadcasting Station, Elizabeth St. Melbourne, and the other being shown and held by Alfred Douglas Burgoyne, L.O.A., A.I.C.A., of Casey and Burgoyne, Public Accountants, of 80 Swanston Street, Melbourne. At the conclusion of the Competition, each respective Correct Solution shall still under Seal, be handed to Mr. A. D. Burgoyne, Public Accountant, L.O.A., A.I.C.A., 80 Swanston Street, Melbourne, who will conduct the judging of the Competition and be responsible for the distribution of the prize money. All entries are accepted on the condition that his decision will be final and legally binding on all Competitors.

Author, Book, Page, and Lines Published.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Saving a Body ... at the Expense of a Soul!

The plot in "Doctor's Child," Eileen Bigland's latest book, is not a new one. Novelists resurrect it from time to time, but it has a perennial interest.

The process of moulding a human life to a preconceived pattern seems to excite interest and curiosity, even though it is known that all efforts in this direction are doomed to failure.

VANITY inspires the desire of any human being who tries to mould the life of a child, according to his own plans, though there may be self-deception in this respect.

There was none in the case of Dr. Andrew Dallas, however. He did not attempt to deceive himself or those around him.

Andrew Dallas was one of Edinburgh's leading obstetricians and authorities on child welfare. A dour, grim man who had fought his way up the ladder in his profession, he desired to prove to the world, and more particularly to his colleagues, the truth of theories that he propounded.

For years he had cherished the idea of taking a puny weakling, and defeating the ravages of hereditary disease and the handicaps of delicacy at birth.

Eventually an opportunity came. He adopted a girl of six weeks old whom other doctors at the hospital had reported as a hopeless case.

"All these old fogies are for letting her slip through their clumsy hands, as they've let so many hundreds slip in the past thirty years. But they'll not get the chance to bungle with her."

"They've told me nothing on God's earth could save her, but I'll show them. The mother's riddled with tuberculosis, and the father was a drunken sot who got himself killed in a public house brawl, but the child's got life, and I'll make her keep life. In twenty years I'll have her a perfect example of womanhood and make their meaty mouths whine with apology," he said.

It should be a foregone conclusion that, inspired with motives such as these, Andrew Dallas, calculating and fanatical, could have no possible hopes of complete success, and that, in the pursuit of his plans many things would

be shattered. It was so, and around this the author has written a powerful story.

ANDREW had all the inborn characteristics of a true Scot, and these, allied to fanaticism, made him a relentless, blind man.

His wife, Christina Dallas, was a religious fanatic, and there was not the slightest love or understanding between them. He had married her for her money, and no question of happiness entered into their union.

Andrew did not seem to mind, but Christina's unhappiness turned her into a hard, bitter woman. She resented the intrusion of the child, she being childless, and vented her own displeasure on it in course of time. Eventually she became a dipsomaniac, and Andrew dealt with her as he did with everything that seemed to threaten his cherished schemes.

He thought only of the child's physical well-being, nothing of its mind, its happiness, its natural development. With cruel relentlessness he deprived the girl, who had been named Marah, of everything worth while in life. He restored her body, but destroyed her soul.

The story proceeds with a crescendo of tragedy and despair until the last chapter.

Character Contrasts

IN contrast to the fanatical Andrew and his wife is old Joe Davidson, Christina's father, who had made a handsome income out of burying the dead.

He was a dear old man, kindly, and very human. His efforts to brighten the life of the poor little Marah were frustrated, but to the child he was the most wonderful being in the world, and remained so.

Vicky Dallas, sister of Andrew, is also a well-drawn character, and another very human person. There are several people in the story whom one recognises as ordinary types, but the author has used them merely as a background for the tempestuous Andrew, brilliant, yet mad.

It is a powerful story, fascinatingly grim. (Barker. Our copy, Swains.)

The Holy Land as seen by H. V. Morton

THERE have been pilgrimages to the Holy Land "since Alexander, the friend of Origen, first set out in 212 A.D." but the accounts of such were not available, neither did they appeal to the rank and file.

Before the war, to most people, Palestine and the surrounding country seemed a remote, even mythological, place associated in legendary stories with the founder of Christianity.

The occupation of certain of these areas by the British troops made them seem more real for many of us in Australia and we learned to think of places whose names were familiar in Biblical history as the abode of everyday human beings, and not only the habitat of those who lived centuries ago and of vague personalities who stood as examples of martyrdom, as disciples and as leaders of the Christian religion.

Now through the medium of one of the most delightful and descriptive of modern writers we have a complete and fascinating picture of Palestine, Syria, and Trans-Jordan.

H. V. Morton, author of "In Search of England," "In Search of Ireland," and many other stories of this type, has given it to us in his recently-published book, "In the Steps of the Master." The book equals, if not exceeds, anything he has done.

The story will of course make its strongest appeal to believers in the ministry of Jesus Christ, but apart from this it has a superlative interest as a fine piece of descriptive writing, and its historical aspect.

Little-known facts concerning the rulers of an ancient civilisation, the habits and customs of the people thousands of years ago, as well as at the present time, are interspersed with fascinating descriptions of the countryside, the cities, and the villages.

Mr. Morton in a preface deals with certain interesting facts concerning modern Palestine, and the part Great Britain plays in its administration, acting under a mandate from the League of Nations. (Rich and Cowan. Our copy Angus and Robertson.)

H. POST HOLBROOK RAY: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***



SHORT ... REVIEWS

"AN OBSTINATE GIRL." Edgar Jepson. Ann Vaughan, vowed to avenge the murder of her brother, turns detective, and her efforts to find the guilty person lead her into strange places, and among strange people. She is aided in her search by an attractive young detective, Dominic, and the two provide a pleasing love interest to the plot. Mr. Jepson is an expert at this type of story, and "Obstinate Girl" is one of his best. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE." R. Traven. This story translated by Basil O'Reighon, is of a white man's struggle to find riches in the gold diggings at Sierra Madre, Mexico. Historical episodes color the story, which is a good one, and is a finished study of human nature, fighting against tremendous odds. (Chatto and Windus. 7/6.)

"AN AVIARY ON THE PLAINS." Henry G. Lamond. The bird life of Western Queensland is very fascinating and has been picturesquely described by Henry Lamond, whose former story of Australian wild life, "Tooth and Talon," was so delightful. The author has an individual style of writing, which he uses to good effect in his latest work. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-)

"THE REBEL." Alice A. Kenny. A story of domestic revolt in which members of the Riddell family, led by Prudence, strive to reduce their hypocritical, pampered, father to some-thing approaching a human parent. A family visiting the seaside near the Riddell homestead prove great allies, and without deliberately abetting Prudence, their happy relationship inspires her in her efforts to achieve something of the same sort for her own brothers and sisters. The story is set in New Zealand. (Macquarie Head Press.)

"THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA." E. M. Delafield. Those who have followed the adventures of Miss Delafield's provincial lady in two earlier books will find much of interest in the third of the series published recently. She sets out on her journey fortified by the information and advice from numerous friends, and tells the story of her adventures in the land of the Stars and Stripes in a witty, entertaining manner. (Macmillan. Our copy, Swains.)



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The BLUE Christmas Story

Eiderdown

By
LESLEY STORM



ONE of those enthusiastic committees which hold their meetings in the somewhat austere drawing-rooms of the Marylebone area of London would have been considered quite complete without the presence of Lady (Ernest) Kirkham. She had a genius for com-

mittees! Among all her charities her favorite was what she called her "Professional Children." Actually, it was a kindly but obscure movement to help to feed and clothe the fatherless children of professional men. "Children," to quote Lady Kirkham, "of gentle birth, who, but for the cruel circumstances that robbed them of their breadwinner, would have been enjoying the same ordered homes and such modest luxuries as we ourselves enjoy."

The funds were usually low. The wives and daughters of Marylebone were interested in the Society; they thought it a splendid thing; they thought it "too terrible" that men should die and leave their wives and children almost totally unprovided for.

They sipped tea and ate little cakes in Lady Kirkham's drawing-room; they were interested in the Society; they were willing to give their time; to take a morning a week in the Society's office so as to keep expenses down; but they hadn't too much money themselves to give; actual cash was another matter, so the funds were usually low.

The clothes they provided were old clothes out of which little wrists had begun to show an inclination to protrude, the food was a Christmas cake or a small hamper of tea and sugar and biscuits.

The demand was great, and the supply was infinitesimal, but the Society continued to function.

Every October and November there was a tremendous burst of activity in preparation for Christmas. Wardrobes were ransacked. Friends were rung up: "Do see if you have any children's

"That's not a very pleasant way to greet mummy, dear."

"Well, I was busy drinking my milk." "You should have put your cup down, darling, when mummy spoke."

Bridget glared sulkily across the table.

Lady Kirkham ignored the sulks as she ignored everything that did not fit in with her creed of perpetual vivacity, and came to the point immediately.

"You know it's Christmas in a few weeks, Bridget?"

"Yes." "Don't you think you ought to begin clearing your toy cupboard to make room for all the lovely things that Christmas morning will bring you?" Lady Kirkham flashed her bright, detached smile from Nannie to her unresponsive daughter.

Bridget did not answer for a moment. She gazed disinterestedly at the cupboard.

"There isn't much in it," she said. "Nothing to what some little girls have."

"Oh, Bridget! Darling, it's packed. Let me see."

The contents of the cupboard were dragged into the light of day. All the childish things that hustle each other in London's most alluring toy shops and act as tinder to the imagination of wandering Father Christmases.

"Do you know, Bridget," her mother said, holding up a golden-haired doll

"You can take the eiderdown instead of the dolls," Bridget suggested suddenly, "then I can have a nice pretty one. Pink not blue! I'm tired of blue."

"Yes," her mother reflected slowly. "That's rather a good idea. That was kind of you, Bridget, to think of giving up your eiderdown. I should like my little girl to be generous. You shall have a nice new one—pink, if you prefer it—you may help me choose it. And your blue one will keep another little girl cozy through the cold winter nights." She turned to Nannie. "After all, it's a much more useful present than the dolls. Someone will be very grateful for it, no doubt."

AMONG the Society's records was this:

"Ann Garland (6), John Garland (4)—father an architect, killed in motor accident in 1926; too young to have made any provision for wife and children. Widow used small capital in starting tea-shop in coast town—failed. Now lives in two-roomed cottage, earns meagre income by painting lampshades. Refined, educated woman of twenty-seven, but lacking in qualities that make for success in business. No relatives alive. Case brought to our notice by Mrs. Selby-Wills."

Lady Kirkham glanced over the record of the Garlands one December morning when Christmas was drawing very near. The Society's office was crowded with bustling women; brown paper cracked, the air was heavy with the smell of sealing-wax.

"The Garlands," she said briskly to the girl beside her. "What shall we do about them?"

"There isn't much left," the girl said doubtfully. "How old are they?"

"The girl is six and the boy four." "There's that little double-breasted coat. It would fit a boy of four. It's one of Ruth's, but it's pretty well worn."

"That will do! Make out a label for John, with love from Father Christmas." And the girl—what about a doll?"

"There are no dolls left."

"What a pity! It doesn't matter, there's that eiderdown of Bridget's. I only brought it down the other day. It will do beautifully."

"Shall I make out another label?"

"Please! Let me see, what's her name? Ann. For Ann, with love from Father Christmas." I should use good strong brown paper for that eiderdown—postmen are so careless at Christmas time."

"It's a pretty one," said the girl, holding it up.

"It was pretty. But Bridget wanted pink. I got her such a lovely one in coral taffeta."

"Sweet," the girl murmured. "Bridget is so quaint. I met her in the park this morning."

IN the tense atmosphere of Christmas Eve Sylvia Garland was putting the finishing touches to her last lampshade. At the table beside her Ann was solemnly daubing a piece of parchment with scarlet paint—holly berries, she explained.

"Have you nearly finished, mummy?" she asked.

"Nearly finished now, sweetheart." Sylvia's cheeks were burning and she worked feverishly. "Run through and see if John is still asleep. Quietly, darling! Tiptoes!"

Ann left the room gingerly on tiptoes and peeped through the half-open door at the cot where her brother lay. Presently she was back.

"Yes, he's still asleep. Is he better, mummy?"

"A little, dear."

"Are you afraid he wakes up before you finish?"

"Yes! These things are so late. Nearly a week. Perhaps they won't give me any more orders."

"But if you tell them that you had to nurse John," Ann was piqued. "Afraid that wouldn't make much difference, Ann."

"Will the doctor come again to-night?"

"Yes! He is coming at seven."

"I like the doctor."

Sylvia did not speak.

"Do you, mummy?"

"Yes, dear," she said quietly.

Footsteps sounded on the frosty path.

"There's the postman, Ann. He won't knock. I told him not to because of John. Just run and get the letters, dear."

There was some conversation between Ann and the postman. His deep chuckle and a suppressed giggle from Ann reached Sylvia's ears so that her face relaxed and a little smile hovered round the corners of her eyes.

Please turn to Page 44

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ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes—children will find all these in Fatty Finn's Weekly.

Order Now! 2d.

Immortal Sundown

By :
Leslie Nelson JENNINGS

That afternoon we had not guessed
What flaming arras would be spun
From low clouds hanging in the West,
Shot through with deep vermillion.

Day drew to its appointed close,
And there was not one sign to tell
How dusk would open like a rose,
Or sky be pearly as a shell.

Proudly the dark hills seemed to wear
That golden glory like a crown;
Silent for so much beauty there,
We watched the regal sun go down.



Only a moment; yet we knew
Something that would not ever fade
Into a world of stars and dew,
Caught in the sunset's bright brocade.

things, my dear. Something yours have grown out of. And any old toy! No, I've no children's things, of course. I'm getting my cook to make some Christmas cakes. After all, Christmas is horribly expensive, but if one can do a little, just a little, to make it brighter for those poor dears. Refined women, you know!"

LADY KIRKHAM made raids on her friends and acquaintances, and collected such a riot of oddments. Then she thought of her own nursery. Bridget's nursery, with its primrose walls and its blue painted furniture, because blue was Bridget's color.

Bridget at eight, she reflected, was becoming almost too old for dolls. And she must have at least twenty, all in good condition, because she had never cared much for dolls. She would ask Bridget. She would tell the child about the little children who had no daddies to work for them—no, she must not become sentimental. Children despised sentimentality. At least, intelligent children like Bridget did!

Bridget was still at breakfast when she went in. Yellow china with Bridget's monogram in dark blue glinted on the crisp linen cloth. Bridget's nursery was a place to gladden tired eyes.

Lady Kirkham looked brightly around. "Good-morning, darling. Good-morning, Nannie."

Nannie's good-morning was the cheerful thing it always was, but Bridget's was mumbled into her cup.

in a green velvet coat, "there are some children who have never even seen a doll like this. I don't want to take it away, darling, if you still want it, but I don't believe you'd miss it. She never plays with it, does she, Nannie?"

Nannie admitted that she never played with it, nor with any of her dolls.

"I do play with it," said Bridget firmly. "I do want it. I want them all. They're mine."

"I know they are yours, darling. It's for you to say whether you want those little children to have them. I shouldn't dream of forcing you. Mummy never forces you to do anything; you know that."

"I want them," Bridget said obstinately.

"Darling, they are for little girls who have been cheated out of the good things. Little fatherless girls whose mothers have no money to buy toys."

Lady Kirkham pulled herself up. There was no need to become sentimental. It was foolish to play upon the sensibilities of children; it was absurd to expect them to understand. She glanced through the open door towards the blue-and-white night nursery.

"That eiderdown, Nannie," she mused. "I must order a new one for Bridget. It's becoming rather shabby—faded in parts. I noticed it the other night."

"It's all spotty," Bridget said. "I've upset my milk on it twice. It's ugly."

"I always vowed," said Lady Kirkham, "that if ever I had a little girl I would surround her with beautiful things. I'm sorry it's ugly, darling."

She smiled into the placid, expressionless face of the nurse.

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AUSTRALIAN Nurse CARED for 3000 PEOPLE in FROZEN LABRADOR

Miss Effie Mansfield, just returned to Australia, and fresh from two years in Labrador, has many interesting stories to tell.

Ten years have passed since she left Australia for America after training at the Austin Hospital, Melbourne, and two of them were spent in looking after the 3000 settlers along the 50 miles of snow and ice-bound coastline.

AFTER spending a short summer at St. Mary's River, at a station of the Grenfell Association of Labrador, Miss Mansfield was glad to join the association, and she was put in sole charge of the station at Flower Cove.

For the past 40 years, Sir Wilfred Grenfell has been doing for the people of Labrador what Rev. John Flynn is doing for the settlers in Central Australia.

The people, mainly of British descent, are desperately poor. In the summer time they live on the shore, but before the winter freeze they move to their log cabins six or seven miles inland in the forest, where the trees provide some protection from the icy winds.

From her comfortable weatherboard cottage at Flower Cove, where she lived with an assistant, Miss Mansfield was accessible to all the 3000 settlers within the 50 miles of coastline in her district. In summer time a chain telephone along the shore made it easy to reach her, but this was useless during the ice-bound winters, when dog teams and komatiks (sledges) must be brought to get the anxiously sought nurse.

There were times when the food question became acute for the natives, but this was not so at the nursing station. In addition to her own professional duties, the nurse in charge, 65 miles from the nearest doctor, had to be a dentist as well. Miss Mansfield has pulled out many teeth.

Food Troubles

SHE soon learnt to be a far-sighted housewife, too. The last ship to reach the Cove before the ice held up all shipping for the winter has usually departed long before Christmas, and the first to break through the ice in the spring does not appear till May.

By the time the order for provisions is lodged and filled, the nurse finds that she is ordering her supplies nearly two years in advance.

In the winter time there is partridge, rabbit, cattle (for there are cow herds), and chickens, as well as terns and seal meat, and the imported tinned provisions are saved as much as possible.

The medical stations are not charity concerns. Though nothing necessary is ever denied the settlers, they are required to pay for their privileges either in money or in work.

One particularly hard year, Miss Mansfield had 500 dollars worth of work done about the station to work off debts.

Sir Wilfred is trying to teach the people cultivation. Apart from potatoes, many of them have never seen a vegetable.

Four acres about the station were cleared for planting, and when, among other things, Miss Mansfield brought out peas to plant, one man asked whether they grew under the ground or on top of it.

At times the beaches are thronged with people seeking seaweed for their gardens. They build a compost heap with a layer of turf, a layer of fish heads and bones, another of turf, then one of kelp, and so on. This is left to stand till the next spring, when it is a splendid fertilizer.

Busy Life

THE people lead a busy life, for everything is primitive. Water has to be carried from an inland spring in winter, and stored in barrels. These must be kept in the house to save it from freezing.

Miss Mansfield soon learnt to make use of her ice box in winter; it kept eggs and drugs from spoiling, and bread from freezing hard if used without ice when the temperature is anything from 16 to 35 degrees below zero.

The Government supplied diphtheria anti-toxin, which had to be wrapped in rubber sheets first.

Vegetables were stored in a root cellar covered with three feet of turf and many feet of snow in winter. Every two weeks the household took the day off, made a guess at the place where the door should be, and dug down for vegetables.

The natives work hard. During three weeks in the summer they must not enough eat to provision the family and to dry ready for export in the fall. Then

be carted by dog teams over the snow. Repairs are made to cod traps and gear. Then, at the end of February, the sealing begins. This is not a commercial venture, but many seals are caught, for snow shoes, dogs' harness, and even boots are made of the seal-skin, and a lot of skin is used before their large families are shod.

Miss Mansfield had to go abroad in all weathers. In summer she rode a horse, but in winter she drove her own dog team.

ONCE she travelled eighty miles across snow and ice in this way quite alone, and when she got near her destination and was crossing a frozen pond the dogs lost the track. Unloading the two leaders to slow them down a little, Miss Mansfield donned her snow shoes and hurried across the pond for four miles, always keeping ahead of the dogs to show them the way.

There is another trip round the coast that Miss Mansfield remembers with horror. The ice was breaking up in the spring, and her hurried night journey was partly made on horseback. Then the going became too rough for the horse, and no boat could yet be



MISS MANSFIELD in the ice-bound North.

launched in the Cove. The journey had to be made on foot over broken ice and rocks.

After all this, it is not surprising that this attractive young Australian has decided to settle down to a dressmaking business in a warm climate.

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have made Plum Puddings! Make your Xmas dinner complete by ordering your supply from your grocer or storekeeper—

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½ lb. tin for 2 persons.

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Country Study of Summer Beauty



THE EXQUISITE BEAUTY of this syivan study has all the joy of summer in its tall grasses and wild flowers. In the background of the picture is a newly-cut field of wheat, fresh scented and yellow with its short stubble.



CAPT. PFEIFFER, of London, who exercises an extraordinary influence over animals. The wildest inmates of the Zoo seem willing to be friendly. He is seen here putting his hand down the hippo's mouth—a feat requiring plenty of nerve.



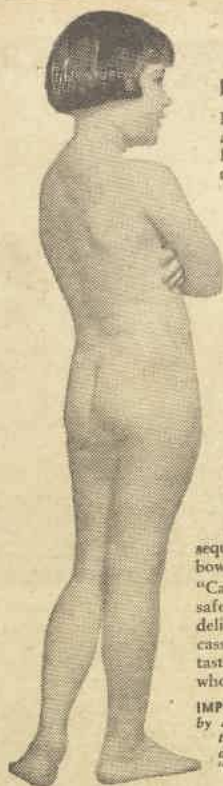
ABOVE: A swimming pool has been built in the centre courtyard of these new flats at Brixton, London. The building has been erected to replace old, unhealthy tenements.



LEFT: The largest tree in the world is to be found in Mexico. It is a giant cypress, and is 160 feet high. Four feet from the ground the trunk measures 160 feet round. The tree is said to have stood 1000 years before Columbus discovered America.



THIS IS THE WAY smart people are wrapping Christmas gifts this season—in silver boxes covered with white cellophane and tied with silver ribbons. Sylvia Sydney, of Paramount, demonstrates the new wrappings.



ROBUST

because she eats with relish

Pale sickly children, whose tongues are always coated and who are never really happy are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon, one that is clogged with waste. Such children need a little pure Syrup of Figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours. In a couple of weeks your child will have the appetite of a healthy young animal.

Why Mothers are returning to a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Pills and tablets may be suitable for robust adults but they are capable of seriously disturbing the bowel action of a child. For children, hospitals and doctors insist on a liquid laxative. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels, nor form a laxative habit.

"California Syrup of Figs" is perfectly safe for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calfig".

DAWN Over INDIA

Continued from Page 5

"THAT'S terrible," said Jan softly. Somehow those few simple words helped her to guess the tragedy that had shadowed his life. She guessed, too, that however wayward his daughter was she was the whole world to him.

Suddenly he held out his hand with that swift, brilliant smile.

"I wanted someone absolutely reliable to be with her and to influence her. I feel sure I can trust you."

"Thank you—I'll do my very best," she told him.

But as she met those clear eyes something like fear stirred in her. If one failed this man she felt certain that he could be utterly ruthless. But, then, one never would fail him. Somehow Jan knew already that she would die first.

Jan was just finishing dressing for dinner when there was a tap on the door, and in answer to her "Come in" it opened quickly to admit one of the loveliest girls she had ever seen.

Tall and slender and golden-haired, with the deepest sapphire eyes and a mouth that was a scarlet curve of wilfulness, Rosalind Enderby surveyed the newcomer in her home without any trace of enthusiasm. Then, quite suddenly, a smile which was startlingly like her father's, flashed out, and she extended her hand.

"How do you do, Miss Chambers? I'm the naughty little girl whom you have come all the way from England to keep in order."

Jan laughed frankly. "I hate keeping people in order—it sounds like a nursery governess. I had rather hoped that I had come to—er—be a sister to you."

"SORRY—I don't like my own sex well enough to have any use for one," was the cool retort. "However, Giles will be happy as long as he feels I'm being protected. From the look of you it seems like a conspiracy to remove all my most interesting young men! I'll warn you when to keep off the grass, though—and I dare say we'll get along all right."

Jan was not sure whether this was a promising beginning or otherwise, but she could not help being charmed by the wilful beauty.

At dinner Rosalind was bubbling over with high spirits, full of the visit to Simla, from which she had just returned.

"By the way, darling," she told her father, "Basil Henniker's back—I saw him at the station."

The Colonel frowned.

"Was he in Simla?" he demanded sharply.

His daughter gave him a half-mischievous, half-defiant glance from under her long lashes.

"Don't get excited, Giles—he was not."

But her father remained unsmiling. "I hoped he had cleared out altogether."

"The original bold bad wolf, eh, Daddy?" Rosalind raised her brows. "He is giving a luncheon party next Thursday and wants us to go."

"I shall have much pleasure in refusing the invitation for us both."

"Do you know?"—Rosalind was suddenly unsmiling—"I think you can be awfully unfair."

"Probably."

Glancing quickly from one to the other, Jan sensed the clash of those two wills. For a moment the girl's lovely face was dark with mutiny. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

And calmly changing the conversation, the Colonel observed: "By the way, Bobby Harlow will be back tomorrow."

Rosalind stared at him for a moment then she gave a ripple of laughter. "Darling," she exclaimed, "how too devastating! As if I cared whether Bobby came back or got lost in the eternal snows. He just—bored me."

"He would," her father replied dryly. "You have an odd taste in men. When you are grown up you will know better."

Rosalind glanced at Jan. "Smothered by stern parent. You'll get used to these little arguments. Miss Chambers, shall we retire now and leave the old gent to his port?"

But as she passed her father she bent to press her soft cheek against his. And out in the hall she linked her arm through Jan's.

"Daddy's a lamb," she informed her, "but he suffers from a Victorian complex. You heard him just now." She crossed to the coffee-tray, and, lifting the silver pot, proceeded to fill two cups, and as she continued speaking there was a heightened color in her cheeks. "Basil Henniker is quite the most attractive man in the Station—and just because he is separated from his wife or something, our Colonel disapproves of him and thinks he is a bad lad. I'm quite old enough to choose my own friends—but that's a thing we'll never agree on—!" She broke off as the tall Indian servant Jan had seen at the station entered.

"What is it, Midar?"

The man made a low salaam. "The Henniker Sahib has called and would be glad to see the Colonel, Miss Sahib."

"Well, tell the Colonel, Sahib—he is still in the dining-room."

"I say—I hope I'm not butting in," said a voice from the doorway, "but I found there was a bit of trouble with my wretched servants when I got back, and I wanted to consult the Colonel."

"Of course not. Come in, Midar will tell him," Rosalind nodded to the servant and then turned to Jan.

"Miss Chambers—let me introduce Mr. Henniker."

Jan returned the man's bow, aware of a dark aquiline handsomeness which might have been Spanish or Italian.

She realised that this man was amazingly good to look at and that she had taken an instant dislike to him.

"Have you been to Sadahpore before, Miss Chambers?" he asked.

"I have never been to India before," she replied.

"By Jove! We must show her the ropes." He looked quickly across at Rosalind.

She shrugged her shoulders. "She'll learn them soon enough."

At that Midar appeared again and announced that the Colonel Sahib would see Mr. Henniker in the study.

Rosalind followed the visitor out into the hall. As the curtain dropped behind her Jan heard her say swiftly: "Basil—!" and knew that she was holding him in quick low-voiced conversation.

Please turn to Page 34

TIRED NERVES



QUIET your nerves and get safe relief from all nerve pains with Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Avoid imitations.
12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6
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Mr. James Lyons, whose name is so well and favourably known throughout New South Wales for the wonderful cures that have been effected by this unique treatment, wishes to announce that, in conjunction with his son, he will be returning to Sydney early in January to give treatment for a limited period.

It is now six years since Mr. Lyons was joined by his son Barnie in this wonderful work of bringing health and happiness to suffering humanity, and three of these years have been spent in Collins Street, Melbourne, where their combined treatment has been most successful, as the many letters and testimonials which they have will show.

Messrs. Lyons' Book, "The Romance of the Naturally Gifted Men," which fully explains this remarkable treatment, as well as containing a great number of letters, testimonials, and names of people who have benefited by this treatment and have generously given their names, that it may help others who are seeking relief from their ailments, will be sent free upon application to Box 1213, G.P.O., Melbourne.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THIS REMARKABLE TREATMENT WILL BE GIVEN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by...

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"I BEG YOUR PARDON!"



"DOCTOR, I must have an operation of some sort. I simply cannot take part in the conversations at our local card parties."



"What are you meaning about? You said you wanted yer coffee weak."
"Weak? Yeah, but not 'elpleess!'"



BOSS: Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success.
OFFICE BOY: Yes sir, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance.



"All the money I make from writing my wife spends on clothes."
"She's a nudist, then?"



"How many people work at your office?"
"Oh, about a third of them."

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PHOTO: KATHLEEN COURT, BY BASIL, LONDON

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Sunburn danger and ugliness are now needless! By using COOLTAN—a scientific, "active", greaseless cream you can get a glorious, smooth, even tan in 2 hours—without the least risk of sunburn or freckles! Cooltan will also permit you to revel in the strongest sunshine for as long as you wish without risk of blistering, "peeling", or turning a fierce lobster red! And, should you have failed to secure the protection of Cooltan and have, in consequence, become badly burned, you can soothe away the pain and inflammation and heal the injured skin at once by using this scientific preparation. Cooltan contains no dye, becomes invisible by evaporation and does not ruin clothes. Cooltan does not interfere with the use of powder and rouge—it improves the effect

COOLTAN

Turns a Sunburn that Smarts into a SUN TAN that's Smart!

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/- is paid for each joke used.

A RECRUIT was put on guard for the first time. A shadowy form loomed out of the surrounding darkness.
"Halt!" he cried in a threatening tone, "who are you?"
"Orderly officer," was the reply.
The officer advanced, but before he had gone a dozen steps the sentry again shouted "Halt!"
"This is the second time you have halted me," the officer objected, "what are you going to do next?"
"Never mind what I am going to do, my orders are to call 'Halt' three times and then shoot!"

FIRST GOSSIP: Just think of young Brown marrying that girl. I thought he was just flirting with her.
Second Gossip: Yes, so did he!

A MAN, entering a railway train late one night, saw a fellow passenger trying to read his paper upside down.
"Excuse me," said this kindly busy-body, "but are you aware that your paper is upside down?"
"Yes," hiccupped the other, "I know it is, and believe me it's darned hard to read!"

HUBBY: No man with any sense would allow you to carry on the way you do.
WIFE: How do you know what a man with any sense would do?

"THE difference between the cow and the milkman," said the would-be witty consumer, "is that the cow gives pure milk."
"There is yet another difference," retorted the milkman. "Cows don't give credit!"

DINER: Do you serve shrimps here?
Waiter: We serve anyone; sit down.



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Australian Agents, R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.

YOU HAVE THE WHITEST TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN



There is no question about what toothpaste you should use. For the only one in the world that removes the cause of most tooth and gum troubles as well as erases ugly tarnish and stain is KOLYNOS.

Try KOLYNOS. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. A half-inch on a dry brush morning and night will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look shades whiter—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream contains two valuable ingredients that obtain results impossible with ordinary

brushing. One literally foams into every crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. The other cleans every tooth surface, banishing yellow, streaks and stain. Thus your teeth are cleaned perfectly

—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.

Start using KOLYNOS, get a tube to-day.

KOLYNOS
LASTS TWICE
THE USUAL
TIME—BECAUSE
YOU USE HALF
AS MUCH

KOLYNOS

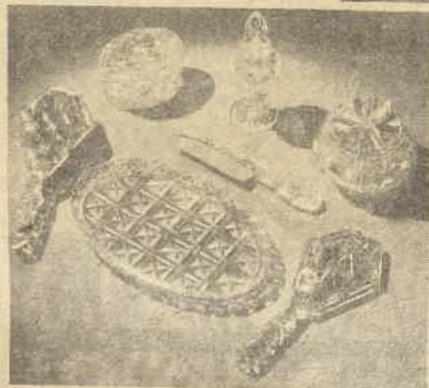
the antiseptic Dental Cream.

An Inspiration For Every Gift List

IDEAS fairly leap at one from the scintillating array of Grimwade Hand-cut Crystal. There are gifts for her or him . . . delightful single pieces or whole exquisite suites. Look for the green and gold map-of-Australia label that assures you the added satisfaction of securing a genuine production so rich in lead that its lustre remains for ever. Grimwade retains its radiance, and is 100% Australian.

GRIMWADE

HAND-MADE and
HAND-CUT
CRYSTAL



Give Crystal this Christmas, but be sure it is Grimwade, the genuine Australian product.

PRODUCT OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS CO., LTD.

MAKE the Best USE of Christmas CARDS

Tighten-up those Weak Links of Friendship!

—Louise Mack Advises

When you are inclined to grumble and demur at the effort required to send out Christmas greetings to your friends, old and new, pause for a second to consider how well worth while that effort really is.

THE habit of sending Christmas cards dies hard, in fact I think it will never die. There are so many valued and treasured things at stake, things that become more valuable as the world rushes on with its swift and inevitable changes and partings.

Sending Christmas cards is the simplest and most marvellous way of cementing crumbling friendships, of healing little miserable breaches, and of bringing nearer dear ones far, far away, pushed out of sight as it were, maybe, by the exigencies of time and space, and almost (but not quite) forgotten. Send them a Christmas card!

Then see what happens! NEXT time you meet them, unexpectedly, perhaps, you will discover in their eyes, if you look for it, a certain freshened affection, telling you without words that your Christmas card has done its work in the secret places of the heart. We all like to be remembered. We hate to be forgotten. Like children, we want to be in it, for what we are after all but "children of a larger growth."



The card selected by the King.

The magic of the Christmas card is the same magic that lurks in these lovely lines:

"Kind words can never die,
No, never die."

The life of the heart cries out for recognition sometimes, for all that it is relegated to play so secret and silent a part in the business of our existence.

SOME people who never say "I'm fond of you," think it, and feel it in the depths of their hearts, and at Christmas



The Queen's Christmas Card.

they are moved as by some mystery to express that feeling to someone far away, and so they send a Christmas card.

How ordinary and commonplace a letter is beside a Christmas card! The letter presses to justify itself, as it were: "It is wet and cold," or "There's a drought," or "Poor John died," or "Dear Joan and Percy are divorcing," or "I've had a minor operation but am better now," or "We haven't been in Sydney for ages; we can't afford it." Or "The children have all had measles."

But the Christmas card is just a little bunch of prettiness and sweetness. No



The Prince of Wales' choice this season.

—Rephast Tusk Photos, London.

measles. No divorces. No droughts. No operations.

Just something pretty, something dainty, wistfully murmuring, "I'm fond of you, you know, although you might not suspect it."

LIKE Charity, the dear old Christmas card suffereth long and is kind. Always kind. Never ironic, never witty, never assertive, but always and for ever kind—that is the note that the Christmas card comes striking athwart our old friendships until the red, glowing sparks fly once more out of the chilly, doused anvils of our hearts.

HOT HOLIBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holibrook. The World's Appetizer. 8888

SAUNDERS Christmas Star Bargain Carnival

Big Reductions on Xmas Gifts!



This Charming Two Diamond Ring, with perfect Blue-White diamonds, is richly hand carved, pure platinum set, with ring of 18ct. gold. Save £8/10/-.

Others: £12/10/-, £17/10/-, £30/-



Ladies' Gold-Plated Watch on Mesh Band, beautifully designed, 15-jewel, high-grade, never movement. Guaranteed 10 years.

CARNIVAL PRICE 57/6

Others: 30/6, 45/6, 50/6



Diamond Set Bar Brooch, with Blue-White Diamonds in Octagon setting. Platinum set, 18ct. gold.

CARNIVAL PRICE £5



Diamond Set Bar Brooch, three lovely Blue-White Diamonds platinum set, 18ct. gold.

CARNIVAL PRICE £12/10/-



Link and Stud Suite, in velvet-lined case. Set, gold Links, 2 each set, gold. 18ct. gold.

CARNIVAL PRICE 40/-



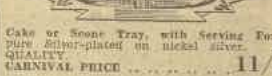
Cake or Scone Tray, with serving fork, pure silver-plated on nickel silver. At 11/6.

CARNIVAL PRICE 11/6



Seven-piece Toilet Set, with crystal tray and lovely cut crystal Vases, Powder Bowl, Scent Bottle, and Pin Tray. Save 7/6.

CARNIVAL PRICE 30/-



Ladies' six-piece Toilet Set in lovely Pink or Blue Kyocera. Good quality brushes and beveled mirror. In the Presentation Case.

CARNIVAL PRICE 30/-



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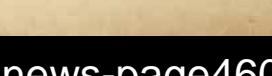
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CARNIVAL PRICE 30/-



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CARNIVAL PRICE 30/-



Ladies' six-piece Toilet Set in lovely Pink or Blue Kyocera. Good quality brushes and beveled mirror. In the Presentation Case.

CARNIVAL PRICE 30/-

BUILDING an Aristocracy for AUSTRALIA

Tracing the Family Tree of Famous Pioneers

Aristocracy is not a matter of titles—it is a matter of breeding. Celebrations such as the Melbourne Centenary bring before the public the fact that Australia is fast developing an aristocracy of birth surpassed by no other in the world. The Henty family is a fine example.

SURELY not in any history of the British Empire has there been such a family gathering as that of the Henty family in Victoria at the recent Portland celebrations.

Descendants and connections of this historic family foregathered from all parts of the world to do honor to their pioneer forbears.

Merino Downs, the home of the Misses Hindson, descendants of Francis Henty, who settled there, received a steady flow of "family" visitors. Mrs. Kenneth McWhae and Mrs. L. Sylvester also represent that branch of the family. Amongst other "Hentys" who arrived in Portland were Mrs. Steven Henty, Mrs. Coster (N.Z.), Dr. Edward Henty Smalpage (N.S.W.), Mr. R. Smalpage (W.A.), Mrs. Keith Daniels (W.A.), Mrs.

Hall (W.A.), Miss Olive Bree, Mr. Martin Bree, Mrs. Bert Grice, Mr. Arthur Henty, Mrs. Margaret Henty (Glenbri), Mrs. Henty (London), Mr. A. O. Henty, Miss Ethel Henty (Melbourne), Mrs. Woods (a great-granddaughter), and Mrs. Henty Wilson.

It was just 100 years, to a day, since Edward Henty, greatly daring, landed at Portland.

Actually, the adventures of the Hentys began five years before November 19, 1834, when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henty, of Tarring, Sussex, decided to send some of their seven sons to take up a Government grant of land—80,000 acres of it—in Western Australia.

The Hentys were already famous sheep breeders in England, and they caused quite a stir when they chartered the good ship Caroline, and James, Stephen and

John Henty departed for the new land with a complete shipment of sheep, cattle, and horses and many dependents. The merino sheep, which had just been shorn, were so valuable that each one wore a little red woolen coat for protection.

In 1829 they reached W.A., only to be disappointed in the poor land they had been allotted. James, the eldest son, who was also the brains of the enterprise, moved on to Tasmania to view the land there, and soon after this Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henty came out with the rest of their family. They soon realised that Launceston could only be a base for their operations.

Several of the sons set off in whale boats to explore the south coast of Australia, and Edward landed at Portland, in the Port Phillip district.

Early Trials

JAMES, the business man, was despatched home to England to try, unsuccessfully, to have the grant of land moved from W.A. to Port Phillip.

Edward set out in the Thistle and, after 34 days, landed at Portland on November 19, 1834, to found the settlement. Exactly one month later, to this day, Francis arrived, bringing the first merino sheep to Victoria—four merino rams and six ewes.

Major Mitchell, the famous explorer, who was the first white man to cross the Murray River, was surprised to find a white settlement at Portland. He told Edward and Francis about what he called Australia Felix. Edward hurried across to Launceston to ask his father's advice.

James, who had married an English bride in W.A., accompanied by his four-year-old son, Henry, came back with him, and the property in the western district was occupied. Two years after the first landing Stephen arrived in Portland from Western Australia, and later brought his young bride there. John arrived towards the end of 1836.

James Henty has a large number of descendants.

His son, Henry, had a large family. Henry's eldest son, the late Mr. Harry Henty, has left two sons, Major Edrie Henty, who divides his time between Green Timbers, his house at Mt. Martha, and his flat at South Yarra; Mr. Basil Henty, who lives in England, but will be here for the Centenary, and one daughter, Mrs. Ronald Cumming, of Camperdown, who has two charming daughters, Lorraine and Dawn, and one schoolboy son.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS HENTY (1834). This set of photos covers the three Henty brothers and their wives, who landed at Portland in 1834.

THE second son, Charles, went to Sydney, and he left two sons, Mr. Gordon Henty has one daughter, and Mr. Douglas Henty two sons and one daughter, and they are all in Sydney.

The third son, Gilbert, has no children.

The fourth son, Mr. A. O. Henty, is a well-known Melbourne solicitor. Though a bachelor, he is keenly interested in education for boys. He has been on the Council of the Melbourne Grammar School for 25 years. His sister is Miss Ethel Henty.

In his garden is the tiny cannon that was a valuable part of the equipment brought to Portland by his ancestors, and he also has in his possession Edward Henty's diary, which was on show at the Portland celebrations for the first time.

Another sister is Mrs. G. F. Blandy, C.B.E., of Austimner, on the South Coast of New South Wales, and the eldest sister was the wife of Bishop Armstrong of Wangaratta. Her son, Brian Armstrong, who was born on the same day as the Prince of Wales, is a member of his uncle's law firm, and his sister is Miss Dorothy Armstrong of Hawthorn.

JAMES HENTY'S second son, Herbert, has left two children, Mr. A. F. Henty, who recently built a very modern home at Frankston and called it Portland Cottage, and Miss Florence Henty, who lives in Melbourne.

Another daughter of James Henty, Mary Jane, became Mrs. John Wilson. Her son, Mr. John A. Henty Wilson, lives at Kew with his wife and family. Another daughter, Frances, married the Hon. James Balfour, and members of her family are well known in Melbourne. They include Dr. J. J. Balfour, W. G. Balfour, H. R. Balfour, Mrs. Michael Elliott, Miss Charlotte Balfour, and Mrs. Matthews.

James Henty's youngest son, Thomas,



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD HENTY (1834). See if you can trace the likeness in the living Hentys on this page.



INTERESTING PHOTOS of the original Hentys. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Henty—1836.



LORRAINE CUMMING, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cumming. She is one of the youngest of the Henty family group.

DIANA, Ian, and Helen, children of Dr. and Mrs. E. Henty Smalpage, of Sydney, and great-grandchildren of the Hon. Stephen George Henty, one of the original pioneers of Portland, Victoria.



PERHAPS THE MOST MODERN of the Hentys to-day—Major and Mrs. Edrie Henty, who divide their time between their country home, Green Timbers, Mount Martha, and their flat at South Yarra, Melbourne.

Widespread

STEPHEN HENTY and his famous wife have many descendants. One son, George, still lives in Sydney, and their only remaining daughter is Mrs. Edward Coster, of New Zealand.

The late Mrs. Stapleton Bree, of Hamilton, was another daughter. Her children are Mr. Martin Bree, of Harrow; Mrs. Bert Grice, of Frankston; and Miss Olive Bree, of Hamilton.

A great-grandson of Stephen Henty is young Edward Henty, whose father was killed at the war. He is a student at Melbourne University.

John Henty has two grandsons living. They are Dr. de Whitt Henty, of Ararat, and Mr. Frank Henty. The latter has one son, Stephen.

Doctor Advises How to Avoid Constipation

Doctors agree that the prevalence of constipation among the community to-day is due largely to lack of sufficient roughage in the modern diet. A well-known medical man recently stated that "if more people knew about Sanitarium San-Bran there would be fewer sufferers from this constipation evil."

San-Bran stimulates the bowels to act naturally and regularly. It is an ideal laxative for adults and children alike. Just two tablespoonfuls of San-Bran added each morning to the usual breakfast cereal is quite sufficient to ensure regularity in the average person. It is deliciously flavoured; really enjoyable to eat. San-Bran is obtainable in packets from any grocer.***

REMEMBER the community singing each Wednesday at the Savoy Theatre is broadcast through 2GB between 12 noon and 2 p.m.



Fuel stoves . . . electric stoves . . . old gas stoves — in fact almost every kind of stove is being "Rounded-Up" as the result of our Gas Kitchen Modernising Campaign. But, has your old stove been included in this "Round-Up" — this campaign for better cooking and brighter kitchens? We will allow you 25/- (or more) on your old gas stove and charge you only 20/- to remove it and instal a modern gas cooker. The terms of payment are very easy — deposits from 10/- and instalments from 5/- a month.

If you are using a fuel or electric stove we will make you a liberal trade-in allowance on it, and instal an up-to-date gas cooker for a concession fixing charge. Why not let us modernise your kitchen and make your cooking simpler, better, and cheaper — on our easy payment plan?

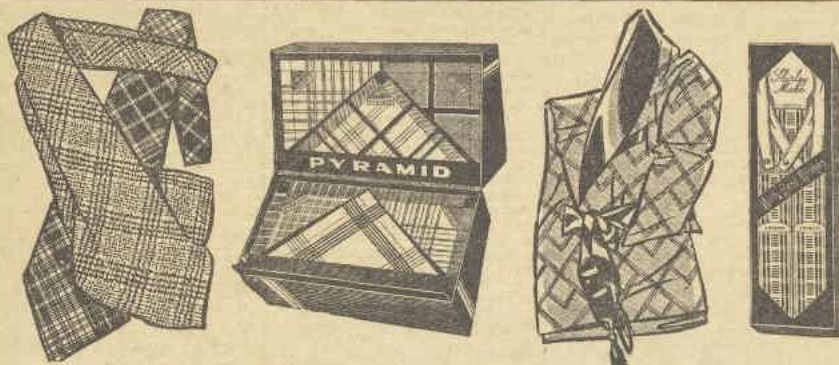
At Your Service Always.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:

Corner PITT and BARLOW STREETS (near Central Station),
Phone: M6503.

ONLY A HA'PENNY PER PERSON PER DAY
COOK BY GAS



Now for Better CHRISTMAS GIFTS for MEN



Also at Bondi Junction and Leichhardt.

ASHDOWN'S noted and popular OPAL SPUN SILK SHIRTS in most appealing fast colours and designs, cut to Ashdown's specially generous measurements and reinforced at every seam. With two collars to match, 9/11, 10/6. All sizes. Also OPAL SPUN CREPE-DE-CHENE SHIRTS, a very adaptable gift. All latest tones, and with two collars to match. All sizes, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6. ASHDOWN'S half dozen PYRAMID HANKIES in attractive gift boxes make a sensible gift for any man. Six different designs and fast colours with fancy borders. Excellent value at 7/6 the half-dozen. Separate hankies in all tones and designs with ordinary hem, 1/6, with rolled hem, 1/8 each. Initial hankies in White, Blue, or Fawn, 1/8 each.

ASHDOWN'S THE JANTZEN KING. HAVE THE LARGEST STOCKS OF JANTZEN SWIM SUITS FOR LADIES, MEN, AND KIDNIES IN ALL SIZES, COLOURS, AND STYLES.

ASHDOWN'S
The Jantzen King

134 Pitt St., (opp. Proud's) Sydney

"The MOST Dangerous Woman in the WORLD"

She Plotted the Death of King Alexander

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe
By Air Mail

"A woman who used her sex appeal to fire men with the fanaticism necessary for deeds of blood; a woman for whom men of intellect walked blindly to death; the most dangerous feminine figure in the world to-day."

This description of the woman supposed to be responsible for the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia is an extract from the dossier of the French Criminal Research Headquarters.

MARIE VOUDROF, the beautiful blonde Croat girl who is head of the Oustachi secret society, is said to have a perfect figure, and a supernatural power for hypnotising even the most brilliant men into betraying their country.

As well as being the mistress of the mysterious young Macedonian lawyer, Egor Kramer, who vanished after directing the operations of the band directly responsible for the assassination, she has many other men in love with her.

Among them is Kelemen, the actual assassin, whom she is said to have "vamped" into a state of infatuation.

She was near Kelemen during the whole Marseilles tragedy, urging him on. When he faltered her kiss intoxicated him to the pitch necessary to commit the deed.

Many in the crowd had noticed the beautiful woman pressing a kiss on the lips of the forty-year-old Kelemen just before he leapt to kill the unguarded king.

THE strange part about the "Queen of Death," as she is now called, is that she admits to having no political views of her own. She is working for a private vendetta.

She lived formerly with her parents under Serbian rule. When Bulgaria came into the war her father deserted the Serbian army and went over to the enemy. He was captured and sentenced to death.

Her mother set out on a perilous pilgrimage to King Alexander, then Commander-in-Chief of the army, and begged for her husband's life. Naturally the King had to refuse such a breach of military justice, and the woman was dragged away cursing and shrieking vengeance.

Thus Marie was brought up by a woman maddened and embittered by

hate against the King, and the little girl was made to promise that she would never rest until vengeance was wreaked.

Using the Macedonian Terrorist organisation as a vehicle for her aim, she travelled round Europe smuggling revolvers, ammunition and bombs, spying, and bringing under the sway of her beauty desperadoes of all descriptions.

She is still at large, and the combined police forces of Europe are still unable to trace her.



The soothing, healing properties of Rexona Ointment take all the sting and heat out of sunburn the instant you apply it. Rexona leaves the skin cool and healthy, and prevents painful blistering.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Chafing, abrasions, ulcers, skin blemishes, dandruff, rashes, piles, eczema, all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



EVENING GARDEN
Face Powder

2/6
AND GARDEN OF LILAC
1/6
by Imex

LOUISE MACK On the Air at 2GB

Louise Mack has already endeared herself to The Australian Women's Weekly readers through her helpful articles each week, but this popular writer is also known as an author of fiction.

"TEENS," a captivating story of a young Australian girl, brought her great praise from the critics and the public, and "The Maiden's Prayer" is still fresh and vivid in the minds of the many thousands who read it.

An interesting and colorful life packed with experiences has given Louise Mack much to write about and much to talk about, too.

Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly will be able to hear Louise Mack in one of her delightful broadcasts during The Australian Women's Weekly feature sessions from 2GB on Thursday, December 13, at 3.30 p.m.

Louise will be introduced by Dorothea Vautier. The Australian Women's Weekly announcer, and she will tell listeners about her new book, "A Hundred Thousand Sheep."

THE Friday morning session at 11.45 on December 14 brings one of our featured talks to listeners, and Dorothea Vautier will introduce the topic, "Are we afraid of Change?" We talk about security and "safety first" when everything around us tells that there is no such thing as security and that to "play safe" may prove as reckless as the other course. Either life is a tremendous adventure or it is nothing. We must accept the fact that danger and uncertainty are really the breath of life.

On Saturday and Sunday nights at 9.15, 2GB broadcasts half an hour of entertainment on behalf of The Australian Women's Weekly. These programmes enable listeners to hear the world's finest recorded artists in delightful presentations, and they give The Australian Women's Weekly an opportunity of keeping in personal touch with its colossal public.

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. Starting next week and continuing till further notice, £5 will be paid for the first letter and 10/6 for every other letter published. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

THE "PIRATE" PEST

WITH the approach of summer comes again the "pirate" pest.

I do think it time something was done. Why doesn't the law make this a criminal offence?

It is almost impossible to walk alone on the beach front where I live without being accosted by a prowling pedestrian, and very often embarrassed.

Is it fair that women, because they are unescorted, should suffer these indignities?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. T. Mitchell, No. 6 Flat, Regent, Roscoe St., Bondi, N.S.W.

WORTH EXTRA PENCE

I RECENTLY purchased a pair of tennis socks at one of our most exclusive stores (where the prices are slightly higher than those of the less pretentious shops) and was at once ushered to a seat by a courteous attendant, while a polite shopgirl supplied me with my wants.

I must say that I would much rather pay the few extra pence at this store, and be more politely received, than at the cheaper shops where the girls seem in no great hurry to serve a customer, and who stand round the counters discussing their latest love affairs and fling their hair.

What do other readers think?

Miss Esme Curle, 583 Willoughby Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

WHAT WAS THE DRESS?

WILL men readers please give me their opinions? Is a man really attracted to a woman because of the clothes she wears? A writer says that it is often a particular dress which first attracts a man, and sometimes leads him to fall in love. This statement may seem a little sweeping, but I think you will find that almost any man can tell you the color of the dress his wife wore the very first time he met her.

Let the woman reader ask her husband, and see if he remembers!

Mrs. N. Keen, Macquarie St., Swansea, N.S.W.

"I'LL CALL BACK"

WHY must people, when not satisfied with articles shown them in one shop leave with the promise: "I'll be back later"? They really have no intention of coming back, and in most cases if they told the assistant why the particular article shown them did not suit, she could perhaps do something about it. I have known an assistant to spend an hour with one customer, and then be told, "I have an appointment in ten minutes, but I'll call back when I have more time." After wasting an hour of the assistant's, and her own, time, why make such silly excuses? Everyone knows she is not coming back.

B. Joanes, 556 George St., Brisbane.

SCHOOL UNIFORMS

NEWS comes from London that mothers are objecting to the use of standardised school uniforms for school-girls on the grounds that the uniforms are ugly, and lead to unnecessary expense. As a result many important girls' schools are relaxing their regulations regarding dress.

In Australia, almost all the important private and many of the public girls' schools make the wearing of a standard uniform compulsory. Is this really necessary? Should not each girl have an opportunity of developing her individuality, even during school years?

F. Bard, 82 Gloucester St., Sydney.

SMILE—OR GRIN?

I LIKED the article, "Learn to Smile," by Evelyn (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/11/34).

The majority of girls (and some boys, too), have a very unpleasant way of smiling. Their smile is forced, with teeth too much in evidence, and this is not pretty. In the picture which accompanies the article there are only three or four smiling faces. I should like to see a change from the unnatural, forced facial distortions which are so deceiving. A natural smile wins the heart every time. Just think how many girls you know who give a genuine, pleasing smile!

Mrs. B. Shepard, 3 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

So They Say

Our Special Christmas Box

STARTING next week and continuing through the Christmas season, the "So They Say" prizes will be increased to £5 for the first letter, and 10/6 for every other letter published.

This offer is being made as one of The Australian Women's Weekly's many Christmas gifts to its readers.

Get your thinking caps on and try and win a "So They Say" Christmas box.

Uniform Sound System to Modernise Spelling

MISS JOHNSTON'S letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/11/34), ignores the fact that spelling at present indicates the derivation of words, which is essential as a base on which to build self-expression in English. Further, learning to read and spell is a very beneficial mental discipline to children, giving results in other spheres later on. The new spelling is incurably ugly, and would detract from the beauty of the English classics. Again, it would be most difficult to apply phonetic spelling to the English language with its many vague sounds and numerous diphthongs.

Ailsa Wade, 55 Bennett St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Absolutely Stupid System

RE E. B. Johnston's letter on modernising the spelling of the English language (24/11/34). This is a matter of extreme and national importance, and I think it should be submitted to the proper authorities for full consideration.

As pointed out, the spelling system is very contradictory, and it is impossible to give any good reason why it should be so.

Apparently no consideration was given to children and others learning the English language when this absolutely stupid system was devised.

H. Ranek, 3 Fifth St., Granville, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Brightening Up Our Men with Gay "Buttonholes"

WITH reference to W. David's letter of 24/11/34, I wish heartily to endorse her opinion, and ask the question also—Why do not men, who certainly, as time goes on, seem to be paying more attention to dress and fashion, add a touch of color and beauty to their otherwise rather sombre suits?

My husband invariably wears a buttonhole each morning, and is very proud of his fine rosebuds.

Yet, I am sure that, of the hundreds of men with whom each morning he travels to the city, he is the only one to do so.

Mrs. R. Robinson, Virginia, Brisbane.

Personal Taste

PITY the poor male! Is he never to be free from woman's reformatory views? Now a correspondent asks why our men friends do not wear a colorful flower in their buttonholes. Surely this is a matter of personal taste?

Man is a very formal and decidedly shy creature. Likes to please himself about his garb, and consequently resents any woman's opinion on his refractory behaviour. Allow him to pursue his chosen path, and perhaps one day he will decide to be sensible instead of the conventional conundrum that he is to-day.

Miss Frances Slade, 88 Bridge St., E. Ballarat, Vic.

Looks Dressy

I QUITE agree with Mrs. David (24/11/34), re men wearing a small flower in their buttonholes. It certainly looks dressy and gives a certain feeling to those who walk by his side. The impression one receives is that he is neatly dressed and spruce. Let's hope the men will realise this and each wear one of nature's beautiful gifts.

Mrs. A. Cottell, 15 George St., Richmond, S.A.

Look to Your Partings!

I WOULD like to say a few words about women's hairdressing. Why is it that so many women never change their hair from a side parting to a middle? Look at yourself, or friends, or women anywhere, and you will find forty-nine out of every fifty wear an unbecoming side part, which gives an unbalanced appearance to the head, and fails every time to look smart, no matter how permanent the wave.

A little change would improve both hair and appearance, so please, sisters everywhere, change your partings and look smart about it.

Miss L. McKinnon, Hastings, Vic.

Yes—But With Discretion!

WEARING flowers, like any article of dress, is an art, and requires some discretion. To have Maurice Chevalier wearing a belltopper or Mr. Stanley Bruce in a straw boater would be laughable.

There are flowers to suit every type as there are hats, and men of all ages could wear a buttonhole with becoming grace provided it was carefully chosen to suit the individual, the clothes, and the occasion.

I think it an admirable gesture which with a little encouragement would become a popular addition to man's attire.

Miss M. M. Wilson, 35 Kingsland Rd., Berala, N.S.W.

Master Ridicules Him

MY brother attends High School, and, like myself, is fond of flowers. When, however, he began to wear them in his buttonhole it did not last long. One of the masters ridiculed him before the class, saying that at a Sydney High School, one would be literally kicked out for wearing a flower on the coat lapel.

If boys are to be ridiculed when young for wearing flowers, it is natural that they should fear to be ridiculed when older. Perhaps that is why we see so few flowers in their buttonholes.

Miss Nettie Cant, Desmond St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer." Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers, given in the poll taken on the page.

OVERWORKED

JUST about this time each year we hear a lot of talk about the wonderful Christmas spirit that exists—the joy of giving and receiving—but I consider that this so-called Christmas spirit is a little overworked.

At Christmas time, everyone likes to give their particular pals a present, but in many big offices it is the signal to give to all fellow-workers indiscriminately. And each present must be returned, entailing a lot of unnecessary expense and worry. How often have you heard a girl say reluctantly: "Oh, I wonder if Miss So-and-So will give me a present this Christmas. I'd better have something ready, in case." Here there is no Christmas spirit.

And everyone wants to give her employer a present, so that he finds him-

ETIQUETTE



DON'T ASK anyone to guess the price of something you've bought. Under-estimation will offend you, and over-estimation is just "being tactful."

self burdened with dozens of presents, which he doesn't want, and for each of which he must make some return.

Now, I ask you, isn't the Christmas spirit a little threadbare?

Miss Patricia Richards, Leeton Av., Coogee, N.S.W.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

I AM beginning to fear that Christmas will eventually become a myth. To many of us in this whirl and bustle, Christmas is just a chance of a few days' rest from our various occupations—days which we cram full with pleasure and sport.

How many family reunions are faithfully kept on Christmas Day as of yore? The old folks are left alone with their memories and the silent house that was a few Christmases ago ringing with the joyous greetings of young and old alike.

Don't readers agree with me?

B. Wood, care Stenners P.O., Port Pirie, S.A.

AUSTRALIAN FILMS

THE editorial on "Do Women Want Local Films" (The Australian Women's Weekly, November 17), provides much food for thought. Admittedly, we have ideal climatic conditions, scenery, talent, and types very suitable for the screening of good films, yet comparatively few are being shown. All Australian films screened so far have been well received by large and enthusiastic audiences, and some have been very successful overseas. I maintain that Australian women like and enjoy local films. What do others think?

M. Stewart, Wellington Point, Qld.

TWO MINUTES' SILENCE

I HAVE been hearing many varied views upon the service conducted annually on November 11.

Some people have decided that the meeting is superfluous, and awakens a grief that is sleeping—also that the service tends to bring the old hysterical feelings of war to the forefront, and people lose their grip on themselves for a brief 24 hours.

The other side of the question, and the one I agree with, is that those men and boys gave their lives for our benefit. They faced the dangers and horrors of that ghastly war so that we should have Australia as it is to-day.

Is it right that we should pass over that solemn two minutes for the sake of the modern age? Are we to remember and admire those men who gave their lives for the sake of the country?

I should like some other reader's opinion on this subject.

Miss E. M. Deason, Moira St., E. Melbourne, S.E.S., Melbourne.

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BLIGHT that Lies on OUR School SYSTEM!

Red Tape Methods that Discourage Individuality

By E. M. TILDESLEY

"Our educational system is the best in the world." Over and over again we hear this, especially from men in our Education Departments, who are given a trip abroad at the expense of the taxpayer before being promoted to high office.

But is it?

It certainly costs a lot. In New South Wales the Department spends all that the income-tax brings in.

Victoria manages with less, and as far as one can see gets quite as good results.

OUR education is an affair of bulk-handling and mass-production. We have avoided the defects of the U.S.A. system, under which some cities reach an extremely high standard, while some country districts are very badly served. But we have not succeeded, as Britain has to admiration, in combining local with centralised control. Everything here is run from the State capitals.

All New South Wales schools must work on the same State syllabus for the same State examinations. Our average is not bad, but we tend towards dead level.

Too Uniform

EDUCATION should give free play to individuality. Our system is uniform and standardised to a depressing degree. Australians are by nature independent and full of initiative. The war proved that. But in our public life these qualities are frequently to seek. Why? Partly because our schools, like our trade unions, are steadily at work regimenting our ideas.

Once children have mastered the three "R's," it does not matter so much what they are taught as how they are taught. However many facts they learn by heart, they are not educated unless they have learnt to think for themselves, and unless they leave school with their appetite for knowledge sharpened.

The Civil Service atmosphere lies like a blight on our educational system. The department selects pupils to be trained as teachers, and these work slowly up the ladder of official promotion.

One of them, towards the end of his career, will achieve the coveted post of director. But the direction of education—a stupendous task—requires genius, and promotion by seniority is a poor method of securing this.

Education Demands Outstanding Personality

We should have a better system of education if we had a wider range of choice in our leaders, and if we could inject new blood. But not! To get into our Civil Service one must start at low level.

Some years ago a brilliant Australian woman came back from Oxford with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy—a rare distinction. The N.S.W. Department of Education would only make use of her services on the same terms as it does those of the ordinary trainee who scrapes through a University course.

the advantages of taking the highly-educated into their service. And our Great Public Schools have not so far set up any machinery for tackling the question.

A beginning has been made in the State Schools, where teachers keep records of their pupils' aptitude and progress, and there is a Vocational Guidance Bureau which tries to put them into touch with jobs when they leave. But this is at present not much more than a labor bureau for juniors, and too centralised.

A genius like Mr. Roberts, the head of the Oxford Board, could work wonders in this matter of vocational guidance. We shall never get far if we leave it in the hands of ordinary Civil servants.

KIDDIES love competitions. The new Fatty Finn's Weekly is offering splendid prizes for boys and girls. Buy it for your youngster.

MISS E. M. TILDESLEY, M.A. (Cantab.), whose remarks on the educational system of New South Wales aroused much interest in last issue, sums up the position in this article.

Miss Tildesley was headmistress of a Sydney school for nine years and was for some time acting-principal of the Women's College within the University of Sydney.

In England they have more vision in their filling of key positions. For instance, the poet, Matthew Arnold, son of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, served as H.M. Inspector of Schools, and education in the county of Stafford was directed by Graham Balfour, cousin and biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson.

We should get a better system if we redivided the salaries vote so as to pay more to the heads responsible for big schools, and less to the beginners learning their job.

That would provide prizes for conscientious Civil servants. And we should get a still better system if for the highest posts of all we were free on occasion to make appointments from outside our departments.

Vocational Guidance

WE ought to give more attention than we do to the problem of helping young people to find the right job, and employers to find the right young persons, when their education is finished.

In England every Public School has its careers master, every University its Appointments Board, and the best brains are engaged in exploring possibilities. The Shell Co., to take a case, recruits its staff entirely from men with an Oxford or Cambridge degree, which means a general cultural training, and teaches them the technique of its business itself. The great majority of the young men who leave these two Universities every year find their openings for life-work through the Appointments Board, whereas the Sydney Appointments Board only deals with a score or so of technicians.

Here in Australia very little has so far been done along these lines. Employers, though they do complain about the difficulty of finding suitable men for high executive positions, need educating as to

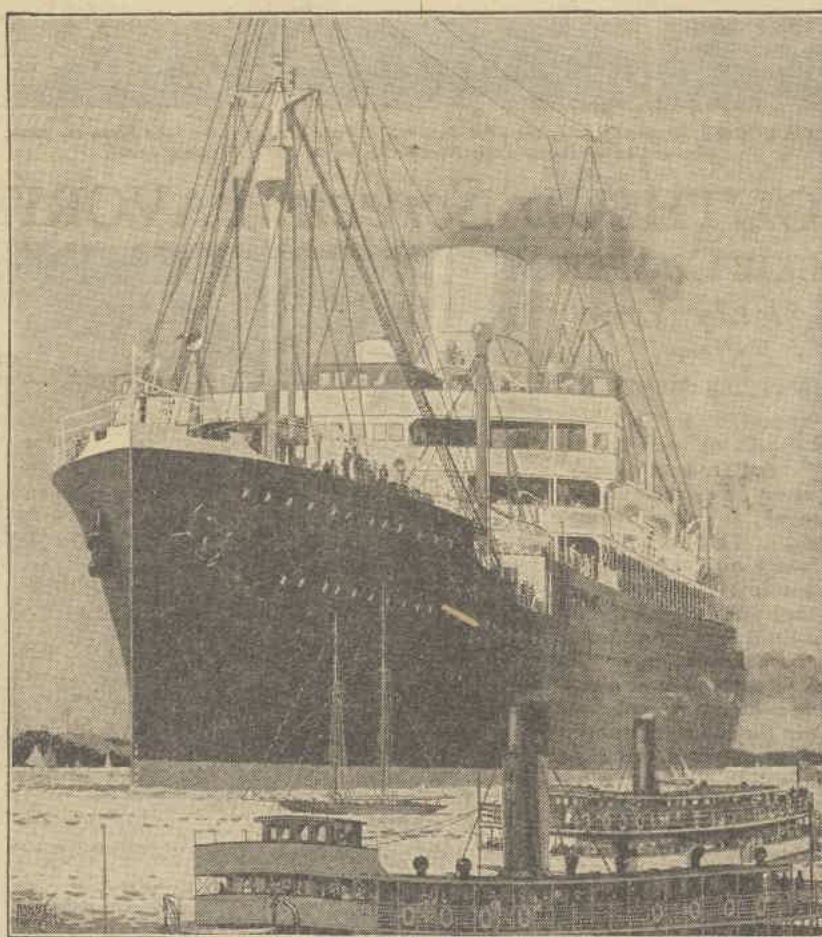
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JACKIE COOPER, as Jim Hawkins, the cabin boy, and Wallace Beery, as Long John Silver, the pirate, in the film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story "Treasure Island."

YOUTHFUL Screen FAVORITE

JACKIE COOPER A Sturdy Young Fellow!

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

JACKIE COOPER, who will be seen shortly in "Treasure Island," will never be a beauty actor. So much is clear enough already. Whatever changes the future may make in the appearance of this 11-year-old lad, they will not enlarge his sharp little eyes, nor shorten that tremendous upper lip, which seems at present almost as long as his rather snub nose. Nor are they likely to modify to any great extent that tight, semi-circular slit that represents his mouth.

STILL, what are good looks to a boy anyway? Jackie has something much more valuable. He is the kind of child that fond grandmothers exclaim at and describe proudly as "a thorough boy."

He is the kind that other boys admire, the kind that in imagination, if not in fact, runs away to sea. Presently, we feel, he should be the broncho buster who rides the wildest outlaws. In a word, he is the "he man" in miniature.

Not that his sort of looks need restrict him later on to playing only adventure roles. There have been men famous in history who, though positively hideous, have made a conquest of polite society.

Think of John Wilkes, that late eighteenth century politician who fought for the freedom of the Press. He was a fascinatingly ugly man, but his charm of address was such that no woman could resist him. Then there was Cyrano de Bergerac.

Whose "Best Beau"?

AS a matter of fact, already various Hollywood stars of the first magnitude have been seen competing for Jackie Cooper's particular attention. Quite a number have embarrassed him by announcing publicly that he is their "best beau."

When cornered about the subject, Jackie says: "Women are all right, so long as they leave me alone and don't try to kiss me."

Aha, a time will come! However, we like to think that even now one out of this glittering galaxy, that includes Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, has seemed to touch his heart. She is May Robson.

Between this grand old actress and the husky little boy there exists a charming sympathy. They frequently have lunch together, and have been



A PORTRAIT of Jackie Cooper as his natural self.

noticed playing quiet games on the beach. He escorts her to her "tradeshows" and applauds with especial vigor when she appears on the screen.

AND if it comes to acting, obviously a handsome face or the lack of it is neither here nor there in comparison with ability.

Look at Charles Laughton, considered by many, and not without reason, to be the greatest actor on the screen today. Yet he is what you might call "no oil painting," even without his wart. And he is rather fat.

As for Jimmy Durante, this broad comedian has found out how to capitalise his ugliness. He makes as much fun about his not so very vast nose as if it were Cyrano's own. It is almost a member of the firm. He has undoubtedly converted it into an asset.

Hero Worship

THEN there is Wallace Beery, who is cast with Jackie Cooper in several recent pictures. He is an actor of great power and plays a variety of roles. But beauty is not his. In fact, his rugged countenance rather suggests Jackie Cooper in maturity.

There is something similar in their type, and we are not surprised to learn that the two are great friends. They have been noticed often in deep con-

fabulation when they are not working on the set. Beery seems to be fond of the boy, and it is natural enough that Jackie should make this powerful figure his hero in real life, as he generally does on the screen.

HOW such an un-actorlike child as Jackie Cooper came to be in pictures is another of those accidents that seem to determine so many careers. He was living with his mother and grandmother in Hollywood. But they did not dream of acting as a future profession for him. His mother was a musician employed in the music department of one of the studios. And at the time the child was five years old.

It happened that the studio needed a child to sing a song in a musical revue that was being made. Numbers of children were tried out without success. Then Mrs. Cooper's mother brought Jackie along.

After this, of course, he went back to private life. But presently other directors who had seen him called for his services. He joined "Our Gang," made "Skipper," and became one of the most celebrated child actors of the screen.

He likes his work on the set, because it is always such fun. No boy could want anything better than to be mixed up with pirates and buried treasure, as Jackie is in "Treasure Island."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Robert Donat, Elissa Landi. (Reliance Pictures, U.A.)

CONSIDERING the present enthusiasm for history and "period," "Monte Cristo" comes most opportunely. Then, too, Dumas is the right stuff of which conquering thrills are made. However, now that it is here, nobody can complain. Swift action, thrills, spacious adventure, full-blooded drama of treachery and a long frustrated romance all blended into one well-proportioned whole. This is a film large in conception and in execution, too.

Foremost of the players inevitably is Robert Donat as the hero. This young actor gives an impressive performance of an exacting role. Though he is good as the sailor, Edmond Dantes, of the early scenes, he gains in power as the film proceeds. His portrayal in the latter part of the Count is remarkable for its ease and control. This is the mystery man who might well dazzle and overawe Parisian society, the man with nerves of steel, waiting quietly for his plans to mature, and able meanwhile to play upon the elegant surface of fashionable life.

The dramatic highlights are the scenes in prison when the old Abbe, excellently played by O. P. Heggie, and Dantes complete their weary tunnelling; later, when Dantes makes his incredible escape; and the trial at the end. The film has been splendidly mounted, and the other characters of the tale are convincing. In particular, Elissa Landi, as Mercedes, is happily cast. The dialogue, as befits the period, is somewhat stilted. And surely the Count at the end carries Quixotry too far. But that heroic attitude is of the period, too. —State; com. Dec. 14.

TREASURE ISLAND

Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore. (M.G.M.)

IS it permissible to alter details in a well-loved classic like Robert Louis Stevenson's famous yarn? For those who have not read the story this film of eighteenth century buccannery and a privately-chartered vessel that sails from Bristol for an island of the Spanish Main will be unalloyed delight. Those who know the book and the locality of the opening may miss the soft West Country English speech. They may find Jackie Cooper too obviously an American boy, and may feel that the heart does not jump into the mouth as it should at Jim Hawkins' astounding adventures and his frequent narrow avoidance of violent death.

We are bound to say that the incident of the apple barrel is not so natural as in the book. But what we stick at most is Jim's connivance in Silver's final escape from the ship. Still, no doubt it was felt necessary to cast Jackie Cooper with Wallace Beery and to let by-gones be by-gones between them at the end. And for Beery, as Long John, we have nothing but praise. He is just the plausible one-legged scoundrel of the tale.

Nigel Bruce is too foppish for the country squire; neither is Otto Kruger the dry doctor we imagine. But Lewis Stone is admirable as Captain Smollett. Lionel Barrymore is excellent, too, as the old reprobate, Billy Bones, who brings excitement to the quiet inn. And Chic Sale does remarkably well as the half-witted marooned sailor, Ben Gunn. As for the good ship Hispaniola, she is the real thing, and a beauty.—St. James, commencing December 14.

LA CUCARACHA

Steffi Duna, Don Alvarado. (R.K.O.)

COLOR more brilliant than ever before in the direct photography of dramas enacted for the screen has been achieved in this short film by the new Whitney Technicolor. The process also succeeds in keeping the outlines clear.

The vivacious little comedy wisely chosen to display the new method has a Mexican setting which gives ample opportunities in the picturesque clothes of both sexes for a complete demonstration. Lovely powder-blues, gleaming gold, a vivid green and rich brick-red are all represented. Tempestuous Steffi Duna, as the jealous girl who tries to prevent her lover's (Don Alvarado) departure from the little Mexican town to take up a cabaret engagement in the city, shows a good turn for comedy in her scene with the impresario (Paul Porcasi).—State; com. Dec. 10.

MY SONG FOR YOU

Jan Klepura, Sonnie Hale, Aileen Marston. (Gaumont-British.)

JUST the same carefree good humor as distinguished Klepura's rendering of the runaway tamer in "Tell Me To-Night" marks the character of the famous singer, Gatti, portrayed by him here. Gatti runs away, too. But this time it is a broadcasting engagement he leaves his ebullient secretary (Sonnie Hale) to fill for him while he pursues the young miss (Aileen Marston) who had captured his fancy by blundering into the rehearsal of "Aida." She, poor girl, what with dodging her protective parents and trying to win Gatti's pat-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

ronage for the pianist (Emlyn Williams) she is half-engaged to, is so overcome that she hardly reciprocates his advances. Furthermore, she is somewhat involved with a man-about-town, whom she all but marries. However, consistently with the note of this light-hearted piece, in the very nick of time she realises that Gatti is irresistible.

Yachting scenes off the Riviera open and close the film, which contains also views of Vienna. Sonnie Hale energetically deputising over the air for his chief and the concert given at the swimming bath are memorable incidents of the film, which naturally scores heavily besides with Klepura's singing of operatic music and modern ballads. Altogether it goes with a fine swing.—Embassy; com. Dec. 14.

WALTZES FROM VIENNA

Jessie Matthews, Esmond Knight, Edmund Gwenn. (Gaumont-British.)

IT may be some consolation to the present-day Viennese, living precariously in the forlorn capital of a dismembered empire, to observe that Old Vienna is represented ever more and more in films as synonymous with gaiety. To be sure, Vienna of 1840 was a brilliant, laughing city. And this picture successfully evokes the spirit of fashion and frolic. Its people never come near enough to life to disturb our emotions. We get from it a pleasure like that from turning over the pages of a profusely illustrated storybook.

There are some charmingly-composed scenes. And the intrigues of the elegant Countess (Pay Compton), who succeeds in establishing Johann Strauss, Jun. (Esmond Knight) as a musician in spite of the elder Strauss' (Edmund Gwenn) jealousy and the counter attractions of the pastrycook's daughter (Jessie Matthews) occasion some pleasing interludes. Needless to say, we are regaled with the "Blue Danube Waltz" in various forms. However, though the players individually give good performance, the production is not wholly satisfactory by reason of its jeriness.—Lyceum; com. Dec. 8.

LOVE TIME

Pat Paterson, Nils Asther. (Fox.)

EVIDENTLY we are in for an enlargement of the Schubert legend. This version seems to owe less than ever to the facts, since it presents the dumpy, bespectacled young composer in the guise of Nils Asther, whose tall, dark handsomeness and Byronic air hardly fit the part. Nor have we heard before of this young heroine, daughter of an Austrian prince but brought up in country seclusion unaware of her exalted parentage. Still, she is prettily played by Pat Paterson, and the romance of the pair, pursued through separation and poverty and heartbreak to a happy conclusion, will doubtless seem to many an idyllic affair, though for our part we found it cloying.

But then we feel, too, that sufficient wrong has been done already to Schubert's works without taking these further liberties with various of his compositions. A few bars of that despairing masterpiece, the "Unfinished Symphony," have been used time and again in trumpery films. Here, of course, they have more appropriateness in accompanying Asther's languishing at fate. —Capitol; com. Dec. 14.

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS

Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer, Sidney Fox. (R.K.O.)

INCREASING gloom enveloped us as this film progressed. Starting off not so badly with a variation of the Admirable Crichton idea by putting some erstwhile lights of the New York Social Register to perform menial tasks for the New Rich, it soon strays into the by-paths of a very loosely-constructed musical comedy. Scenes on the yacht, which is conveying this heterogeneous party to the South Seas, come to an end when the melancholy captain (Ned Sparks) runs her aground on an island in broad moonlight.

Possibly he was bemused by the thrumming music of the native inhabitants, who immediately drag the ship's company willy nilly before their queen (Mary Boland). Possibly, too, their orgies of song and dance account for her eccentricity. But we should never have thought before that this actress could be tedious. There is a trickle of romance and some rather coarse humor. This is one of those films that might well have been destroyed at birth.—Capitol; com. Dec. 7.

PERCY GRAINGER Shows Funny Side of MUSIC

How Beethoven "Frivolled" in
Classic "Ninth Symphony"

Music of the Week by GEORGE MATTHEWS

Anyone still obsessed with the idea that good music must needs be dull should listen next week when Percy Grainger, in a broadcast lecture-recital, will declare and demonstrate that portion of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" is very like the frivolous "Yankee Doodle."

ON Sunday, December 16, the Australian composer-pianist is programmed to discuss "Sublime and Frivolous Elements in Music," while his subject for Thursday, December 20, is "The Superiority of Nordic Music." Both talks will be relayed to National stations from Melbourne.

Many new friends are being won to the cause of good music as a result of Percy Grainger's present tour of the Commonwealth under Broadcasting Commission auspices. His explanations and illustrations have made dozens of listeners feel that they now have a better chance of enjoying the Commission's programmes.

Grainger has the happy knack of making instruction entertaining, and although the less orthodox of his opinions are disputed by some erudite musicians, even they welcome his work as a valuable contribution to public education.

Quite in accord with the Grainger view of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, providers of what he terms "the jazz classics," is his contention that vulgar tune-types were introduced into the most serious art music a little over 100 years ago in a spirit of childishness.

Serious-minded 20th century composers find it difficult to understand why. In next Sunday's lecture Mr. Grainger will ask listeners to consider the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven, generally regarded as one of the composer's most lofty achievements.



PERCY GRAINGER

express his characteristics in terms of music."

Guirne Creith is 27, and already she has won fame as a composer. Musical caricatures form only a small part of her activities. Among her completed works are two violin sonatas and some 50 songs. Lately she has been finishing a violin concerto.

Her friends include Sir Hamilton Harty and Mr. Constant Lambert. She decided to visit Australia following a suggestion made by La Merie, the Spanish dancer, who also intends to make the trip.

Gifted Flautist

BEFORE microphone science perfected the transmission of piano, organ, and stringed instruments, the notes of the flute were ideally adapted for crystal-clear reception; and, for that reason, flautists have been popular since the cradle days of radio.

In a recital during the National programme from Melbourne on Tuesday, December 18, flute lovers will have an opportunity to hear the "native wood-notes wild" of Leslie Barldam, who will be associated with Gertrude Hutton, the West Australian contralto.

ART for ART'S SAKE?

Musicians and Money

AUSTRALIAN musicians had to defend themselves last week when an application was made to the Federal Arbitration Court for a reduction in rates of pay for musicians playing in grand opera or grand ballet. In refusing the application, Chief Judge Dethridge said he would not "prescribe rates for first-class musicians which would bring them to the level of street-corner players."

During the hearing the question came up of the losses invariably claimed by managements undertaking these ventures. Without doubting the reality of the losses, the Judge pertinently observed that Australian entrepreneurs still deem it worth while to venture into these fields.

For many years now we have heard the same complaint after every season of opera. Losses and financial sacrifice. Obviously, then, this is a phase of theatrical entertainment that should be taken out of the hands of private enterprise and be either directly subsidised by the Government or handed over to a body already subsidised or rich enough to produce it adequately without worrying overmuch about the financial aspect.

The Australian Broadcasting Commission is such a body. Money flows into it from all over Australia. It is there to entertain and educate the public which support it. With proper technical assistance—such as is available to any theatrical firm—the A. B. C. could run a grand opera season employing first-class artists and musicians. The mere fact of having a truly first-rate company instead of the second and third-rates (into which class most of our importations fall) would attract better houses and more revenue. But even should there be a deficit then, the A.B.C. could stand it.

"Yankee Doodle"

ADMIRERS of this symphony, Mr. Grainger says, will hardly deny that the tune associated with the words beginning "Joy, lovely divine spark, daughter from Elysium," plays a highly important role in the climax of the whole work. Yet this tune is so close to that of "Yankee Doodle" in line, rhythm, type and form, that the one forms a perfect continuation to the other.

Attempts to make "Yankee Doodle" the American national anthem have been vetoed on the ground that it is too frivolous, vulgar, and undignified, while the conventional opinion about the Beethoven theme is that it is suitable thematic material for incorporation in one of music's sublimer creations.

Percy Grainger instances "the frivolousness of Haydn's approach to the symphony" by the unexpected whack on the drum in his "Surprise Symphony." He says: "Imagine the soul-benefit derived by the innocent listener from such a nerve shock!"

A further illustration is provided by the last movement in which one orchestral player after another metaphorically blows out his candle and leaves the orchestra until "the end is silence."

"The Wrath Over the Lost Farthing," by Beethoven, will be cited as another example of this "lowbrow attitude." Grainger remarks scathingly: "As though it were the office of music (the most angelic of the arts) to remind mankind of its miserable money!"

Guirne Creith

UNDOUBTEDLY, at times, music is put to queer uses. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Grainger's comments on the caricature practice of Miss Guirne Creith, a young English pianist, who plans a concert tour of Australia in the near future.

The idea of musical caricatures came to Miss Creith five years ago, and since then she has expressed numerous personalities in impressionistic fashion. Walter Widdop, the opera singer now in Australia, was etched in a composition called "The Yorkshire Heavyweight."

The composer left that Widdop's personality emanated of bluff good nature and the Yorkshire moon. Included in a musical "portrait gallery" performed in London recently, was "A Golden Voice," intended to portray Henry Ainley, the distinguished actor.

Miss Creith says: "I find the best method of composing these tone portraits is to keep to one's first impressions of a personality. For instance, I know a Swiss doctor who, at first sight, impressed me greatly with his powers of concentration. Later, when I had seen much of him, I was quite unable to

A TRUE FRIEND SPEAKS OUT

by "STEVE"



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MRS. M., I AM YOUR FRIEND. THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU JUST AS I WOULD TO MY OWN SISTER...



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What Women Are Doing

Lady Weigall's War Work

CABLES from the Strathaird were quite the order of things among the returned sisters of Australia last week, when Lady Weigall got into touch with the nurses with whom she had come into contact during the war, or made friends with during her sojourn here as wife of the Governor of South Australia.

It will be remembered that Lady Weigall turned her lovely English home into a hospital for wounded men the day after war was declared, and that at least two Australian nurses, Sister Linda Stow and Sister K. Payne-Hodge, offered her their services immediately.

Second to Gain Her Diploma of Painting

HER signal success in receiving the diploma of Painting from the East Sydney Technical College, the second to be awarded, is erasing the memory of five years' hard study for Sheila Farquharson.

She received high praise, too, for her exhibition just concluded, and in which she revealed outstanding promise of greater successes to come. Her work is strong and original, and she has an individual style.

Sheila's mother, Mrs. J. G. Farquharson, is well known to members of the National Council of Women in Australia, for she has held important secretarial posts with the New South Wales branch.



MISS SHEILA FARQUHARSON.
—E. H. MURCOCK.

Typewriter Did More Than Personal Charm

A BATTERED typewriter secured permission for Betty Davies to stay in Russia. Mrs. Davies is a Victorian playwright whose best-known play is "The Touch of Silk."

She left for Russia some time ago, and it was because of the shortage of typewriters and the fact that she possessed one that she was allowed to stay.

She worked on a newspaper at first, and has since become connected with the theatre movement for children, has adopted a Russian name, and travels throughout Russia in the course of her work, completely absorbed in the Soviet regime. She believes Russia has the finest future of any country in the world.

S.A. Pays Compliment To Sister Primrose

SISTER M. V. PRIMROSE, who has been in Adelaide for the past few months to inaugurate a branch of the Truby King Movement in South Australia, is a Victorian by birth, but she has spent much of her time in New South Wales.

It is in honor of her strenuous pioneering work that the sisters of the movement have been called Primrose Nurses.

She went to Adelaide at the telegraphed request of Sir Truby King himself, intending to set up a mothercraft league and a little office where advice could be obtained either personally or by letter by those who required it, but the movement has met with such success that Sister Primrose has remained for many months, nor does she know when she will leave the S.A. capital.

Truby King centres have now been established in most of the capitals of the Commonwealth, but it is likely that this energetic woman will be requested to go to Perth shortly to open a West Australian branch.

Federal Office-bearers Of the C.D.A.

AS it is Queensland's turn to take Federal honors, the two delegates to the fifth Interstate Catholic Women's Conference in Melbourne have been appointed Federal president and Federal secretary.

Mrs. N. O'Brien, the new Federal president, has been president of the Brisbane branch for two years.

The new Federal secretary, Miss Maud McGrath, was one of the foundation members of the C.D.A. in Queensland.

Medical Woman Makes History

THE appointment of Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan as Director of Maternal and Baby Welfare, New South Wales, constitutes a record.

She is the first and only woman doctor in Australia to hold an executive position in the Government service.

Dr. Sandford Morgan has been assistant to Dr. Sidney Morris, ex-Director, and now Director-General of Public Health.

As far as indicated at present, she is not to have an assistant, flattering, perhaps, but adding to the responsibilities of the big work she is undertaking.

Discussed Two Subjects with 150 Women Doctors

IMAGINE the interest of discussions and visits to schools and hospitals made in company with some 150 women doctors from all parts of the world, even from such unexpected places as Yugoslavia and Japan, and even Australia.

Just back from eight months abroad, Dr. Margaret Anderson, who is Mrs. Rex Hall in private life, and lives in Melbourne, has many interesting things to talk about.

She was asked by the Victorian Medical Women's Society to represent Australia as a delegate at the Women's International Medical Congress held at Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Finland.

Two subjects were discussed at the congress, "Physical Education of Women and Children," and "Birth Control."

Hopes to Gain a Seat In Queensland Parliament

AT least one Queensland woman will enter the political field during 1935. She is Mrs. F. R. Matyear, who will be a candidate at the State election in May.

Mrs. Matyear, who is a Justice of the Peace, graduated from the Cardiff University, South Wales. At the recent municipal elections she was a Labor candidate for the Hamilton Ward, but was defeated.

She has held various offices, such as chairwoman of the ladies' committee of the Queensland Ambulance Transport Brigade, vice-president of the Queensland Ladies' Rowing Association, was founder, president, and is now vice-president of the Queensland Women's Club (non-political). Another interest which is now claiming her attention is the recently-formed Queensland Housewives' Association, of which she is hon. secretary.

She was the first woman in Southern Queensland to be appointed president of a branch of the Australian Labor Party, which office she has now held for two years.

To Study Internationalism At Summer School

A SUMMER school for the study of internationalism, the social system, and women and public affairs, the first of its kind held in Australia, is being organized by Miss Elsie Bennet, associate general secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

It will be held at the Seaford holiday home, Victoria, in January, 1935. Dr. Dora Peyser, Dr. Anita Rosenberg, and Miss Alice Henry will be the lecturers.

Miss Bennet is also organizing another summer school from January 5 to 15 for health, education, and recreational leadership.

Miss Bennet has been associated with the Y.W.C.A. for many years, 12 of them as a member of the staff. She was responsible for the first organized sport in the Y.W.C.A. in Australia, beginning in Sydney.



MISS ELSIE BENNET.
—Brooklyn.

Taking Up Missionary Work in India

DR. BERYL BOWERING, 25, attractive, and very clever, took a flying trip from Adelaide to Melbourne to meet the committee of the London Missionary Society which has been conferring there, and with which her future life will be closely connected. She returned on Friday, and went straight on duty at the Adelaide Hospital, where she has been a house surgeon for the past three years.

For years it has been her ambition to do missionary work, so Dr. Bowering has tendered her resignation to the hospital and will leave Adelaide at the end of January for Jagturg, India, where she will join the staff of a hospital.

She is the daughter of Mrs. J. R. Bowering, the president of the S.A. branch of the W.C.T.U.

A Well-known Sculptress Is Here

THOUGH she is quite young, and definitely attractive, Mrs. M. Brocas Burrows, who reached Melbourne with her Major husband from England last week for a holiday in Australia, has an international reputation as a sculptress.

She is Molly Le Bas, who has exhibited her work at the London Academy, the New York and the Paris Salons, and at the Argentine Exhibition in 1932.

Her Paris Salon exhibit was a figure of Aphrodite carved in stone, and her life-sized bronze, "Marguerite," was accepted by the London Academy.

This interesting woman, who is in Melbourne for a month, laughingly confesses that though she admires some of the modern school she is certainly not one of them.



No Half Measures for Ursula McConnell

AFTER spending two years among the anthropologists at Harvard University, Ursula McConnell returned from the United States at the end of the last year.

As soon as the April of this year dawned she packed her bags and set out for the very far north—Thursday Island, Cape York, etc.—and has since been working hard collecting further scientific data about the aborigines.

In Townsville, on her way home to the McConnell station, one of the oldest in Queensland, by the way, she talked of folk stories she had collected from the blacks, and which she soon hopes to shape into a book.

As an authority on aborigines Ursula McConnell should stand high. Altogether, she has spent years among them, living in or near their camps, studying their lives, habits, and language.

Interpreting the Language of Signs

MISS ELVIRA DORAN holds the unique position of being teacher at the only Adult Deaf and Dumb School in Australia.

Inaugurated by the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of New South Wales, the school has proved of the most inestimable value to the afflicted students, learning as they are to take their place as efficiently as possible with their more fortunate fellow-beings.

Miss Doran is herself the daughter of deaf and dumb parents, and is considered to be the best interpreter of the sign language in Australia. She has frequently been called upon to give evidence in courts of law and on other matters where the rights of the deaf and dumb were concerned.

Travelling Back and Forth In the Cause of Art

CECILY CLARENCE, just back in Australia for a short visit, has made many trips between England and her home land in the past few years.

She is a Sydney girl, and is very keen on amateur theatricals. Her talent in this direction prompted her to seek further fields by going to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London.

It was there that she got her first chance. Irene Vanbrugh came to the academy to judge a competition, saw Cecily, thought her clever, and gave her the juvenile lead in "Miss Nell of New Orleans."

After that auspicious beginning, Cecily took up work with the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, London. She came back to her native land and made a big hit in "Cynara" and other plays put on by Nicholas Hannen and Athene Seyler.

Since she returned to England with them eighteen months ago, Cecily has been on holiday bent, and this is her second trip home in that time.

With her mother, Mrs. E. M. Clarence, she will sail away again in the Orama on December 22.

Next Year a Busy One For Queensland Housewives

NOW that the Queensland Housewives' Association has been reconstructed, much good work may be anticipated during 1935.

With the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. A. J. Jones) and other leading public women interested, it is expected that, after the association resumes work in February, members will go forth with renewed zeal as already co-operation has been met with on all sides.

Perhaps next year Queensland will be represented at the conference of the Federal Association of Australian Housewives.

A Modern Woman Who Handles Ancient Rocks

THOUGH she has been to very few of the spots concerned, Miss Irene Crespin feels that she has a good mind-picture of all the potential oil fields in Australia and New Guinea.

She is assistant palaeontologist to the Commonwealth Palaeontologist, Mr. F. Chapman, and incidentally the only one among the few women palaeontologists in Australia to fill an official position.

Bore cores from every oil bore in this continent and from New Guinea come to her office in the National Museum, Melbourne. These cores are washed down and all the infinitesimal marine organisms are picked out with a fine brush. Then the real work begins. The microscope is brought out, each of these precious little Foraminifera, to give them their scientific name, is classified and finally they are instrumental in determining the age of the rock beds from which they were taken.

It is an important job, and a long one, for there may be 20,000 Foraminifera in one collection.

Miss Crespin did Arts and a Science course at Melbourne University, and during that time was the first woman president of the Students' Representative Council. She has held her present post ever since 1923, when the department was established.

She will be hospitality secretary for the Science Congress to be held in Melbourne in January.

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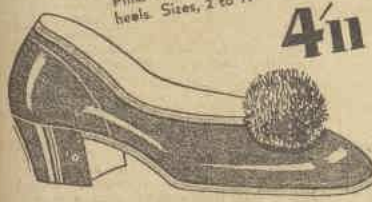


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Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Blue-Text). Gently soothes, tones, cleans, and heals raw sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts purifying your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.***

CHOOSING GIFTS... in the Modern Way

"Scandal" for Susy, "Owl's Delight" for Dad, and Nifty Glass Cages for Maiden Aunt.

By ALTHEA WALLACE

Though we are financially on the up and up, "cheap and useful" is still the slogan for the successful Christmas gift, say buyers in all departments of Australia's largest stores.

You might think that in this case Christmas shopping should present no difficulties once you have fought your way through the crowds. All you need do is notice father's pipe is lost, mother's gloves are not quite up to the mark, and your brother could do with some socks.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, you are apt to find your father's pipe is not lost; that you gave your brother socks last Christmas, and every other Christmas when it wasn't a tie, and that, what with everybody at the office and old school-friends and one thing and another, you only have threepence left to spend on mother.

Realising all this, a leading store has instituted two "gift secretaries." You take your couple of pounds, explain the tastes of the various people on your list, and they decide that mother had better have a lavender-filled fan, father a novelty golfer which turns out to be



Did You Know...

That the tulip is the Persian emblem of love. It silently speaks the message that he who gives it feels love raging within his breast like the flame of its brilliant color. The name comes from the Persian word "turban" meaning turban.

pipe-cleaners, and your brother a "light-house" recipe—an ingenious contrivance which shows, by pressing a knob, a hundred cocktail recipes in turn.

The "gift secretary" is a particular boon to the shy or ignorant male, and on Friday nights is perfectly deluged with appeals from men. For them the torture of buying lingerie, or the uncertainty as to whether they have bought the right shade of stockings, is no more.

Also, menlike, they usually have to do their shopping in a hurry, while women prefer to potter around for days in the heat and crowds, in spite of all they say to the contrary.

Potters' Luck

FOR the potters there are a few hints on what is fashionable this year.

Hankies and slippers are always with us, but a less hackneyed present, costing from about one to five shillings, which is also decorative and useful, is usually more thrilling.

Among novelties arousing the comment "Isn't it quaint—and how useful, too!" are string bags made from decorated coconuts. Burns Philp, I hear, were amazed when they were asked to ship a thousand coconuts to Sydney for a certain store. Novel and useful, too, are radio programme notebooks; a duster and some dishcloths made to form an intriguing baby doll; and, for wrappings, an important part of the gift, the new cellophane ribbons, colored and with Christmas designs.

In the men's departments ties and braces-and-garter sets, and hankies are still the rage. Even women can buy the modern ties without future recriminations, for ties are all worn brighter now.

There is a cocktail tray which can be worked to show various recipes from "Bedtime Story" to "Owl's Delight."

Surfing towels are good for women as well as for men, and there is a new type of shirt which is worn outside the trousers. This is very fashionable abroad for beach wear, being useful over trunks, but the beach inspectors' recent edict against trunks on Sydney beaches has rather stifled its universal appeal here for the moment.

For women, perfumery is still correct, but it should bear the newest names, such as "My Sin" and "Scandal."

Brush and mirror sets, too, should no longer be pastel and oval shaped, but colored the modern blues or black, or even the new xylonite grey, which looks just like glass. Shapes are formed after the cubist influence. In spite of permanent waves, bristles are better to-day than ever before.

Powder bowls are now chromium, and there is a come-back for necklets of every type.

Among all this confusion one must not forget one's maiden aunt. A novelty Grenadier Guards brush-stand will serve, unless one wants to do her really proud, when she may have a "modern" bird cage, made completely of glass, even to the colored roses and greenery which are twisted around the glass perches.

And the Toys!

IN the toy department one sees much to delight the eye, but when it comes down to tin tacks practically all toys are miniatures of things that grown-ups use for serious purposes. Apart from a set of the Three Little Pigs, and some modern teddy bears which play tunes instead of obliging with the old-fashioned squeak, one meets miniature carpet sweepers, school outfits (including spectacles), chemistry compendiums, telephones with bell and mechanical "voice," and stoves, everywhere.

Also this year, instead of trumpets, the less breakable miniature pianos, organs, and gramophones are to be let loose to destroy our peace.

Dolls this year have sideways (stirry) as well as up and down (sleepy) moving eyes, and baby dolls—still the most popular type—now have rubber bodies, unbreakable and washable.

YES! You actually have Two SKINS!

Each skin needs a different care if you are to avoid *Wrinkles*—correct *Dryness*

YOUR SKIN is really two skins—an Under and an Outer Skin. Lines and wrinkles have their cause in one skin. Dryness and chapping have their cause in the other skin!

The following is the different care each skin needs.

The Under Skin needs an oil-rich cream. When you are young, tiny glands in this skin pour out beauty oils. These oils keep your skin full and smooth. But soon these glands fail! Your Under Skin shrinks. Your Outer Skin falls into folds, begins to form into dreaded lines and wrinkles.

To stop these you must help the Under Skin. That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for. It penetrates way down, carrying its rich oils to the starving tissues. This cream, which goes so deep, is an amazingly thorough cleanser. It frees your pores of every bit of dirt. Leaves your skin refreshed, glowingly lovely.

The Outer Skin must have a Greaseless Cream. In this skin are active moisture cells to counteract *Dryness*. Exposure whips this natural moisture out of it, leaving your skin coarsened, chapped. A wonderful substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream restores this lost moisture. A single application smooths away every trace of roughness!

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Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off. Repeat, patting it in vigorously.

2. Next, smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night.

3. Every morning, and during the day as needed, another Cold Cream cleansing. Follow with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then make-up.

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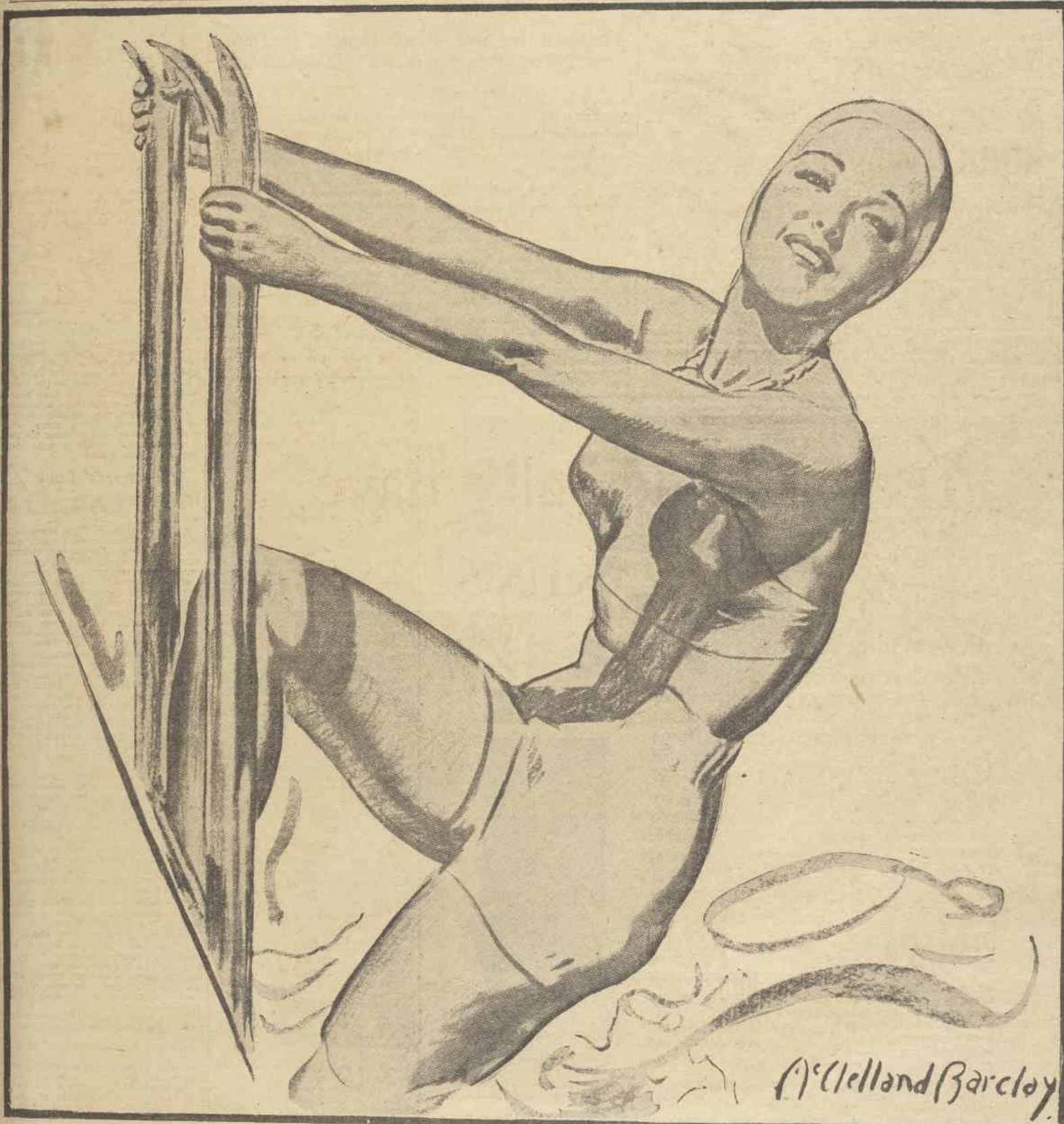
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2 Just past its prime, the inner tissue has softened and shrunk away from the outer skin, which loosens.

WRINKLED-DISCOLORED
3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too.



THE Negligible PIN. Was Once Quite Valuable!

"See a pin, pick it up, then you're sure to have good luck," is still a popular superstition. Who does not know the story of the man who won a job for himself by just such thrift? But a hundred years ago, when it took twenty people to make a pin, each pin costing quite a few pennies, a pin lying about would be snatched up—and not for superstitious reasons.

METAL pins were first used by English ladies about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and they were very expensive. A single pin was quite an imposing gift for a fair lady. That is how the expression "pin-money" first came into

use. Pin-money is the amount given to ladies by fathers and husbands to spend for their clothes.

Even a hundred years ago making pins was still an expensive business. It took twenty people to do it—one to draw out the wire, another to straighten it, a third to cut it, a fourth to point it, a fifth to grind the top, and so on.

But nowadays, since machinery is so

swift, pins are turned out so cheaply that the expression "not worth a pin" has come into use, with more reason.

The machine for making pins works quickly and is very interesting. First the end of the wire is seized by the machine and from then on the cutting, pointing, heading, polishing, etc., goes steadily on, the machine handling each motion without help from human hands.

until at last the pins are shot into a tray with slots where they hang by their heads, until they are ready for packing in whatever way they are to be sold.

With a machine capable of making hundreds of pins in an hour, and with so many pins sold for a few pence, it is no wonder that now to express how little a thing is worth, we repeat almost unconsciously, "not worth a pin."

The Outdoor Girl No. 3 . . . Swimming

FRESH from an invigorating dip, this lovely creation of McClelland Barclay's is so alive she almost steps out of the page. She is typical of the Australian outdoor girl. Other countries have their bathing beauties that lie on the beaches and walk the promenades, but our girls can shoot the breakers and swim like champions as well as look beautiful.



than Joe liked.

Joe scowled at the cup. He had already heard so much about rich Aunt Henrietta and her letter announcing that she would like to make her home with one of her nieces.

But when Effie's elder sister, Martha, came along a couple of hours later, she was excited.

"It'll be fun to see Aunt Henry again," Martha chuckled. "She's had a life of it—the way bird!" She shook her head amiably, a smile crinkling her pleasant, plump face. "With all that money!"

"And now she's turning to us," Effie breathed reverently. "Isn't it perfect, I've just had my spare room done over. In lavender, too. Just the right shade for an old lady!"

Martha grinned. "Lovely," she said generously. "Though somehow I never think of Aunt Henry as an old lady! She's so spry."

"You'll have to help me make the curtains," Effie said abstractedly. "And some new cushions. I'll buy two real feather ones for her room—"

"You're lots of time," Martha re-

marked cheerfully. "She's coming to me first!"

Disappointment clouded Effie's pretty face as Martha held out Aunt Henrietta's letter.

Her thoughts had run so far ahead—had hovered as far as the first course of a charming little dinner, especially planned for Aunt Henrietta's discriminating palate.

And now Martha would meet her at the station in that awful old car that Bill was too lazy to clean. With Martha's four children streaming all over it!

Martha suddenly sensed that something was wrong. Her quick wits jumped to the point and she laughed comfortably. She had always been a "big sister" to Effie.

"You wanted to have her first," she soothed. "Never mind, dearie! She'll trot over to you fast enough—after a week in our bear-garden!" She laughed her merry, rather noisy laugh.

Effie's protests were rather lame. Because, in her opinion, that was exactly what Aunt Henrietta was likely to do!

Effie didn't go down to the station when Aunt Henrietta arrived. Because, just as she had expected, Martha set off in the disreputable old car, with all the children at her heels. Even Baby, who was just learning to talk and kept

Ten-Minute Story

up a rehearsal of ungodly sounds all day long!

But she dropped in at Martha's that evening, walking up the garden path with a faint feeling of envy. There wasn't much that she envied Martha—but she did envy her garden! Martha's borders were ablaze with scrupulously tended flowers.

Effie frowned. She would have to get old Higgins back again. During the depression, the old gardener had been the first thing Effie had cut down on. She had done some pretty stringent economising—more, actually, than was needful, since Joe was one of the lucky ones who kept his job with only one cut.

Martha, Effie reflected, had had a much worse time—but she had never shown any sense. She had kept on old Higgins out of sheer sentiment. And even paid the same fancy prices to their little dressmaker!

The garden was a dream—but the inside of Martha's house was undeniably shabby.

"I've no use for fusses and frills," Martha had laughed. "Not till the kids learn more manners than they have now. I never know when I'm going to

find stray cats in the armchairs and puppies in the bath!" She was absurdly easy with her children. Effie hadn't any children—and when she looked at Martha's living-room, she was glad of it.

AUNT HENRIETTA welcomed Effie warmly. She looked tired, Effie thought, and older. And a bit bewildered by Martha's children tumbling underfoot. She had a lot of questions to ask about Effie and Joe.

Effie regaled her, eagerly, with a description of the improvements they had made in their house, their social circle, and their once-a-week bridge parties.

Aunt Henrietta was obviously interested.

"Now, you must come to us soon," Effie begged prettily. "You'll love my lavender room."

"It sounds delightful," Aunt Henrietta answered promptly. "Like a little French hotel I stayed in. They had wonderful food," she said wistfully. Suddenly, with a conspiratorial twinkle in her eye, she leaned towards Effie. "Our dear Martha isn't very much of a cook!"

Effie chuckled. That was true. Martha was a deplorable cook. The simplest things turned out wrong under her energetic but unskilful hands!

She often dropped in at Martha's after that. And brought the most amusing tales back to Joe. How old

some little attention that she had overlooked. She had tried to think of everything.

"You must let me run in and sit with you some afternoons," Aunt Henrietta said. "And ride, sometimes, in your lovely new car!" She beamed. "Now I want to tell you my plans." She smiled at Effie as if she were sure her niece was certain to be pleased. "I'm going to make my home with our dear Martha!"

"With Martha?" Effie gasped.

"You and Joe are so comfortable in your dainty little house," Aunt Henrietta said gently. "You wouldn't want any outsider coming in—"

"But Aunt Henrietta—" Effie's hopes rose again.

"Whereas one more won't make any difference at Martha's," Aunt Henrietta went on definitely. "There'll be plenty of company for me. I like company." She chuckled. "Those crazy youngsters of Martha's will keep me young. All the same," she twinkled. "I'm going to have a playroom fixed up for them in the basement, so that I can shoo 'em away when I'm tired! That'll make it all right to have the living-room done up so that Martha and Bill—and I—will have somewhere pleasant to sit in the evenings!" She smiled again as Effie forced a pleasant expression. "I'll be able to do little jobs for Martha. She deserves it, she's been a good wife and mother—besides, I don't want to be just an old lady sitting in the sun!" Effie started.

"I thought, too," Aunt Henrietta said reflectively, "that I'd get Martha a capable maid. It'll take a lot off her shoulders. And will be partly self-interest on my side," she twinkled, "because there'll be no more stew!"

Joe was inclined to take Effie's bitter disappointment as a huge joke.

"What if you have lost the lady and her moneybags!" he chuckled. "I'll still be able to save enough for you in your old age! The car is paid for, and you've still got your lavender room!" He sat down at the dinner-table, wrinkling his nose warily. "I'm hungry, Effie. What's that I smell?"

Effie tossed her head. "That," she said defiantly, "is stew!"

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By NORAH SMARIDGE

Higgins, the gardener, roared away at Aunt Henrietta without the slightest respect. And what a little pest the baby was! All sticky fingers—and a passion for suffocating Aunt Henrietta with dainty, enthusiastic kisses. Aunt Henrietta looked absolutely embarrassed when Effie found her struggling in the baby's embraces!

"It won't be for long now," she carolled to Joe.

And it wasn't. For next day Aunt Henrietta moved over to Effie's "for a little visit."

The lavender bedroom made just the effect that Effie expected.

"Delightful, dear—simply delightful!" Aunt Henrietta examined the cupboards with the lavender hangers and delicate little sachets, and smiled at the fluttering curtains and dainty pillows. "I seem to recognise those curtains! Didn't Martha make them—with that little torment, Baby, clinging to her ankles! What a little leech!" She twinkled at Effie.

The dinner that Effie served was absolute perfection. Cunnily-flavored soup. A roast of tender lamb. And one of Effie's luscious lemon pies, oozing a huff of meringue.

"What! No more stew?" Aunt Henrietta said, comically. "Our dear Martha is rather partial to stew!"

Effie shuddered delicately. "I know—Martha has no culinary imagination!" She appealed to Joe. "We rarely have stew, do we? Once in a blue moon!"

Effie made Aunt Henrietta marvelously cozy. There was no doubt about that. She had her breakfast in bed, and Effie even warmed her bath-towels for her. She wouldn't let her do a thing but sit in the sun and read the papers and enjoy herself.

So that Effie wasn't surprised, though she pretended to be, when, at the end of two weeks, Aunt Henrietta laid a gentle hand on her arm.

"Come up to my room, Effie dear," she said brightly. "I've a little plan I want to discuss with you. Ways and means!" She smiled kindly. "You're such a good little manager!"

It had come! Aunt Henrietta was going to consult with her about a home. And she would suggest, warmly, that she take possession of the lavender room, paying only a modest sum for her board. Aunt Henrietta would, of course, pay more. She was ridiculously generous—and her arrangements would be lavish.

I N the spare-room, lavender chair.

"I've had a delightful stay, dear," she said gratefully. Then, in a slightly different tone: "You've done everything you could think of to make me comfortable!"

Effie started. Surely there wasn't

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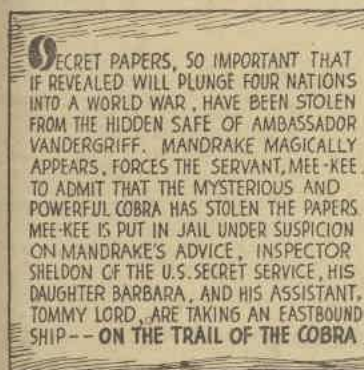
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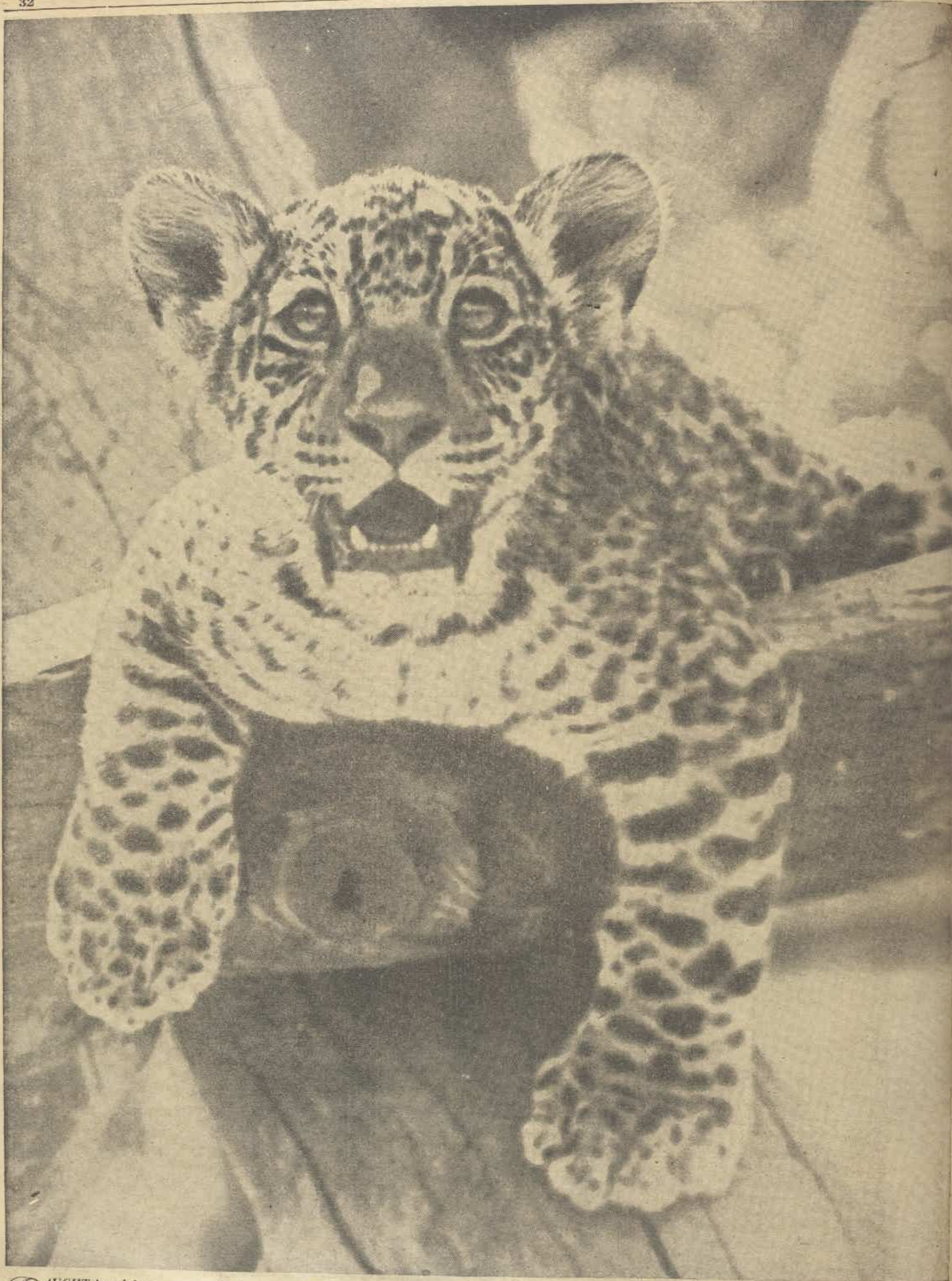


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Feature

Important papers have been stolen from the home of Professor Vandergriff. Inspector Sheldon, with his daughter, Barbara, and his assistant, Tommy Lord, are discussing the matter with Vandergriff when Mandrake mysteriously arrives on the scene. He conjures up the shadow of The Cobra, head of an infamous secret society. It is The Cobra who is responsible for the theft of the papers. After warning Sheldon that his search will lead him over three oceans and through peril, Mandrake disappears.



TO BE CONTINUED



CAUGHT in a leisure moment in its zoological lair, this young leopard looks up in surprise at the camera. "What's it got to do with you if I'm not doing anything?" it seems to say. "I've done my five miles round the cage!"—A Taronga Park study.

Leisure Moment of a Leopard



Leisure Moment of a Girl

CAUGHT in a leisure moment as she made the best of a few minutes of rare and precious sunshine on the beach, this girl looked up and laughed. "What's it matter if I'm not doing anything?" she said. "I work hard all the week. Give me the sun and the sand and I'm content not to be doing, but to be."

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CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6oz. flour
6oz. breadcrumbs
8oz. suet (beef)
8oz. sultanas
8oz. currants
8oz. raisins
2oz. almonds
6 eggs

6oz. brown sugar
1lb. mixed peel
1 packet spice
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
1 grated carrot

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients, add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in flour cloth or greased basin for four hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for six weeks). Then boil another two hours and serve hot with sauce.

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DAWN Over INDIA

Continued from Page 16

SHE did not return to the room, and, left alone, Jan sat down to sip her coffee and wonder. She felt somehow disquieted that that golden girl should have described the man she had just seen as the most attractive man in the Station. Surely there must be plenty of younger men in her father's regiment who should have appealed to Rosalind Enderby more.

The clock on the mantelpiece ticked away twenty minutes and still she was alone. At last, feeling restless, she rose and put down her cup, walking over to the long open windows which gave access to the gardens beyond.

As she stepped out, she paused involuntarily, her breath catching at the sheer loveliness of the night.

From the indigo sky, the moon almost at the full flooded the world with silver light. The gardens were filled with the scent of roses mingled with some heavier, more subtle perfume to which she could not set a name—later on she knew that it came from the great white mogra flowers.

Jan moved forward, feeling as though she was stepping into an enchanted world.

There was a low terrace outside the windows from which a shallow flight of steps led to the lawn below. She descended them and crossed the grass.

To the right just round the angle of the house the branches of a great cedar of Lebanon made a natural arbor.

Jan paused, looking up at the lovely tree. Then she started, as from its shelter voices reached her, and two figures emerged, pausing while the girl melted into the man's arms, raising her lips to meet his kiss.

Rosalind—and Basil Hemmiker.

That kiss for all its passion was swift and brief. Then the man was gone, and the girl turned and found herself face to face with Jan, who, literally frozen with surprise, had made no attempt to move.

The moonlight was bright enough to show them clearly to each other. Rosalind went scarlet. Then the color drained from her face and her eyes went dark with anger.

"So you've started already!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you've been told to spy on me—"

Jan's chin lifted. "I think you wrong your father even more than you wrong me when you imagine such a thing," she replied. "I didn't even know you were out here, until I saw—"

"Well—you did see. What are you going to do about it?" There was a tiny note of fear behind Rosalind's defiance. Then: "Are you going to be a sport or a tell-tale?" she demanded. "If you want to go back to England at once—in charge of me—I advise you to run to Daddy."

"Please don't talk like that," Jan begged. "I—I am not likely to do any such thing."

How could she? It would have finished her with Rosalind before they had even started. The only possible way was to try to win the other girl's confidence and make her see what a dangerous game she was playing.

"After all"—Rosalind suddenly tucked her arm in hers with that dazzling smile—what's in a kiss—especially in the tropics?"

But in spite of that light cynicism, Jan felt terribly worried.

AS the days passed, drifting into weeks, Jan's worry increased. Rosalind appeared to accept her presence quite naturally, and was entirely friendly on the surface. But Jan could not get away from the feeling that it was only an armed truce and that hostilities might break out at any moment unless she was very tactful.

However much Colonel Enderby might dislike Basil Hemmiker, it was quite impossible in such a comparatively small community for him to expect Rosalind to avoid the other man altogether.

And Colonel Enderby was a busy man. There was a certain amount of trouble brewing at present—someone was trying to stir up discontent. There was talk of strikes, which meant inevitable rioting, and it was impossible for him to keep a tab on everything his daughter did—even if he had suspected the mischief she was up to, which he did not.

But Jan suspected to the edge of certainty—even though she had no proof save that swiftly witnessed kiss, she was certain that Rosalind was carrying on an affair with Basil Hemmiker.

Sometimes she felt that she ought to go to Giles Enderby; but then it would be only her word—and that merely a word of suspicion—against his daughter's.

Was that all that kept her back? Didn't she know that what Rosalind had hinted was true—that if the Colonel even suspected anything of the sort he would pack his daughter back to England—and that she—Jan—would go with her?

For Jan was facing the fact more clearly every day, that if she was forced to go away she would leave behind everything worth having in life.

To lose the chance of seeing Giles

Enderby every day—of a word or a smile from him, the touch of his hand which set her pulses throbbing with joy that was half an aching longing.

She was mad, she told herself—she was nothing to him; just his daughter's paid companion to whom he was kind and courteous because it was natural to him to be so.

And she loved him. She knew that it had begun the moment when she first looked into his eyes on Sadapore station—and she could no more have prevented it than she could have prevented the tide sweeping up upon the beach.

The great event of the season was the big ball which the Rajah always gave just about this time. Everyone had been talking about it for days, but as Jan dressed on the great night she felt unusually depressed.

The Colonel had been away from home since early morning, and Rosalind had been out all afternoon.

Jan felt sure she had been motoring with Hemmiker. Sooner or later the ball of scandal would start rolling, and then—Would Giles Enderby blame her—Jan?

Rosalind had come rushing in half an hour ago and was now in the throes of changing—the Residency party were naturally among the guests invited to dine with the Rajah before the ball.

She was ready first, and went down to the deserted drawing-room. But she had not been there many minutes when Giles Enderby came in.

That traitor heart of hers missed a beat at sight of him and then went racing on. He looked magnificent in his full-dress uniform, but he was pale, and there was a harassed expression in his eyes. "You're not nervously inclined, are you, Jan?" he asked.

By now Rosalind and he called her by her first name, and every time she heard it on his lips a strange, sweet thrill went through her.

She shook her head, and then asked quickly: "Is anything the matter?"

He frowned. "I wish this infernal ball had not been just now. There has been a lot of Communist propaganda going about—the lower-class natives are simply seething with discontent. The men at the State mill came out to-day. I hope there won't be trouble, but an event like this adds fuel to the flames." He broke off with a warning gesture. "Don't say anything to Rosalind."

Driving to the palace, Jan wondered if there would be trouble. But the night passed very smoothly, although there were whispers of a riot which had been suppressed in the old part of the town, and the Colonel left early. He did not leave, however, before Jan had had one waltz with him.

If only that dance could have gone on for ever—and yet in a way it was spoiled for her by terror lest he should hear the wild boating of her heart and guess how his nearness filled her with an ecstasy that was one of half pain.

Please turn to Page 38

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Did you know, my dear Juliet, that—

Muriel Brunskill, operatic contralto in our midst, favors turquoises, her birthday stones, above all others, and wears them in antique settings of great beauty?

Nine Years in Darwin

FROM Darwin comes news of the big At Home given by the administrator and Mrs. Weddell at Government House last Saturday afternoon as a farewell to Matron Constance Stone, R.R.C., M.B.E., who is going south by the Marcella on long service leave.

Matron Stone has been in charge of the ante-natal and baby welfare clinic at Darwin for the last nine years. Hundreds of children have passed through her hands.

She was among the first Australian nurses decorated by the King with the R.R.C. during the Great War and was created M.B.E. in the last birthday honors in recognition of her baby welfare work.

Of course you've met that young motorist who drives his car so recklessly you'd think he was afraid of being late for the accident.

"From Little Acorns"

COUNTRY women in the Junee district have shown enterprise that may well be emulated by women in other centres. The sum of one shilling was allotted to each member of the Country Women's Association on the distinct understanding that a heavy increase in the original capital should be forthcoming.

Mrs. J. A. Mackenzie commenced bun-making in a small way, which gradually increased with added profits until the sum of £4 was the satisfactory outcome. Needless to relate, a vote of thanks was accorded Mrs. Mackenzie by the less successful members of the branch. At the recent annual meeting, Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge was once more elected president.

The size of the average Australian family, I hear, is 3.05. The .05, of course, is father.

To Discover America

THE thrills of my first trip abroad are vividly brought to mind by the excitement of Margaret and Mary Waddell at the prospect of their trip to America. They will accompany their parents, Sir Graham and Lady Waddell, early in the new year on a voyage of discovery to the U.S.A.

These two girls have all the splendid characteristics of the best type of Australian outdoor girls and should prove good ambassadors on the other side, and one feels quite confident that they will not be among the travellers who acquire a near-American accent in a mere month or so.

The mistletoe season being now with us, please remember that a kiss in time never saves nine.

Lots of Talent

THE entire Percy Higgins family turned out en masse to witness the performance of Betty Higgins in the part of Aunt Hester, the family "Dragon," in "Cherry Acres" at the Savoy Theatre last Thursday. Betty did her utmost to look extremely severe and intimidating, and her remarkably clear speaking voice was heard distinctly at the very back of the hall.

The play, produced by the Independent Theatre, was written by the Australian playwright, Dorothea Tobin. Two other Australian writers of plays, Dr. Temple Smith and Margaret Dale, were in the audience.

Famous Folk at Club

OUR notable visitors, Field-Marshal Lord Milne, Lady Milne, and their daughter, the Hon. Joan Milne, were guests at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Sunday afternoon and were most appreciative of the beauty of the club surroundings. They were accompanied by their Sydney hostess, Mrs. Ernest Byrnes, and her sister, Mrs. Gee, at whose home the party are staying.

Earlier in the week, Mrs. Byrnes invited a number of her guests to meet her friends from England at an At Home. Lord Milne ventured in for a few minutes before the party broke up and had a word or two for everyone. After seeing the New Year in, making a stay in the country and at Government House, these popular Centenary visitors will leave on the homeward voyage.

Returning to London

SOCIAL lights from the Navy, Army, Consular Service, and more everyday circles mingled at the outside cocktail party given by Colonel and Mrs. Ronald Scobie at Victoria Barracks last Thursday. The popular host and hostess have been on loan to Australia for the last few years and are now making preparations for their return to London. The party was held in the officers' picturesque messroom, and the good-bye speeches to Colonel and Mrs. Scobie were charged with genuine reluctance at their impending departure.

After furlough in Australia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. V. R. Jackson, of The Buffs, will leave this Saturday to rejoin his regiment at Maymyo, Burma.

David's "Foks Trot"

ENTITLED a "Foks Trot," the first musical composition by David Ainsworth has reached Australia. David is the elder of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ainsworth's sons, and has reached the ripe age of seven. Mrs. Ainsworth, known professionally as Muriel Brunskill, is the leading contralto of the Fuller Grand Opera Company, and her husband is the musical director.

Very soft of voice, with brown curly hair and an enviable English complexion, this English singer is acquiring her first impressions of Sydney. In spite of the immense amount of travelling which goes hand in hand with her profession, Muriel Brunskill is the worst possible traveller and feels thoroughly disturbed by trains, aeroplanes and ships. She is very glad of the few days' rest to recover from the arduous Melbourne season before appearing as Amneris in "Aida" on the opening night in Sydney.

Cowardice, says a cynical friend of mine, makes consciences for us all.



Good Teamwork

TRUST Mrs. A. C. Godhard, O.B.E., to get some good teamwork going when there's anything on the horizon to be organised. At the moment, she is looking after the works of the big theatrical garden party to be held at Government House grounds as a farewell to Lady Game. In her quest for bright ideas for the event, Mrs. Godhard hostessed a happy luncheon at the Australia on Friday when guests were invited to give voice to their inspirations for adding to the attractions of the show.

Theatrical, social, military and naval circles are all represented on the Committee, so the affair is assured of success. Lady Game has made countless friends among all classes of the community and this democratic party will give them a chance to have a farewell word with her in person. The gate money will aid the Rush District Nursing Associations.

Captain and Mrs. Hawkeswood Smythe have retired to the English countryside. Their new home is Little Orchard, Goudhurst, Kent. Mrs. Hawkeswood Smythe was formerly Mercy Garrard, of Mosman.

Consul's Daughter Marries

ALTHOUGH it is to be strictly a family affair, the wedding of Sophie Segart, younger daughter of the Consul-General for Belgium and Mrs. Segart, is of interest to a very wide circle of people. The ceremony is arranged for this very Wednesday at "a little church around the corner" at Neutral Bay, and the guests will later foregather at the bride's home for the usual congratulations and good cheer.

Fraser Coss, the bridegroom, a barrister by profession, is the possessor of a remarkably fine singing voice and his present intentions include a special course in voice training in London, where the young couple will make their first home.

Wanawong, the lovely home at Castle Hill of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, has been photographed for "shots" in the Australian film, "Heritage."

Prince Henry in Brisbane

YOU can just imagine, Juliet, how delighted Brisbane people must have been to show off their City Hall to Prince Henry. For the occasion of the Combined Charities Ball, "Brisbane's pride" was decorated with masses of red, blue, and gold-colored lights, and flowers in the same shades made gay the supper tables.

Prince Henry, in his usual kindly fashion, assisted debutantes, of whom there were twenty-nine, to arise from their curtsies after their presentation to him. A much refurbished wool store at New Farm was used for the United Services Club Ball, where the Prince watched the sixteen debutantes and their attentive young men sway and swirl in a special debutantes' dance in front of the royal dais.

And have you noticed that—

Sir Alexander and Lady MacCormick are once more in Sydney, having arrived by the Orana?



MISS SOPHIE SEGART, younger daughter of the Consul-General for Belgium and Mrs. Segart, whose marriage to Mr. Fraser Coss is arranged for this Wednesday at Neutral Bay.

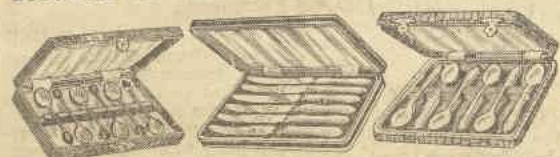
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RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly are evidently grateful for the opportunity to express their opinions of station 2GB, for scores of interesting comments and criticisms continue to come in week by week. 2GB thanks all those who have sent along a letter.

This week the prize of 5/- goes to J. M. Grisbrook, 20 Denning St., Coogee, who discusses 2GB programmes from the working-man's viewpoint. An extra prize of 5/- is given to Mrs. Grace Kay, 5 Northcote St., Marrickville, for an excellent letter which, unfortunately, we have no space to publish.

The letter from J. M. Grisbrook is as follows:

IN common with many of my fellows I have come to regard radio as the working man's entertainment, and as such I beg to offer my humble criticism.

My bouquet goes to Joan for her cheeriness at the breakfast table. The way she greets the members of her household is a joy, and is no doubt a great incentive to start the day right. Mr. Edwards needs no comment—he is superb.

My brickbat is for the cookery schools. The dishes are too expensive. What I think is necessary is to teach housewives how to make tasty dishes with the smallest amount of outlay.

Next comes Archie and his Japanese servant. They are undoubtedly the greatest mirth-provoking team on the air at present. I have only heard them during the last fortnight, and would like to suggest that the whole series be recommenced, say, twice a week in place of one of the thrillers at present on the early evening sessions. I think their worth would be reflected in the increase in the volume of business done by Wmms, from those who are unable to hear these two great entertainers during the day sessions.

One more word. The wide range offerings are truly a revelation of what is lacking in the ordinary recordings, and I would suggest that these items be marked with an asterisk in the published programme.

In conclusion, I would say that my receiver is capable of receiving over 50 Australian and foreign stations in the broadcast band, but it nearly always remains tuned-in to the bright entertainment offered by 2GB.

—J. M. Grisbrook.

THE AGE OF LUXURY

THE Prince of Wales, in a remarkable address to architects, told them they must no longer be concerned with building palaces for the rich; in the future they would be building homes of equal comfort and beauty for all people. In like manner Professor Allan Fisher finds the solution of the present depression in the creation of more and more luxury industries and the use of more and more luxuries by the people. "Are we," he asks, "to enter into this fairytale of the future, or are we to be held back by those people who think it their duty to impede the march of progress in order to retain their privileged positions as the sole partakers of luxury?" These are problems that any woman whose children are heirs to the future must be interested in. "The Outlook for the Future," a talk by Professor Allan Fisher, from 2GB on Sunday, December 16, at 7.40 p.m.

HIS WIFE'S BIRTHDAY

WOULD a woman be flattered to-day if her husband paid her the compliment of changing his boots once a year for her birthday? Yet that was the compliment paid to his wife by Frederick the Great of Prussia. This gruff, hard-working, champagne-drinking monarch was not always like that. In his youth he had aspired to be a musician and a poet, but his father ruthlessly killed his dreams for the army, even imprisoning him and beheading his best friend before his eyes when the pair attempted an escape to Paris. It was no wonder that when the delicate-minded boy altered his ways he went to the other extreme, though he never entirely forgot the ambitions of his childhood. He published some 30 volumes, built a theatre, arranged concerts, corresponded with Voltaire, and, as we've already said, changed to a new pair of boots once a year in honor of his wife's birthday. "Frederick the Great," a George Edwards production, from 2GB, Tuesday, December 18, at 9.30 p.m.

HOW TASTE CHANGES

WHEN John Ruskin, art critic-in-chief to the Victorian Age, first heard Wagner's "Masteringers" he gave it as his opinion that Walter's "Prize Song" was one of the most abominable pieces of noise that he had ever heard, without beginning or ending, though he presumed that it began when the singer climbed up on the arvil and ended when he climbed down again. To-day, the "Prize Song" is held to be one of the loveliest melodies ever written. Donald

5/- For a Letter

A RADIO station exists on the goodwill of its listeners. In order to retain that goodwill it is essential that it stands up to the fair criticism of its public. That is why 2GB offers weekly a prize of 5/- for the best letter of constructive criticism either of its programmes, its personalities, or its page in The Australian Women's Weekly. The aim is to give you service and entertainment. Let us know how we succeed. Send your letter—150 to 200 words—to Publicity Editor, 2GB.

NEW FAME BY RADIO

A YEAR ago Vladimir Rosing was probably unheard of by Australian listeners, although George Bernard Shaw had declared him as ranking with Chabrian as one of the two greatest dramatic singers of the era. Then early this year Rosing made a record of "The Song of the Volga Boatmen" and "The Song of the Flea," which not only interested people by the marvellous singing, but by the little introductory talks the singer gave to each piece. Then followed another record with four items this time: "The Dance Macabre," "My Father Has Some Very Fine Sheep" and a "Lullaby" and a "Romance," in Russian. And Rosing's name was known all over Australia. Such is the power of two records and the radio. His latest record, the "Cavatina" from "Prince Igor," will be heard in "Highlights of Opera" from 2GB on Sunday, December 16, at 1.45 p.m.

IS ENGLISH HUMOR CRUEL

WHEN the English film industry was first trying to get a footing in America by means of those smart, typically English "Aldwych" comedies that helped to establish it here in Australia, the American critics complained that English humor lacked the geniality of American humor. It laughed at age, at infidelity, and at ugliness. But there is another side to English humor, represented by such people as the genial Clapham and Dwyer, also Florence Desmond, whose impersonations have that touch of truth and audacity that should make even the Hollywood stars who are caricatured laugh at themselves, provided they have any sense of humor, which at times seems doubtful. These two artists and some famous orchestras will be featured in "Famous Stars of London's West End Theatres," from 2GB at 9.15 p.m. on Saturday, December 15.



"and get all the light you pay for!"

The Philips Photometer, which proves the inefficiency of "cheap" lamps beyond all doubt.

"Thank you, Mr. Brown — we are going to discard all our 'cheap' lamps and replace them with Philips!"

"You are very wise, Madam, for not only will you get much better lighting, but you will get all the light you pay for."

"The fact is, Mr. Brown, we had always used Philips, but we thought we could save money with 'cheap' lamps, even though the light was not quite so good!"

"And did you find 'cheap' lamps more economical?"

"No, Mr. Brown, far from it—we certainly saved a few pence on the cost of the lamps, but in spite of the poor light our electricity account is nearly double!"

"Well, Madam — thousands of women have made the same discovery — 'cheap' lamps are 'cheat' lamps and it pays to use only Philips."

PHILIPS LAMPS
MEASURED LIGHT

BEAUTY In the Sun...

by "Sun-tone"

SO you intend to have fun in the sun! Then take care. Remember that getting sunburnt is a little like falling in love. You hardly notice while it's happening and then suddenly... you're blushing all over. This year sunburn is easy to avoid. The things our friends the cosmetic manufacturers do think of to make life interesting and enjoyable for us! Why, this year they have introduced to Australia a sunproof cream which you really must have if your summer is to be a success.

BELIEVE me, this cream is just what we Australians most need... it was first shown to me by a prominent film star in Hollywood last year... she uses it to keep her skin soft, through whole days of fun in the sun. Yes, and whole week-ends, too!

"It is the most perfect cream I have ever used!" she exclaimed to me when I asked her about it. "It disappears in a split second on my skin and doesn't leave any ugly greasiness after it. I put my powder right on and am ready for a swim looking as if I were about to be filmed in a garden party scene. Best of all, though, even if I've played mermaid for an hour, my complexion is just as soft and smooth when I come out of the water as when I go in!"

And only last week another acquaintance just returned from Europe told me the same glad story. "At Cannes," she says, "and the Lido, in fact, at all the fashionable watering places of Europe... everyone sort of 'swears by this self-same cream.' It seems also that the famous artificial sunlight clinics of Europe utilise it exclusively as a skin food and glorifier. Well, I must confess that, after all this enthusiasm, I was quite excited, so in your interest I decided to investigate! I looked into the matter carefully and found that this cream had been made after a lot of scientific tests with all sorts of skins. In fact, there is quite an interesting story attached to its discovery. Would you like to hear it?"

A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY!

Well, about thirty years ago in Europe, there was a Scientist... a man, little known, but one who possessed an indomitable fighting spirit... a splendid courage, and a high ideal. Ever a lover of beauty in all things, he deplored the loss of loveliness suffered by so many women from exposure to sun, wind, and rain. He regretted that the average woman could not enjoy more of the glories of the great outdoors without risking that coarseness and dryness of skin we all innately fear and which no skin cream of that period could or, for that matter, which few creams in this period can effectively prevent. To discover a cream that would afford

complete protection became his life ambition, and for over twenty years he persevered, testing... searching, spending his meagre income, his talent and his time, without thought of recompense.

At last, only a few years ago, he triumphed. He discovered a skin-related base which he called Eucerite... one which did not just remain on the skin surface, clogging the pores, but one which actually penetrated to the deepest tissues of the skin... that nourished these tissues and kept them soft and pliant... one which put back into the skin what exposure took out!

After that to perfect the cream was an easy matter... and now, for the first time, this identical cream is available to women all over Australia. It's certainly rather marvellous stuff! Why, you know, it actually filters the sun's rays, keeps out those which burn, but lets in those which give that smooth, sun-toned look. And also remember this—if you should get burned in one of your more careless moments, it has a marvellous soothing and cooling effect.

A POWDER BASE, TOO!

It makes a perfect powder base, too, holding make-up and giving your complexion a delicate matt smoothness. And as for avoiding wrinkles, well, you just can't beat it. If they're there already... it makes them much less apparent... if they're not there, well, it prevents their coming! These hateful little wrinkles invariably result from exposure, which dries up certain skin tissues, causes others to contract, and still others to expand, so that your skin is stretched this way and that... and naturally wrinkles quickly form. You can readily understand that a cream which prevents the initial dryness... which keeps the skin well nourished and soft... will certainly prevent the wrinkles. That's only common sense. Altogether this cream is a very friendly and valuable one to have with you all through the year.

BASQUE, MY DEARS, BASQUE!

Something else, too! This cream contains no lanoline... and no hair-growing ingredients—that's guaranteed

—Isn't it splendid? Of course, like all creams, it must be used with discretion, but just the same it definitely has a far greater ability to prevent sunburn than anything you've yet tried! Just rub it in generously and regularly before entering the water or sunbaking. Then, although your skin may be most sensitive, you will be able to enjoy a much greater amount of sun than usual, and may expect to come through the whole season with your skin not only unmarred but actually glorified by the friendly rays of the sun. Then, of course, even if you are careless enough to burn to a crisp—this cream will still help you when the damage is done. As I mentioned before, it has a marvellous cooling effect upon the inflamed skin tissues! But we won't talk too much about that, for I fully expect you to be so wise that there will be no damage to repair.

ITS NAME IS?

Oh, dear me! Why didn't someone stop me... all this way and I still haven't told you the name! Well, here's to countless carefree days in the sun and no scorched skins. The name is "Nivea" all purpose cream, but I'll tell you more about the all purpose part in a minute. Now, don't just trust to memory, this is far too important, jot that name down, "Nivea" all purpose cream.

About freckles: Freckles, I am told by a well-known city doctor, are due to irregularities in the pigmentation of the

skin. You can never absolutely eliminate them, but what you can do is to minimise the chance of their appearing, and for that purpose "Nivea" Creme is better than any and costs much less.

DOES ALL THIS, TOO!

And now for the all purpose properties of "Nivea." What "Nivea" does for you in the sun, "Nivea" will do for you in the wind and the rain, in fact, in any kind of exposure at all. You see, "Nivea" has what they call a skin-related base, and whereas ordinary creams remain on the surface absorbing dust and clogging the pore openings, "Nivea" all purpose creme penetrates and filters to the very depth of your skin tissue. It effectively counteracts dryness and soreness due to exposure, and keeps your skin soft... clear and natural. This penetrative effect makes it an ideal powder base... a skin tonic... and a skin food that will preserve and even accentuate the natural loveliness of your skin despite constant housework and exposure to all kinds of weather. So you can readily understand my enthusiasm... I am quite sure when you've tried it that you will feel as I do... that "Nivea" all purpose creme is indeed a gift from the gods. Lots and lots more I could tell you about "Nivea," but space forbids... I do want you to realise, however, how splendid "Nivea" is for children. Remember their pain and discomfort, their crossness from sunburn last year? For

your sake and theirs, don't let it happen again. Their tender young skins are so sensitive that severe burning can easily cause permanent injury and sickness quite apart from temporary suffering! Make it a golden rule that before they go to the beach, and again when they return, as a precautionary measure, the kiddies are well covered with "Nivea"... then they can frolic and play in the sun... developing health and strength without you worrying your life away on their behalf.

And here's another surprise; even if your beauty allowance is practically nil—you can still afford "Nivea." It costs only 6d. and 1/6 at any Chemist or Store. The reason for its amazingly low price is its popularity, for millions and millions of women all over Europe, Asia, America and Africa use it exclusively. Naturally, this huge demand enables the Manufacturers to produce and procure its special ingredients at the lowest possible cost.

One final word! For both health's sake and beauty's sake... be careful in the sun—never be without your "Nivea"—it costs only 6d. and 1/6 at all Chemists and Stores—and see that every member of your family protects himself or herself with it. So, too, that you and they take full advantage of the numerous other pathways to beauty this remarkably inexpensive "Nivea" all purpose creme now reveals.

Here's wishing you lots and lots of sunshine in the summer... a clear, soft, lovely skin for life, and no painful sunburn!

Suntan in Safety

Do you want to avoid painful sunburn? Would you like a splendid even suntan... quickly? Then before you go to the beach buy your "Ni-vea" All Purpose Creme. Rub it well into your skin... then swim... sunbake... play for hours in the sun with far less risk of scorching your skin!

"Ni-vea" All Purpose Creme goes right into your skin... it protects your skin... keeps it soft, supple and lovely! It makes an ideal powder base... it prevents wrinkles... its indispensable for children and it won't grow hair... that's guaranteed! Don't get sunburnt—use "Ni-vea" and get suntanned.



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DAWN Over INDIA

Continued from Page 34

"BOBBY HARLOW

will probably have to take you girls home," he told her as the music ended and they strolled out on to the marble terrace.

"Why—are you—"

"I shall just have to go down and see that everything is quiet."

"You won't—go into danger?" The impulsive words were off her tongue before she could repress them. How stupid they sounded when a soldier's whole life is danger.

He laughed. "My dear child, I shall be as safe as houses. If there was danger do you think I should let you—and Rosalind be out?"

"No."

She turned away, resting one hand on the marble balustrade. For the moment they had that portion of the terrace almost to themselves.

He looked down at her.

"Why, Jan," he said suddenly, "you're trembling."

"Not really." She tried to steady her voice. "It's—just a little cold—"

He laid his hand over hers. "Cold! You're burning. You're not getting fever, are you? Let me look at you." He turned her gently. She would have avoided his eyes if she could have, but they seemed to draw her own like a magnet. For a moment they looked at each other, and—

"Jan—" he said just above his breath.

Almost it seemed as though he would have drawn her into his arms. Without knowing what she did she swayed towards him, and then—he released his hold of her abruptly and stepped back.

"I think you had better go and get a wrap," he told her, and his voice was crisp, more formal than she had ever heard it.

Feeling as though she had received a slap in the face, Jan turned blindly back into the lighted room behind them. She felt that she must be alone, and avoiding the crowd as best she could, made her way to the cloakroom.

She did not guess that Giles Enderby stood looking after her, every pulse throbbing with a new wild longing—telling himself that he would have been criminal to follow the impulse which had come to him out there in the scented Indian night—the impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her lips.

Forty and twenty-four! He told himself not to be a fool. The gap was too wide to bridge.

Sick with humiliation, Jan felt that she had given herself hopelessly away. How could she ever face him again?

Beyond the apartment used for the ladies' cloak-room another door led out into the grounds. Taking her wrap, she slipped through it. A little cool breeze from the mountains fanned her burning cheeks, and finding a carved stone seat hidden by some shrubs, she sat down, burying her face in her hands.

She had remained so for a few minutes when the scent of a cigar and the sound of men's voices in low conversation warned her that she was in danger of discovery.

She was in no mood to face anyone just then, and involuntarily she drew back further into the shadows. Then she stiffened.

The two men had paused close beside her. She could see one of them plainly—an Indian in European clothes whom she recognised as the Rajah's right-hand man. The other was in shadow, but his voice told her instantly that it was Basil Henniker.

"They are frightened at present—Enderby's having the place policed too well. But just a few more sparks and the fire is bound to blaze up."

"If the Rajah guessed I was in this it would be the end of me," the other replied. "He is mad on British rule—he will uphold Enderby in anything he does."

"Yes—and that is why we have got to get rid of the dear Colonel," Henniker's voice was bitter with hatred. "By Heaven, I mean to break him. That little fool of a daughter of his is mad about me—once let scandal touch her and they'll have to clear out. I—"

They moved on, leaving Jan alternately hot and cold with anger and fear.

She guessed now who was at the back of all the trouble. The difficulty had been for the authorities to discover who was organising the propaganda which was doing so much harm.

And there had always been a certain amount of mystery about Basil Henniker, whose only occupation seemed to be that of gathering material to compile a history of the State. That was his excuse for always mixing with the natives and making friendships which, in spite of his lavish hospitality and evident wealth, caused the European population to look askance at him.

Jan determined that she would lose no time in telling Rosalind, but when she returned to the ballroom she was claimed by a reproachful partner, and

as she could see the girl she sought among the dancers, she knew it was no use trying to get at her just then.

When the dance was over, Rosalind seemed to have disappeared, but it was not until later that Jan realised she was no longer there.

Jan had returned to the cloakroom to mend a tear in her chiffon evening dress when the Indian attendant said to her:

"The Missie Colonel Sahib dropped this from her bag as she left. Perhaps the Miss Sahib would take charge of it in case it is of value."

Jan took the folded piece of paper and glanced at it. Then her breath caught as she recognised the bold handwriting on the folded note.

The next moment she had straightened it out, and for the first time in her life read a communication which was not meant for her.

"Your father has gone. Slip away after the seventh dance, and I'll drive

you to my house. You will be home before the Chambers girl and can say you felt ill. I am living to have you with me."

"Basil."

ROSALIND — the little fool. To have gone alone to Basil Henniker's house...

"I'll break him. If any scandal touched the girl they'd have to clear out."

It was of Giles Enderby, whose dearest treasure was endangered, that Jan was thinking as she snatched her cloak and hurried away from the palace.

Without attempting to find a conveyance, as soon as she was clear of the grounds she sped along the hilly road where she knew Basil Henniker's isolated house was situated.

Ten minutes brought her to the gate. She opened it and walked quickly across the grass towards the lighted windows of a room on the left.

Please turn to Page 46

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



When a man has a GOOD WIFE

WHEN a man has a wife whom he loves he has great riches, but he has also great responsibilities. He has the responsibility of seeing that she shall not want in the event of his death, and of ensuring that, if they both live into the sixties, life shall be comfortable and sweet and without financial anxieties.

A young, married man (with a wise and understanding wife) can arrange to have these responsibilities sit lightly on his shoulders. By becoming a member of the A.M.P. Society he can make such immediate provision for the future as he and his wife desire. Here is an interesting story: A. and B., two bosom friends, both 26 when they married in 1896, each took out a £1,000 A.M.P. policy for the protection of their brides. A. lived six months and his widow received £1,000. B. is still alive. His wife would receive £2,234, on this policy alone, if he were to die, but B. has taken out other policies. There will be over £2,000 to draw next year, in addition to the provision for his wife.

Ask that an experienced counsellor be sent to explain what you can do in the way of creating an immediate estate for your own and your wife's old age. If you live far from an A.M.P. office, particulars will gladly be sent by post.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 15, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

39

Because Christmas Time is Party Time

Our Homes take on Festive Garb

By...
OUR HOME DECORATOR

I LOVE Christmas... I love that air of bustle and preparation, of hurrying to and fro, of jollity and sparkle that precedes the Day... The quivering excitement of little ones over the marvellous, mysterious visit of Santa Claus in the dead of night, the Christmas tree and party, the happiness given and received...

I love the whole spirit of Christmas—and as a woman, a keeper of a home, I urge that all homekeepers create in their homes the jolliest spirit this year and dress it in keeping with the festival.

NOW you will have already noted the illustration. Here the dining-room, usually so dignified, has gone all gay in its nautical dress with the table set for the Christmas feast.

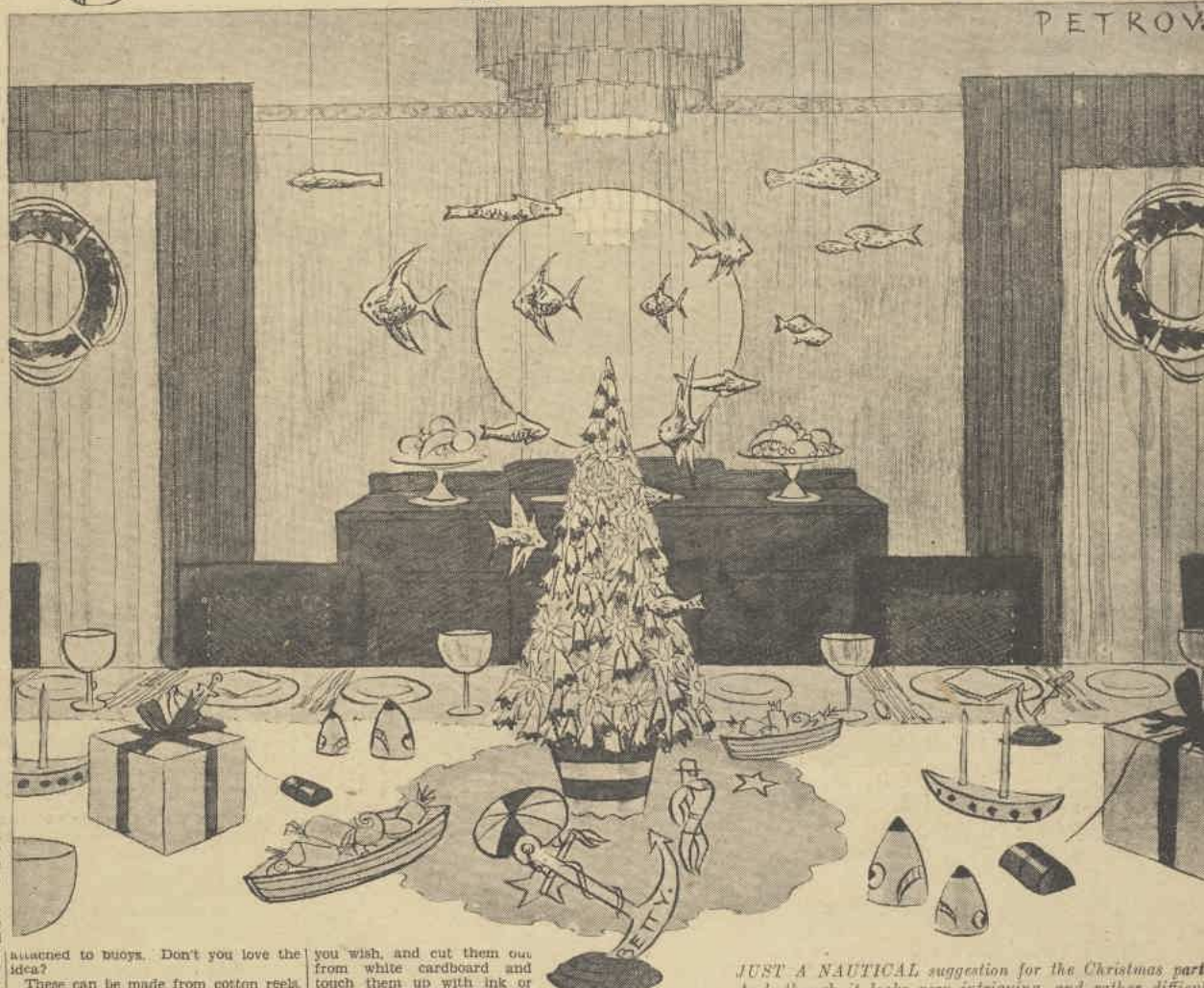
Red, white, and blue streamers trail from the ceiling around the central light. These hold all manner of queer deep-sea fish. Cut them from white cardboard and touch them up with Billy's water-paints.

In the centre of the table is a cone-shaped tree in its red, white, and blue bucket, composed of Christmas bush and Christmas bells, or, if you live far from the native haunts of our native flora, substitute with paper flannel-flowers and Christmas bells. You can, in most cases, buy the latter.

Now this bucket is set upon an island of clear, white sand, realistically decorated with shells or life-boats made from cardboard, ribbed with the paints, and filled with sweets and bon-bons. Miniature china figures (note the life-guard and bathing belle with her sunshade) may recline, or sailors stand to attention.

On the "sea," salt and pepper shakers take the form of fierce sharks just popping up for a look! For the nonce, your ordinary shakers could be covered and painted, or if you possess the pyramidal type of container just touch them up realistically.

Special gifts in boxes, ribbon-tied, are



attached to buoys. Don't you love the idea?

These can be made from cotton reels, sawn in two, or anything which strikes you as suitable.

The place cards are priceless! Anchors made from white cardboard—a hole cut in the top and adorned with a knot of red, white, and blue cord; the name written at the base. And, if you like, the anchors may rest in a coil of "rope."

FOR each steamer at "sea," choose as straight a banana as possible and flat at top. Two little candles act as funnels. To form the rigging, a piece of thread is wound round the candles and taken to the end of the boat and tied to two matches.

Over each window is hung a lifebuoy wreathed with green—a delightful finish to the whole arrangement.

AND now here's another suggestion. If you do not favor the nautical scheme, why not run a bush scene—mix the tame with the wild in animals and birds?

Petrov, our artist, has sketched for me some very interesting studies of Gloomy Fido, Minnie the Hen, Brer Rabbit, and others. You could trace these off, enlarge them if

you wish, and cut them out from white cardboard and touch them up with ink or paints.

A strip of cardboard, "T"-shaped, could be pasted on each side to support them. The little ones would love them, I am sure.

The centre of the table could be a jungle with all sorts of animals peeping out from the foliage.

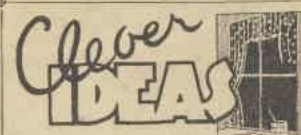
One could go on and on, but whatever you plan in the way of decorations for

the Christmas feast and the party make it this year the jolliest ever.

And so, with this old English ballad ringing in my ears as I write, with the spirit of Christmas permeating this page, as it will soon your home, I wish you an early "Merry Christmas."

"So now is come our joyous feast.
Let everyone be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Let all the streets with echoes ring
Woods and hills and everything.
Bear witness we are merry."—E.E.G.

JUST A NAUTICAL suggestion for the Christmas party. And, though it looks very intriguing, and rather difficult, you'll be surprised how easy and cheap it is to do. For instance, the steamer is only a banana with two little candles for funnels, and those terrible-looking sharks, rising from the ocean, are the shakers painted over. See story.



IF YOU are wearing one of the new season's low-crowned hats that persist in slipping, buy a quarter of a yard of narrow velvet ribbon, and sew it just inside round the base and sides. You won't have any more trouble.—Mrs. E. Muir, 55 Nolan St., Frankston, Vic.

NEVER CLOSE the piano-lid immediately after use. Allow the perspiration from the fingers to evaporate first, otherwise the keys will soon become discolored.—Miss D. M. Tappenden, 55 Fort St., Maryborough, Qld.

AN EQUAL mixture of black ink and olive oil will clean black suede shoes. Rub well in with a brush, allow to dry, then brush up with a wire brush. They will look like new.—Nellie Foster, 216 Water St., Brisbane.

PLEATS WILL never come out of their folds if this simple Oriental device is used. Iron in the ordinary way, and when finished, spray over the finished article and iron it dry again. Your pleat will look very professional, and will remain in as long as you wear the dress or skirt.—Mrs. Ireland, Alpha, Falls Rd., Lawson, N.S.W.

No non-de-plume will in future be published in the "Clever Ideas" section. Readers are asked to send in full name and address.

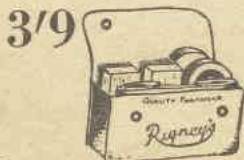
A JUNGLE scene for your party table decoration this Christmas, mixing the tame with the wild in the animal and bird kingdom, would be a tremendously exciting thing, especially for the little ones. These are for you to trace off, copy, or enlarge, and then touch up with paint!



The Gift Question Solved = BUY RIGNEY'S FOOTWEAR FOR HIM



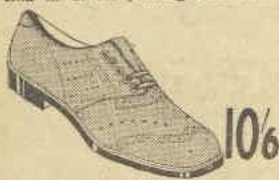
The extraordinary popularity of men's Sandals this summer prompts the suggestion of Sandals as a gift for men. The Sandal illustrated is made in soft brown willow calf with a flexible leather sole . . . 10/6
And in brown yearling calf at 7/11.



What messy stuff shoe cleaning gear is to pack. This neat leather wallet containing 2 brushes, 2 tins of polish, and 2 polishing cloths is a gift every man will appreciate—3/9. Single size, 2/3.

7/11

Here is the first real Sandal that gives absolute foot freedom and cool comfort in either brown or white calf . . . 7/11



The new style man's sport shoe. The upper is soft flexible suede with leather sole and heel. Stocked in grey or light tan . . . 10/6



Recently we purchased the finest parcel of Kid skins we have ever seen, and selected the best pump maker in Australia to produce this beautiful Grecian slipper in black kid with a neat patent collar. A gift that is sure to please. Half sizes and E fittings . . . 21/-

The same quality slipper is also in stock in Brown Kid with a black patent collar . . . 21/-
MEN'S GIFT SLIPPERS from 4/6.



Of all the season's sandals our genuine woven macramé is still the most popular. The weave is exclusive to Rigney's. The colours are White, Beige, Red and White, Royal and White, Black and White. A gift that is different and sure to please—10/6.

FOR HER



You are certain to have slippers on your gift list. We suggest this black nevis court slipper with a silk pom, cosy sole and low heel. Reduced from 8/11 to . . . 7/11
Other colours are Blue, Red and Brown.

21/-



Shoes are the perfect gift, and with a plain opera court you are certain to please. As illustrated, with high or low heels in Black Kid, Brown Kid, White Buck, patent—21/-. Also on a medium round toe last with full stiff heels—21/-. The best guinea value we have ever offered.



An ideal gift for the sports girl, a smart new design side-tie tennis shoe, with a good weight crepe sole . . . 5/11



A small gift, but how smart! A Macramé Belt that exactly matches the Macramé Sandals or a length of Macramé for trimming at 1/1 per yard.



A serviceable slipper that will stand up to plenty of hard wear, an ideal gift where comfort and utility are a consideration . . . 6/11

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY (2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)
Also at 262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE

KIDDIES love competitions. The new Fatty Finn's Weekly is offering splendid prizes for boys and girls. Buy it for your youngster.

FREE TO YOU!
Sensational purchase of entire m.o. output of the famous "Red Line" double duty silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- a pair. We offer to you three pairs for 3/-. Plus Free Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a pair of finest quality Dressmakers' Cutting-out shears. These are made from finest Mirror Finished Stainless Steel, and length is full 8 inches. Don't miss this opportunity, and mention "The Women's Weekly."
Address only:
The Salvage Stores
(Hock)
36 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon Steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's strange wonder pool, at night floods over and under the water, contains Slippy Taps, Diving Towers, Floating Pantomime, Water Whirls, Spinning Wheels, Rolling Logs, Nummern Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and sun-conceivables for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for supper, bridge, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

PHONE T2120 AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S, 45d.; LADIES, 35d.; CHILD'S, 15d.

WEEKLY TICKETS—5 DAYS TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S, 4/-; LADIES, 3/-; CHILD'S, 1/-.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d.; CHILDREN, 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.
No. 3 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONES: B222, B333.

Christmas in the Kitchen

All Sorts of Valuable Hints to Give You Christmas Cheer

CHRISTMAS, with its happy round of festive dinners and parties, makes a big difference to the housewife. Not only are there all the extra luxuries to provide room for, but there are all the extra stores—additional flour, sugar, etc.—so that every inch of space is likely to count in your cupboard and shelves—every new hint likely to meet with grateful approval.

PERHAPS your shelves need relining—with pretty wax-surface paper or with glossy, waterproofed fabric—which can be bought in such pleasing colors and can so easily be kept clean with a cloth wrung out of hot water.

Primrose-colored covering for the shelves looks well, or a very pale green, particularly if the tin, in which no many of the dry goods are stored, match the color. In any case, old tins can be enamelled at very little cost, and around no that they at least match. They must, however, be thoroughly dried off in the air before being used or put back in the larder.

It is advisable to see that the kitchen pots and pans are in good order and large enough for the demands that will be made on them during the festive season. Nothing is more annoying than to find some special catering idea frus-



MAKE A FEW extra jellies for Christmas dinner. They are always a welcome addition—and the kiddies just love them.

trated because the right-shaped pan or a pan of the right size is not available.

When baking your Christmas dinner, note that the potatoes will bake much more quickly if you let them stand a few minutes in hot water, after washing them clean.

And here's a novel way—as well as a quick way—to cook peas. Instead of shelling them, throw them, pods and all, into boiling water, after thoroughly discarding all spoiled ones. When they are done, pods will rise to the surface, while peas will remain at the bottom. Peas cooked in this manner have a fine flavor—and it's a great time-saver.

For the subservients to the Christmas cake: If you wish to prevent citron,



THROW PEAS—pods and all—into boiling water. When done, the pods will rise to the surface and the peas will remain at the bottom.

raisins, or currants from sinking to the bottom of your cake, warm them in the oven before adding them to the batter.

Currants, by the way, should not be used for cakes when they have a shrivelled appearance. Steam them to make them big, and then dry in a cloth.

Remember that when you are baking the little extra meat pie and sausage rolls this Christmas that they are usually brushed over with well-beaten egg before or during the process of baking.

When a deeper tone of color is desired, the yolk alone is used. Or when economy is a point, and the white can be otherwise utilized, a little milk may be added to the yolk of the egg when a larger quantity than is afforded by one yolk is required.

Fruit tarts, puffs, etc., are usually brushed lightly over with cold water, and sprinkled liberally with castor sugar, before baking. Or when a thin coating of icing is desired, they are, when nearly baked, brushed over with well-beaten white of egg and well dredged with castor sugar.

If you have any paste left over after your baking, wrap it up in greaseproof or slightly buttered paper, and keep in a cool place.

And here's a hint to clean when walls—but only if they



CHRISTMAS TIME plays havoc with supplies, so see that your cupboards are well stocked with necessities as well as those extra luxuries!

For you must have a nice, clean kitchen in keeping with your Christmas festivities.

Put a kettle of water on the fire and let it boil until it creates a moisture all over the walls; then dip a mop into a bucket of hot soap suds containing a tablespoon of ammonia, and wash the walls in the usual manner, starting at the top and working downwards. This method leaves no streaks on the walls.

IN TWO GRADES

RED LABEL

The well established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.



GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



Insist on Ally Brand

In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. tins

ALLY SALMON

REALLY Kills FLEAS

Then keeps others away

No flea or lice can escape from Pulvex. Other powders often merely stun parasites. Pulvex kills them and is so repellent that other fleas keep off for days. Pulvex is harmless, even if swallowed—non-irritating—odorless. You can encase your pet's fur free from summer if you dust them once a week with Pulvex. Sold at all good dealers. In this at 1/3; double size, 2/6.



Wholesale Distributors:
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PULVEX

KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

Don't throw away those LEAKY POTS & PANS

MEND THEM with "MENDETS"

(Regd.)

No Heat, Solder or Cement. Made in four sizes—for any shaped vessel in Tin, Iron, Copper, Aluminium, Rubber Water Bags.

Indispensable to Campers. All Ironmongers and Stores. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

LET'S Give SANTA a HELPING HAND

So that the Christmas Stockings of your little ones will be filled with toys they really want

Now, as Christmas approaches, parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles are presented with the time-old problem: What toys to buy for their young folk?

Perhaps this timely advice will be of use: Good money should not be spent on toys merely to amuse children. They should be chosen (1) to please, (2) to fit the mental age of the child, (3) to stimulate the child to some activity which will develop him (or her) physically and mentally, or both.

WHAT is the customary procedure of the fond relative? Leaving the buying to the very last, he or she rushes into the dazzling toy section of a store, looks vaguely round, picks this and that, studies the price tags, and then, suddenly, some item delighting the fancy, it is thrust into the waiting hands of the salesgirl—and away it goes!

Now, students of child development



of its life the child is acquiring sensory experiences. It is learning to see, hear, smell, taste, and touch, and as the baby learns to walk it is acquiring a

modern toys for lucky little tots, which made me wish I could be a little girl again. This is called "Dolly Ann," and many an article, I am sure, will be borrowed by mother from her little daughter's outfit. There's a piece to meet every kitchen need—even to the egg-whisk and biscuit-cutter. And, best of all, a recipe folder with instructions for making all sorts of intriguing things goes with this set—what fun!

I noticed, too, electric stoves which really light up, and a mangle that will actually take dolly's clothes.

NOW, about the growing boy, who is so destructive, you say. In reality, his curiosity is aroused and he is learning much from pulling apart and investigating everything about him.

To satisfy this urge and to prevent destructiveness, provide him with toys that can be taken apart and put together again.

I loved a new little toy I saw, called "Farminit." It's a new combination toy having model animals with cubicle homes for each. These solid animals stand up or may be put into their little homes, bearing their names.

There is always a marvellous variety of toys for boys approaching school age which allow for plenty of outdoor play and exercise. Scooters, bicycles, aeroplanes, motor cars, cowboy and Indian outfits, and real tents to allow for dramatic play.

Then, as they get a little older, there are perfect tool sets, cricket sets, model speed boats, all sorts of new games, mecano sets; also model aeroplanes that may be assembled and taken apart.

The latest type in the latter is rather ambitious. But boys might understand me when I say that this model is fitted with combination swivel, double-bearing and shock absorbing propeller, and chassis which turns under when alighting, and so eliminates propeller breakage (what a struggle I've had with all this, boys, I hope I have it correctly!).

Girls have the loveliest dolls, dolls' sets, modern furniture (note illustration), picnic sets, gardening sets (the boy



would adore to help his daddy or mummy, too, when he's the proud possessor of the real lawnmower).

CHILDREN read a great deal between the ages of six and ten. It should be remembered, therefore, that the quality of their future reading depends on their selection now. Give only good books, and, as with toys, they must fit the age of the child.

For children above ten find out what their hobbies are. They must have acquired at least one at this age. Give to satisfy these hobbies—EVE GYE.

THIS, the perfect little hostess, was caught by our camera in David Jones' toy department. She is sitting at a modern table with the traymobile beside her entertaining her lovely guest—a Lenci doll. Kiddies just now are having a wonderful time at David Jones'. They're revelling in Santa's Grotto Whispering Well, fascinated with his gnome secretary, who records the orders contained in their letters, then, palpitatingly, they pass on to the speed-boat pond and the rest of the dazzling show.

tell us that "play is the child's work, and playthings are his tools." And since we once play during most of their waking hours, they receive their early education largely through toys. Toys should, therefore, be carefully chosen with this in mind. Above all, they should fit the mental age of the children.

For the babe who examines everything with its little mouth, toys must be washable and have no sharp points. Choose then, from well-constructed rattles, cloth dolls and animals, large, fast-colored beads (strongly strung), cloth picture books, floating toys for the bath, and bright-colored blocks.

You see, during the first three years

growing control of the larger muscles of the body.

At this time, wheelbarrows, small wagons, toys to pull on a string, swings, large balls, and various things of like nature should be given for joy and interest.

Then, as time moves on, the little growing folk observe the household activities around them, and want to sweep, wash, and cook! So from the wonderful array of the cutest carpet sweepers, laundry outfits, kitchen sets, doll carriages, and cribs—also darling unbreakable dolls to play house with—you choose, and choose aright.

By the way, I saw one of the bonniest kitchen sets when looking over our



Low Oven Electric Range.



Low Oven Model Electric Range with Plate Rack.



Cabinet Model Electric Range.

"I bought my electric range on easy terms — 20 per cent. deposit and 2 years for the balance. The Electricity Department paid the cost of installation, and I get electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Actually, it costs less than a penny a person a day to cook by electricity — and you'd be surprised how quick and easy it is. You just prepare the meal and turn a switch. That's all! Every dish perfectly cooked — and NO WASTE. I'd never go back to the old expensive methods.

Why don't YOU buy an electric range the same easy way? It is only a matter of seeing your electrical dealer. He will quickly make all the arrangements for you."

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS are being held this week at ANTHONY HORDEN & SONS LTD. BRICKFIELD HILL - - - Continuous YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

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To slenderise your hips.. wear Lady Ruth

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You have only to fit this Lady Ruth "Practical Front" Corset on, and your hip measurement is instantly reduced an inch or two. And another thing . . . the special busk-fastening inner belt gives unequalled abdominal control. Sold by leading stores everywhere. Sizes 24-30.

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PRESTO MAGIC PAIN RELIEF!

HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS

Headaches and Neuralgia yield to "Presto" within a few minutes — you get quick, certain, safe relief! "Presto" is scientifically compounded to an entirely new improved A.P.C. Formula which gives magic results. Say good-bye to all kinds of pain with "Presto."

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"The purity of Presto Powders is guaranteed because they are manufactured by E.M. & A. Australian Drug Ltd., the largest manufacturing chemists in Australia."

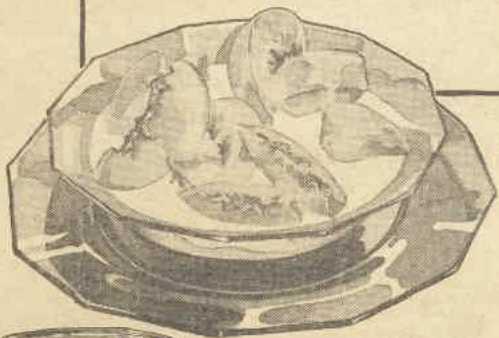
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TAKE PRESTO FOR Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Influenza, Toothache & pains in general.

1/6 FOR 12 POWDERS OR 25 TABLETS

It's so inexpensive
.. serve it every day



Here is the finest cream you can buy . . . pure thick country cream, delicious in flavour . . . rich in nourishing qualities . . . absolutely free from preservatives, and so low in price that you can afford to serve it every day.

NESTLÉ'S
PURE THICK CREAM

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A Character is Topsy

Even Though She's Only a Doll Made From Rug Wool

You could quite easily in your spare moments make Topsy, our piccaninny girl, and let her dangle from your little one's bulging Christmas stocking.

THE baby will just love her.

She's so squeezable. For hygienic reasons she may be washed and washed and come up fresh again to the attack of baby fingers.

Topsy can be made with six 1-ounce skeins of black rug wool, two of red and one of chambray color.

Her Body.—Unfold four skeins of black and tie all loops together at one end. Tie again 24 inches below, for neck. Open fifth skein of black, cut loops at both ends, tie in the centre and braid both sides for 7½ inches, for arms; tie with red and clip 1½ inches below. Pull arms through separated loops of body and tie securely to neck.

Now cut all loops of body of doll at the bottom. The body five inches below neck, for waist. Braid 42 strands for each leg for 10 inches; tie with red and clip 1½ inches below. Clip remaining strands of body four inches below waist.

Her Wig.—Cut 25 strands of black nine inches long, use one strand for centre of wig; fold each of the remaining strands, slip loop under centre strand and pull ends through tight. Alternate left and right from centre strand. Sew to head and make about 12 pigtail braids around head. Braid tightly and tie one inch from head with red yarn.

Her Waist.—Fold 40 12-inch strands of chambray-colored yarn and loop to one strand to tie around neck. Tie tightly at waist and clip 1½ inches below.

Her Skirt.—Make two skirts of red—40 14-inch strands to each—folding each strand and looping to strand to tie around waist.



THE SIMPLEST of toys oftentimes amuses and interests baby. Topsy is certainly amusing—and she's cute enough to hold baby's interest. Use large black shoe button for her eye, and make a loop of white wool or several strands of coarse white thread around each eye. Embroider mouth and nose with red.

Our Free Patterns

OWING to the extreme popularity of our last week's free pattern, there was an unprecedented early demand for it. In this case, TWO patterns of a skirt were provided—one featured a skirt with low flare and the other a skirt with godets.

Owing to the rush for orders, in some cases one skirt pattern was omitted. If you did not get the skirt pattern you wanted, will you please advise us and we will send it to you, POST FREE, immediately.

DON'T... FORGET

The exhibition and sale of Christmas gifts organised by the St. John Ambulance Association has been postponed until December 19, and will remain open until December 21.

"His Week-End," by Valerie Winton, will be performed by the Australian Composers and Writers' Association, at St. James Hall, on December 18.

The Younger Set of "The Old Drury Club" will hold their Xmas Dance on December 19 at the Chelsea Book Club.

The musicals and cabaret to be held by the Nellie Stewart Memorial Club at the Wentworth Hotel, on December 20, at 3.30 p.m. Proceeds will help to endow a bed in the Sydney Hospital in memory of Nellie Stewart.

The reunion dance of the Herliks School of Languages at Harbord Bros' ballroom, on December 20. Tickets available at 13 Martin Place.

The train expedition to Newcastle on December 16, arranged by the Railway Department Touring Club, in aid of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children. Booking may be made at No. 7 window, Central Station.

Mrs. F. Kelleff, of Croydon, has arranged a bridge party to take place at the Locean Club, 77 King St., this Friday afternoon, to assist the distressed in Victoria. Reservations may be made by ringing Miss V. K. Montgomery (22978).

Good cooks
salute you—



if you use
FOUNTAIN
BAKING POWDER

PYRAMID
HANDKERCHIEFS



In a dainty bag of kid
You will find a Pyramid
White or coloured—
And its stuff
Soft as any powder puff



Nicest
Handkerchiefs on earth,
Ladies love us for our worth,
White or coloured—
Wash like new;
Just the
Handkerchiefs for you!

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See registered trade mark label
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PRICES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS
Men's: Rolled hems and Initials 1/6
Men's: Fancy white and colours 1/3
Men's: plain white hemstitched 1/-
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If you have any difficulty in
obtaining, write to Box 1035-H Melbourne
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**PERMANENTLY WAVE
YOUR OWN HAIR**

ANYONE CAN DO IT. NO ELECTRICITY.
The "Rayway" (Patent No. 186834) is the
only device for home use that is GUARANTEED
to PERMANENTLY wave hair. WAVES LAST 8
TO 10 MONTHS. Price, £1/-, Postage 1/-.
Simple instructions. A. Diction's use. SPAR
TRADING CO., 16 RAWSON PLACE, SYDNEY

Lustre LINGERIE

The Gift of Distinction
that carries a world of
pleasure

1803
1831
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LUSTRE Lingerie is created in many pleasing styles and forms one of the most acceptable Xmas Gifts

No. 1549—"Dulbloom" Jams Gown—obtainable in three color contrasts. SW. W. OS. 14/11.

No. 1548—"Lustre" Pyjama. Tuck-in style. Smart design. SW. W. OS. 11/11.

No. 1204—"Dulbloom" Vest. Open Top fitting—panel shades. SW. W. OS. 3/11. XOS. 4/11.

No. 1154—"Dulbloom" Bloomer. Un-trimmed style—well fitting. "Undie." Obtainable in Panel Shades. SW. W. OS. 1/11. XOS. 4/11.

No. 1546—"Parabloom" Pyjama. Tunic style, attractively trimmed with embroidery. SW. W. OS. 4/2/-.

No. 1803—"Lustre" Children's Vest. Comely shaped necklines, priced from 2/6.

No. 1831—"Lustre" Children's Bloomer. Well fitting, comfortable elastic at waist and knee. Priced from 2/6.

No. 1851—"Lustre" Children's Slip. Round neck, well shaped armholes. Priced from 2/11.

There are many delicate shades to choose from

Buy Lustre Lingerie at Your Favourite Store

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Such a Pretty Gift for the Bachelor Girl

Which You Can Make From Less Than a Yard of Colorfully Patterned Material

THIS, a breakfast set, comprises a tea-cosy, egg-cosy, and a dainty square, which can be used as a serviette or tray-cloth.

It is inexpensive, too, for only 1 yard of printed material is needed, 1 yard of some soft, plain material for lining, 1 yard wadding, and two yards of cotton piping cord.

To Make the Tea-Cosy

FOLD the patterned material and the lining double, and cut through the four thicknesses in the shape of a cosy,

the patterned material on the top, then the wadding, then back it with the lining. Turn in the edges of both materials and oversew neatly. Finish both shapes in the same way, then sew them together. Sew the piping cord along all the edges, and make a decorative knot or twist at the centre top of the cosy.

THE egg-cosy is made in exactly the same way but, of course, much smaller.

Cut the material to measure five inches wide and four inches deep from the centre top to the lower edge, and



THIS is just one of the ways in which our winsome kitten may be utilised. She would be lovely on a dressing-gown, don't you think?

Now, Trace This Winsome Kitten

... and work it in less than an hour! So will pretty gifts for tiny tots soon be ready.

For a quilt, a pinafore, a tiny dressing-gown, a towel for the youngest one, as a design for nursery curtains, to be drawn as a frieze, for rompers or bibs—it will appeal to all tiny ones.

VARY the pattern by tracing so that the kitten will sometimes face the other way. To do this, trace it on to a piece of butter paper and turn the wrong side up. Then, with carbon paper between the material on which it is to be worked, and the paper pattern, press on all the lines with a blunt pencil. Lift away the carbon and pattern and the design will be facing the other way on the material ready for embroidery.

If you want "Miss Puss" to face as now, put the carbon face down on the material in the position where the work is wanted, and place this design over



MISS PUSS is just waiting for you to trace her off! Directions are given in the article for this simple procedure.

It. Press through with a pencil on every line, remove paper and carbon, and there she sits, soft and fluffy!

Even the women who can't hold needles properly can make single stitch designs. Make a knot at the end of thread, put needle in on the wrong side at end of one stroke, take down at other end of same stroke, bring needle up at one end of next stroke, and so on. For longer lines and the whiskers, do back stitch in short stitches—1 inch long.

Wool embroidery on wool or silk background will look well, and cotton Brother thread for cotton materials is suitable, using white, grey, or black for fur, pale pink for toes and ears, white for whiskers, and a very little green for eyes, or you may like blue eyes as the kitten is so very young.

SEWING HINT

For the Machine: Give a tape-measure along the front edge of the sewing machine and you'll find it very useful.

IT HAPPENED IN SYDNEY!

Y.W.C.A. Bowral, July 12/31.

Dear Mrs. Bennet—

I feel I would like to know I am still well, and much happier (than before I came to you several years ago). I shall always be grateful to our clergyman for telling me of the cure of his daughter by your treatment. My complaint was long standing and painful, and included severe stomach trouble. After 2 weeks' electrical treatment I was relieved, and in 3 months, completely cured. I always had a blotchy sallow skin, but it cleared during my treatment with you. While you cured me physically—you gave me, by your kindly explanation of the cause of my complaint—a new outlook on life.

Wishing you every success in your remarkable and efficient treatment.

Gratefully yours,

(MISS) E.P.

THIS IS TO REMIND YOU I AM

Still giving the electric VIT-O-NET treatment and massage, same as I gave this patient and thousands of others during 18½ years at Station House.

WARNING

No person has ever been associated in partnership with me. I personally superintend every case. I have always done so for 18½ years.

Mrs. J. BENNET

Station House, Rawson Place, Sydney.

Phone MA4108

James
GALA PREMIERE
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14th.
Sessions at 6.30, 11.0, 2.30, and 8.0.
Tall the Seven Seas of adventure and romance with young Jim Hawkins and blustering Long John Silver in the picture you've long been waiting.

With these M-G-M. ALL-COLOUR featurettes.
"Holland in Tully Time," a James A. Fitzpatrick traveltalk classic, and "Old Pioneer," musical cartoon, also Laurel and Hardy in "Rough-housing," "Nippon," and Metronome News. For General Exhibition.

Robert Louis Stevenson's
TREASURE ISLAND
WALLACE BEERY
JACKIE COOPER
LIONEL BARRYMORE
LEWIS STONE OTTO KRUEGER
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STARTING FRIDAY
DECEMBER 21st at the
METRO
(Theatre of the Stars)
MELBOURNE
METROTONE COLOUR FEATURETTES in addition at both theatres.

STARTING BOXING DAY
at the
CREMORNE
(Theatre of the Stars)
BRISBANE

SOOTHING FOR BABY'S SKIN
Its creamy lather contains the purest Italian Olive Oil. And so, while it cleanses, Castile No. 4 Soap also keeps baby's skin smooth and supple and free from chafing or rawness. Mother, too, will find Castile No. 4 the ideal toilet soap. Medically recommended and cheaper than ever.

CASTILE No. 4 The genuine all-olive-oil soap
Obtainable at any pharmacy or general store.



Every Woman would Love one as a Xmas Gift

Kestos Brassieres make most delightful Xmas Gifts, because, while so charmingly feminine, they fulfil such an important part in every woman's frocking needs. Available in dainty shades and a variety of lovely materials. Attractively encased in cellophane envelopes for presentation purposes.

Model 65: A dainty Brassiere of cotton crepe in White, Tealose, Black, Nil, Lemon and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. - - - Price 3/11

Model 45: An exquisite Brassiere of figured Rayon in Tealose, White, Black, Lemon, Nil and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. - - - Price 5/12

Model 70: Another delightful model, of Alencon Lace in the fashionable Beige shade. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. - - - Price 5/11

Model 5: A bewitching little garment in good quality satin; eminently suitable for gift purposes. In shades of Tealose, White and Black. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. - - - Price 9/11

Model 30: A charming Brassiere for the smarter occasions and for gift purposes. In dainty shades of Tealose, White and Black. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. - - - Price 11/6

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- ALL MODELS IN HALF SIZES FROM 2 TO 7



9/11



9/11



10/9

"Monk Barefoot," nicknamed the "Ghandi-Sandal" by some. Worn without stockings. All-white, all-brown. 2 to 7, and half sizes. **9/11**

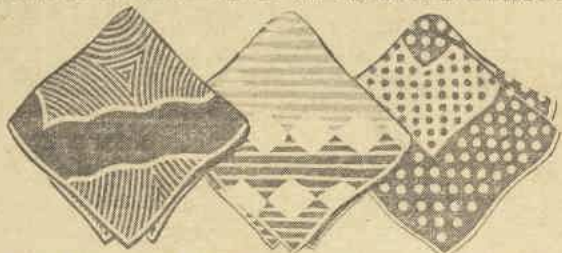
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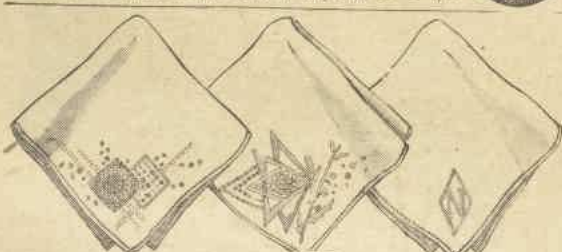
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Printed Linens only

Three thrilling new designs—dots, windwept stripes and "black-with-stripe" effects. In gay reds, greens, blues, browns and a popular large size, 13 x 13 ins. square. Handrolled hems, too! Marvellous in quality, design, style, for only each **1/11**



Swiss Linens

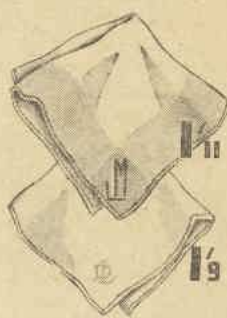
Coloured embroidered corners, some with ruffled lace motifs, narrow hem-stitched hems, all with white centres. In many of the newest, smartest designs

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Initialed!

Snow-white linen, and real Irish 10 x 10 in. Hem-stitched hem. Yes! we've all initials. **8/2**

HANDKERCHIEFS—GROUND FLOOR, PITT ST.



Coloured, woven borders are 1 1/2 inches wide on this smart hankie; pastel shades with hand-worked initial; 11 ins. square; 11 ins. hemstitched hem. **1/11**

The Monogram Hankie, beautifully hand-embroidered; nicely made of fine quality Belfast linen, 4-in. hemstitched hem; 11 ins. square. Buy several at only, ea., **1/9**

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Join the great Adventure to "Treasure Island"—the most thrilling, exciting children's entertainment ever come to Sydney. In Farmer's "Blackland" Galleries! Bring the children.

If in doubt about "What to Give," remember that Farmer's Merchandise Orders are always appreciated. Available for any amount from 2/6 upwards. Get yours from either Information Bureau, Ground Floor, or from the Receiving Cashier, on the Lower Ground Floor.

The BLUE Eiderdown

Continued from Page 13

ANN was such an absurd darling! She seemed to be stumbling along the passage, but in a moment she was in the room, breathless and excited.

"A parcel, mummy! For John and me, the postman says. Such a big soft one!"

"I don't think you should open it to-night, darling. It isn't Christmas until to-morrow, you know."

"Oh, mummy!" Sylvia laughed.

"All right, dear. We'll begin our Christmas now."

They snipped the string and Ann attacked the brown paper with eager little squeals.

"I think it's my dolly," she chanted. "I'm sure it's my dolly."

For the last two Christmases the Society had sent a doll for Ann and a train for John. Sylvia had almost come to rely on that. This year, in the stress of John's illness, she had assured herself that the doll and the train would arrive and that Ann's Christmas would pass blissfully in the joy of her new treasure. It did not matter so much about John. He was still too ill to mind. But Ann—Ann had talked of nothing else for weeks.

The overcoat appeared first and Sylvia flushed with disappointment. Then came the eiderdown.

Ann's lips quivered.

"Where's my dolly?" she whispered. Sylvia on her knees beside the parcel flung her arms round the child and hugged her tightly against her.

"Don't cry, Ann! Don't cry, my sweetheart."

"Mummy, you said—Father Christmas—"

"I thought he would. Ann. Don't cry like that, beloved."

SHE lifted her on her lap, burying the little head against her breast.

They wept together, Sylvia's hot tears falling on Ann in passionate rebellion against the things that made a scene like this possible. She sat brooding over her there, until she forgot her work—forgot even Ann herself in the riot of despair that clamored on her mind.

The sound of the doctor's car aroused her, and she rose hastily, dabbing first Ann's eyes, then her own before she opened the door. The pleasant timbre of his voice was good to hear; his tall figure filling the doorway was good to see.

"How's the boy?" he asked, as he followed Sylvia through the darkness of the narrow passage.

"He's asleep." Her voice was still slightly tremulous. "He has been asleep for a couple of hours. He looks better."

The doctor looked at her swiftly as they entered the lighted room, and looked away again. His dark attractive face seemed to sharpen and his eyes flew nervously to Ann.

"Why, Ann," he said, raising his eyebrows, "what has upset my little Ann?"

Ann's tears began to flow afresh. He sat down beside her, moved and puzzled, and lifted her on to his knee, holding her there while she sobbed.

"Father Christmas!" she choked. "Mummy said he would send me a dolly. He always does."

Roger Baines looked up at Sylvia's quivering face, then bent swiftly over Ann.

"But it isn't Christmas yet, Ann," he murmured. He looked at his watch. "It's not even seven o'clock yet. There's hours and hours until Christmas."

Ann raised her wide, wet eyes to his. "Do you think," she asked in a whisper, "that perhaps he hasn't forgotten?"

"I'm sure he hasn't, dear. He couldn't possibly forget you. You run along to bed and go to sleep quickly. He'll come when you are asleep—I know."

"Will he?" she asked in an awed little voice. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," he smiled, "doubting one!"

"Well, why did he send that eiderdown?"

The eiderdown lay on the floor among its wrappings. He had no clue as to what he was expected to say, and Sylvia's flushed face told him nothing.

"That," he said vaguely. "Oh, that was just a joke! He does things like that sometimes. He pretends; but he has got something else up his sleeve all the time. He's a funny sort of man."

"I don't think it's funny," Ann said solemnly.

"No, dear! But you will in the morning. You wait!"

Ann went solemnly to bed, and Roger Baines stood with his back to the fire looking hard at Sylvia. She was tired with the strain of nursing John. She looked wistful and desolate and her soft brown eyes were wide like Ann's.

"Where did those come from?" he asked abruptly, jerking his head towards the things on the floor.

Hesitatingly she told him about the Society; how it aimed at helping the children of professional men; how it meant so well; how much it had been in the past.

Her voice trailed off inconsequently, and suddenly she looked at him anxiously as if remembering something.

"Why did you raise her hopes?" she asked. "There's no doll for her. I sort of relied on the Society. I was so busy and John needs so much."

"Why shouldn't I raise her hopes?" he smiled. "She must have that doll—weeping over it, poor little soul."

Sylvia stared at him blankly.

"But it's seven o'clock," she said. "There isn't a toy-shop within miles."

"There's always Town."

"The shops will be closed."

"Not on Christmas Eve! Not till about nine."

"But it's a twenty miles run to town."

"That's nothing!"

They stood looking at each other across the jambs on the floor, the seer, a quiet-voiced, assured man of forty whose very presence in the little room moved her strangely, he seeing not the mother of Ann and John, but a girl for whom the easy, pleasant bachelor existence that he swore by would be well and truly lost.

"Can you get someone to stay with them for a few hours," he asked, "and come with me?"

Sylvia thought for a minute. To dash off with him on such an errand as this—with him of all people—to escape from the little flat for a couple of hours—the lights of Town—the deep-seated excitement of Christmas Eve.

Her heart beat rapidly.

"Mrs. Elliot would come. They know her. They wouldn't be afraid if they woke up."

"Mrs. Elliot," he nodded. "I'll fetch her while you get a coat. I'll just have a look at the boy."

Ten minutes later they were tearing through the clear, frosty night, the headlights of the car making ghastly things of the hedgerows. On and on over the hard roads, shut off from the cold in the drowsy warmth of rugs and cushions.

"There's a toy-shop!" Sylvia cried excitedly. "A big one—full of things!"

He laughed and drew up at the kerb, holding her arm while they made their way across the seething pavement.

"It's fun shopping with you," he said, smiling down at her.

She threw a swift glance at him, but did not speak.

"Do you know, I've never bought a doll in my life," he went on. "Christmas doesn't mean much to me. A few extra wines and cigars and some sort of dull presents for my aunts. I've no one else."

All round them, excited parents were buying last-minute surprises for small stockings. They loathed and abhorred, perplexed, but nobody minded. It was Christmas, and they had been saving up for this for weeks. Roger Baines looked around. This was life. Christ was born for this—for the happy flush on the thin cheeks of these mothers, for the light in the eyes of these fathers as they held their little ones high on their shoulders. Never had he felt Christmas before.

His hand tightened on Sylvia's arm.

"Sylvia," he said, and he did not notice that he had called her by her name. "John and Ann are mine for to-night. Please!"

In a moment he was in close conversation with an assistant.

Through the maze of laughing, shouting people she stood by while he chose things for John and Ann. Ann's doll asleep in a large cardboard box with its dark lashes brushing its cheeks. How Ann would love it! A cot for Ann's doll with hangings of blue organdie; a tiny trunk with its clothes all neatly packed and ribboned; a pram that would almost hold Ann herself.

Then John's turn came. A clockwork train and rails. Lights that were worked from a real battery. An engine with a real whistle. Signals that showed red and green as you worked the lever. A station complete down to the advertisements on the railings. And other things besides.

Dear, fat, little John!

Then they were out in the car again, bulky parcels packed safely in the back seat. They were free of the traffic and out on the open road homewards.

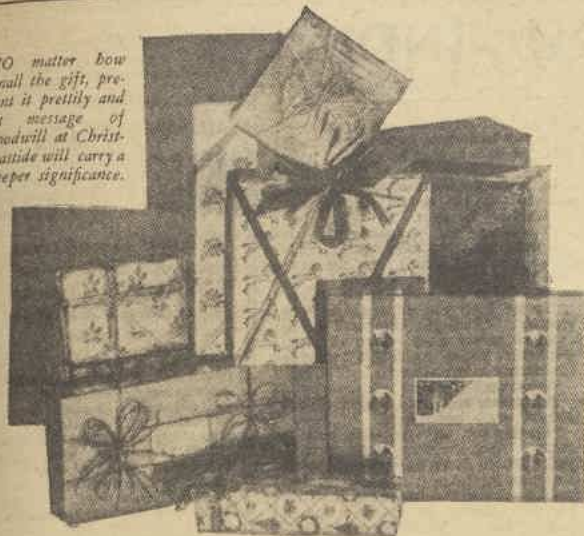
"I don't know what to say to you for all this," Sylvia said in a low voice. "There is simply nothing I can say. Except that I'm terribly—"

She could not finish it. The emotion that she had kept back all the evening overcame her, and she buried her face in her hands. He stopped the car.

When it moved on again half an hour later there was something of the light in his eyes that had transformed those others thronging the shop. And in hers there was peace and love and the mysterious quiet of a ship that has entered its haven.

(Copyright)

NO matter how small the gift, present it prettily and its message of goodwill at Christmastide will carry a deeper significance.



Please Do Present Them Prettily!

When giving Christmas presents, remember that nearly half the charm of a gift lies in its attractive wrapper.

DID you ever stop to think that you can cover ordinary cardboard boxes quite easily with attractive wallpaper or special Christmas wrapping-paper, and so give the final touch to any gift?

REMNANTS of charmingly-patterned wallpaper can be purchased from any store cheaply. Likewise the special Yuletide wrapping-paper. And as cardboard boxes

around the box, allowing for turnings, top and bottom.

Finally, cut a square large enough to fit the uncovered portion of the bottom and paste in position.

This work is simple, fascinating, and



FIG. 1.—The simple requirements for covering this most attractive box are few—wallpaper, paste, and scissors. Ribbon-tied, it makes a lovely container for the precious gift.

of all sizes and shapes are available it is a simple matter to create a lovely container for your gifts.

To cover a box similar to the one illustrated in Fig. 1, you will require wallpaper, box, flour paste, scissors, etc.

The first step is to cover the lid. Lay it upside down on the paper (see Fig. 2) and cut the paper so as to allow for sides and tin turnings.

Fig. 3 shows how to cut the paper for the corners. Paste the side on which the thumb and first finger are resting.

FIG. 2.—The first step in covering a box. Lay it upside down on the wallpaper; cut, allowing for sides and quarter-inch turning.

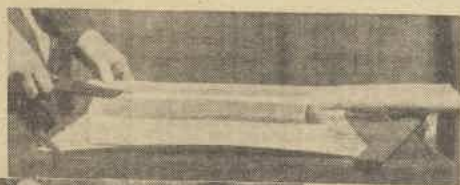
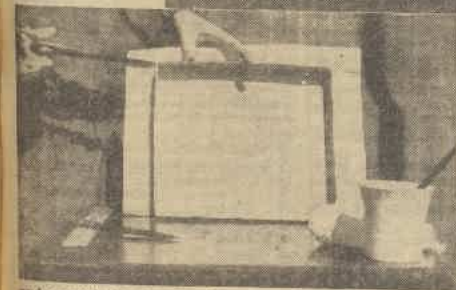


FIG. 3.—Shows how to cut the paper for the corners. This is perhaps the most difficult step in the whole simple procedure.



and around the corners. The paper is then neatly turned over, as shown on the opposite side.

Paste the remaining sides, and the lid is complete.

To cover the bottom half of the box, cut a strip long enough to go right

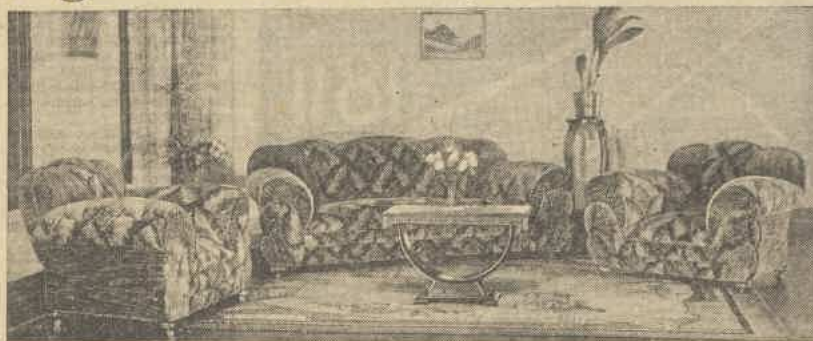
to make her boxed gifts more glamorous this Christmas.

Even a sprig of holly or mistletoe would give the parcel a festive air.

And don't forget that labels, printed with Christmas scenes make a great difference to the appearance of the most mundane brown-paper parcels!

PULSFORDS

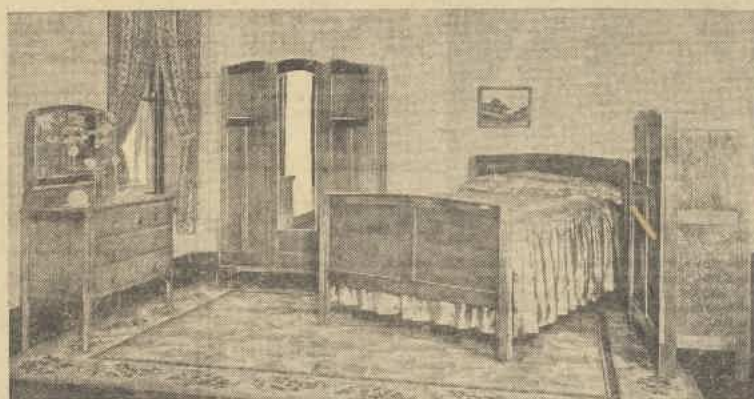
SPECIAL
Furnishing VALUES
Brighten the Home for Christmas!



£15'10'.

Terms Arranged
on any purchase

The Popular Stonebrook Suite The covering is best-quality Genoa Velvet in various patterns and colours, and the whole Suite is well sprung. This Suite carries Pulsfords' guarantee of quality and high-class workmanship. Come and see it without delay, or post your order for prompt attention. Easily one of Sydney's best values for a quality Suite. **Special Price** £15/10/- Also shown in photo.—The Coffee Table is priced at 67/6. The Palm Stand 11/6, and the Axminster Carpet, 12 x 9 feet, at 28/17/6.



£13'10'.

Same Suite, in Maple
£15/15/-

Renown Oak Bedroom Suite One that we can honestly recommend for service and value! The Wardrobe is 4ft. 2ins. wide, two-thirds hanging space, and with full-length mirror; Loughboy is 3ft. 3ins., fitted with trays; Dressing Table is 3ft. 3ins., with large mirror, 4ft. 6in. Bedstead. The Suite is in Oak or Maple, finished mid. tone. Also shown in photo.—Satin Bedspread and Bolster, Rose, Blue, or Old Gold, 75/-; Axminster Carpet, Pawn and Green, 12 x 9ft., 29/12/6.

Xmas Gifts

Traymobile, of two-tone oak, with drawer and cupboard, with leadlight doors. A beautiful gift . . . 55/-



29/6



55/-

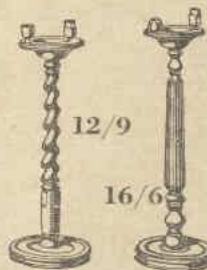
Coffee Table

of Elizabethan design, in heavy dark oak, with turned legs and "biscuit-cut" edge, 18in. wide, 16in. high. 29/6

SPECIAL AT 29/6

Smokers' Stands in Jacobean style, 24 inches high . . . 12/9

The other style with fluted post and turned base, 29 ins. high, 16/6.



12/9

16/6

GLORY BOXES AND GLORY CHESTS

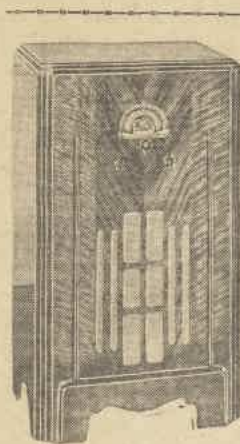
A wide range of these very popular gifts now showing. They are all solidly made and of guaranteed quality and value, priced from . . . 39/6

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Pulsfords' Special 5-valve Super-Het will prove a most wonderful Xmas gift. A quality set in every detail. It gives local and interstate reception with wonderful clarity of tone, using latest type valves. **SPECIAL OFFER—NO EXTRA FOR THEM:** free installation in metropolitan area, and 12 months free service.

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The "International" All-Wave Set
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We also stock "Airzone" Radios and "Radiolettes".

Wonderful value for a quality all-wave set! Local, interstate, and overseas stations are clearly heard. 5-valve super-hot chassis of very latest design.

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VALUE
In Gift
GLOVES



• 8-button length Brussels Kid Saxe Gloves with new punching to complete a smart glove. In white only. Sizes 6, 6½ and 7. Usually 21/- pair. Special, pair 18/11

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8/11 Pure Silk Hose

1,000 pairs high-grade Pure Silk Throughout Hose, full fashioned, service weight, dainty colored picot edge tops, new taper heels. In a big variety of shades. Usually 8/11 pair. Special, pair 4/11



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An excellent
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SANDALS!

• Ladies' smart White Calf BACKLESS AND TOELESS SANDALS, with pump soles, covered baby shift heels, neat clasp fastening; all sizes and half sizes. Pair, 10/11

• BACKLESS CRUISER SANDAL, neat, well-fitting, in striped awning with strap and buckle fastening, light soles and covered sports heels. In blue, orange, green, red, etc.; all sizes. Pair 7/11

• CRUISING SANDALS, ultra smart in figured Linen, featuring light flexible soles, covered sports heels, neat clasp fastening. In shades of red with green and beige or blue with red and beige; all sizes. Pair 7/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

DAWN Over INDIA

Continued from Page 38

As she raised her hand to knock, a sharp, frightened little cry came from within. Then a man's laugh, which broke suddenly at the sound of that imperative tapping on the glass.

"Open the window!" called Jan. "I must speak to you—"

There was a pause, and then the curtain was drawn aside and Basil Henniker opened the long window.

"My dear Miss Chambers," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

She brushed past him, glancing round the empty room, and at that moment Rosalind came quickly from behind a tall carved screen.

"Jan!" she exclaimed, and there was a note of utter relief in her voice. "I think you must be quite insane."

Jan told her, "Do you know what would happen if anyone knew you were here? Draw that curtain!"

It was already done. They had all heard the sound which had caused her last words—a car turning in at the gate and stopping.

"Jan! Oh, great heavens, if that's Daddy!" Rosalind clung to her, all her sophistication gone—a white-faced, frightened child.

Quick as lightning, Jan thrust her behind the screen again. There was room for only one. Besides, she did not trust Basil Henniker.

Dropping into the seat Rosalind had vacated, she picked up the half-full glass the girl had left there. And at the same instant the room door opened and two men came in.

"Your fellow told us to walk right in, Henniker," said the pleasant voice of young Bobby Harlow. "The Colonel—"

He broke off. "I beg your pardon—I thought you were alone."

As his eyes met Jan's she saw the cold, angry disapproval in them, and knew that as far as her reputation was concerned she was finished.

"Frankly, I cannot understand your conduct—but you yourself must know that it is inexcusable."

Peeling like a block of ice save for the fierce, hot pain at her heart, Jan looked across at the tall, accusing figure which faced her.

"I have no excuse," she said wearily. "Captain Harlow seems to have made his story quite—interesting."

"In ordinary circumstances," Giles Enderby retorted, "it is the sort of story

Wrong! Everything was wrong. "If you have quite finished with me," said Jan, still in that hard voice, "may I go?"

He made a gesture of assent, but as she turned he caught her almost savagely by the arm.

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what you have done?"

Jan wrenched herself free. She knew that if she suffered that touch for another instant she would break down.

"Better than you do, perhaps," she retorted. "And—if I were you I should make a pretty close search of Basil Henniker's house—you might find some interesting information."

"What do you mean?"

But before she could answer, Bobby Harlow came bursting in.

"Forgive me, sir," he cried breathlessly. "But I rushed along to warn you. Those devils have risen—they're marching on the cantonments, and they are armed, and I've found out how they got their guns."

He flashed round on Jan. "Through your friend, Mr. Henniker, so if every woman and child in the station is massacred we know whom we have to thank for it!"

"Bobby, you fool—what are you saying?" Rosalind had come in unobserved. "Daddy—"

She caught hold of him, but he shook her off. "Not now, my darling. Harlow—you stay here. The rest of the women and children must be brought along. And remember, if it comes to a matter of the last shot—"

He glanced at his daughter. "Yes, sir, you can rely on me," young Harlow promised. "I won't fail."

"Colonel Enderby!"

As he reached the door Jan was beside him. He paused, looking down at her. But she turned away hopelessly. After all, what was the use? It was too late now.

Never would Jan forget the horror of those succeeding hours. The sound of gunfire—the hoarse cries of the black hordes beyond the hastily erected barriers. They could hold out until dawn, and then if the help which had been sent for did not arrive—

Up in his castle the Rajah was besieged, too, so that he could not send his men to assist.

Perhaps in all the vast Residency there was only one person who cared nothing for life, and that was Jan.

She and Rosalind remained alone at the top of the house shut in a small room—and outside the man they both loved was facing death—might even have found it, for neither of them doubted that he would be in the very forefront.

Darkness came. The noise subsided for a time, and Rosalind announced that she refused to stick this any longer—she was going down.

She had not been gone very long when the room door opened, and looking across, Jan saw Giles Enderby.

"Jan!" He was beside her, his hands on her shoulders. "Rosalind has told me—"

"What?" She gazed at him in horror. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "do you think she could have been so cowardly enough to have kept silence now? Jan—can you ever forgive me—my sweet—my dear?"

She was in his arms then. "I love you," he told her. "Since we are facing death I can tell you."

"And I love you," she looked straight into his eyes and he saw her heart shining in her own. "I would rather die with you, Giles, than live without you."

He held her close. "My littlest love." And then suddenly pandemonium broke loose again. He released her with a swift kiss upon the lips.

"I must go—and if I never come back—"

If he never came back—she knew at least the supreme wonder that he loved her and that he believed in her.

But oh, to have found love here in the very arms of death. She sank down, covering her face with her hands.

How long she remained so she never knew. She was roused by someone shaking her, by seeing Rosalind kneeling beside her.

"Darling," the girl cried, "we're saved. The General is here—they've routed those beasts, and they've got Henniker. I must go to Bobby—he's hurt, and Jan, we're going to be married."

"Married?" Jan repeated almost stupidly. "Yes," Rosalind looked back from the door—she had grown up in these last hours, but the old mischief was there as she added: "Just like you and Giles."

Like her and Giles—then— She saw him standing there then, blackened with powder, his tunic torn, and as he held out his arms she went to them straight as a homing bird.

And as they stood there together, his lips on hers, like a pall that was suddenly snatched aside the darkness outside lifted and in through the uncovered window the dawn burst, bathing them in the rose and gold of a new day.

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ALL SUFFERERS FROM

INDIGESTION

are invited to read these notes, and send for the FREE SAMPLE. It costs you nothing, and it must do you good.

After a meal, a healthy person feels a sense of contentment and geniality and forgets that he has such a thing as a stomach. Unfortunately, there are thousands who, after they have taken food, usually become conscious that they have a stomach. A large portion of their food lies in the stomach fermenting, causing flatulence and painful distending of the stomach. Being right under the heart, the distended stomach presses on the heart, causing palpitation. Other symptoms are acid stomach and heartburn.

If these early symptoms are neglected or not treated in a proper manner, the stomach itself becomes affected. The walls of the stomach become inflamed and the unfortunate sufferer has gastritis or dyspepsia. In this condition, every mouthful of food adds to his distress, and he looks upon himself as an incurable dyspeptic in constant agony.

Neglect of early symptoms may be dangerous!

Unfortunately, the trouble does not even end here. The inflamed stomach pours out acid in increasing quantities which lays in the folds of the stomach and actually eats into its walls. This condition is ulcerated stomach or ulcerated duodenum.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and commonsense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the stomach is coated with a film of colloidal kaolin. So finely powdered is this kaolin that it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting it from the burning acid.

Thirdly, it actually digests a portion of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder so assist Nature to build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of the trouble.

Read This Remarkable Testimony

Mr. John Harris, of 2, Dale View, Dale Rd., Buxton, Derbyshire, writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with nasty bitter fluid arising from my stomach. An operation for gastric ulcers was performed. Later, all my troubles returned. I heard of your Antacid Powder, and after three days I was able to leave my bed and get out of doors. Before the first tin was empty I was able to enjoy my meals."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is invaluable for:

INDIGESTION	ACID STOMACH
DYSPEPSIA	DRIPPING PAINS
GASTRITIS	HEARTBURN
PALPITATION	FLATULENCE
ULCERATED STOMACH	

Sold in handsome canisters containing month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy in the sky-blue canister.

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For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

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Two Columns Full of Good Things for
Our Readers

WE have just come back from a treasure hunt round the shops on behalf of our readers, for we realise that new ideas for that Christmas list are probably very welcome. With the shops all dressed in their Christmas best, we made DISCOVERIES—never in any previous year have there been so many wonderful and really useful things available—or so many novelties.

AT Farmer's, the counters and tables overflowing with gay and delightful things made us wish we had a bagful of notes instead of copy paper. We could not resist an enamel and chromium Beauty Box in the newest, loveliest colors, for



35/-. The sketch here shows its smartly-shaped glass containers to hold cleansing lotions, etc. The lid of the compact type of container forms a mirror.

The onyx and crystal inkstand you glimpse is a lovely thing. The price of this is 30/-.



By the way, Farmer's have a priceless collection of intriguing book-ends, and we simply couldn't pass the black doggy ones, so we brought them back that they, too, might be sketched. They resemble ebony, and are priced at 17/6.

DAVID JONES was also thronged—a veritable beehive. General shoppers plus early Christmas shoppers who realise that the present-giving problem is simplified by shopping early. They showed us a pair of Business Girls' silk stockings, of which 8263 other pairs are to be sold as from this Thursday for 2/3s per pair—reduced from 3/1 and we could see at least 8264 pairs of beautiful legs, running here, there and everywhere at Christmas, all conforming to a famous sculptor's dictum that "legs are beautiful for their shape."



not for the texture of the skin. . . . An ankle bone takes a better line when covered by a silk stocking. By the way, he was so convinced about this that he wrote to the London "Times"—not from prudery, but from an aesthetic point of view—condemning the no-socking fashion.

WITH more and more people spending their holidays and week-ends out in the open, Grasse Bros. are this Christmas making an especial effort to cater for their needs and comfort. Any item of this little group would gladden the heart of the inveterate camper or be an added inducement to those who would like to, but fear the attendant discomfort.



The Auto-Cook petrol stove, with its businesslike double burner and instant lighter, will burn for four hours on one quart of petrol. When not in use it folds compactly into a case with handle; it is light to carry, and costs 47/6.

The small waterproof satchel contains a collapsible stool of chrome-finished steel with a gaily-striped seat, and is 4/6.



A boon to lovers of "billy tea" is this aluminium billy with its spout and fire-proof handle. The spout contains a strainer and obviates the necessity for a teapot. Price 5/6.

SUMMER'S toeless sandals—the most talked about because the most daring. Sydney is just learning the fascination of bare toes for the beach and for informal street wear, particularly when each dainty toe sports a dab of lacquer. The sandals we saw at Rigney's, King St., will appeal especially to the business girl. For they are smart and pretty, and yet very strong and serviceable. Of course, toeless and heel-less, with a thin, broad-backed ankle strap—all in macramé for 10/6, and with matching belt for 2/6. There are all colors to match your beach outfit—white, beige, red and white, blue and white—and red, white and blue, if you want to be patriotic! And a quaint idea when there are sandals with matching belt. Buy at Rigney's the belting at 1/4 a yard. We have already seen



it looking very smart decorating handbags, hats, and, crosswise, the blouse. It looks particularly well against the snowy whiteness of ribbed pique.

HAVE a gossamer chat with mother and ask her what she wants this Christmas. Hesitating, finally she'll say: "Something for the house." So we suggest a supper set.

The one we have in mind is not expensive—only 9/11, but it captured us right away. Six five-inch plates and an oblong sandwich dish. The plates are white. Their four corners are moulded, and against the cream background little mauve, yellow, and rose flowers make a pleasing contrast. Fling a square, a smart, striped supper cloth on one corner of your polished table, or have a simple linen cloth on the tray-table, and, with creamy cups to match your set will look altogether charming. For the same price there's a "Titian" shape in autumn tennings, and a set in willow blue. You'll find them at Pulsford's.

IF you want a gift for a very particular young lady—for the lass with "a box" no less—you won't be able to resist the



three-piece "undies" set at Snow's. Knickers, nightie, and princess slip.

The exquisite work was done in far-away China, each piece made and embroidered by hand with pretty flowers in matching silk. Exclusive is written boldly across them.

The knickers are wide-legged with a shaped waistband, and button securely at the side. Flowers are prettily sprayed on each wide leg, and the edges scalloped. The nightdress is a shapely affair. The edges round the neck, arms, and at the hem are finely scalloped. The princess slip, too, will fit snugly to the figure. It has ribbon for the shoulder-strap, scalloped edges, and sprays of flowers at the bodice.

The material, of course, is the finest crepe-de-chine, and for every taste there's a color. Take your pick from white, pink, salmon, or sky. The set has been reduced from 45/- to 28/11.

Please turn to Page 49



SNOWS

The Store of a
Million Gifts!

HAND EMBROIDERED CREPE DE CHINE EASTERN LINGERIE

A Sensational Price
for such
Luxurious Undies!



Nighties
and
Slips!

At Left and Right: Beautifully hand-embroidered Crepe de Chine Night-dresses and Underskirts, of superb quality! Sydney has never seen value to equal this. Many designs to choose from. SW, W, and OS.

PINK, WHITE, SKY,
GREEN and SALMON.

Usually

19'11 EA.
12'11



KEENLY
PRICED
GIFTS
IN ALL
SECTIONS!



3
PIECE
SETS!

Chinese Hand-embroidered Crepe de Chine sets, consisting of Nightie, Knickers and Slip. Pink, Sky, White, Salmon. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W.

45'11
28'11

Gloves for Gifts!



7'11
6'11

LINEN CROCHET GAUNTLETS—light & cool, in fashionable White and Old String shades. Usually 7/11.

NOW, pair:

6/11

RAYON SILK GAUNTLETS with attractive lace cuffs. Choose from White, Beige, or Grey. Usually 10/11.

NOW, pair:

9/11

STOCKINGS

KAYSER DULL SHEER

Pure silk fully fashioned hose in every shade and size. Smartly sheer and dull! Buy for Christmas Gifts! PRICE, pair

5'11

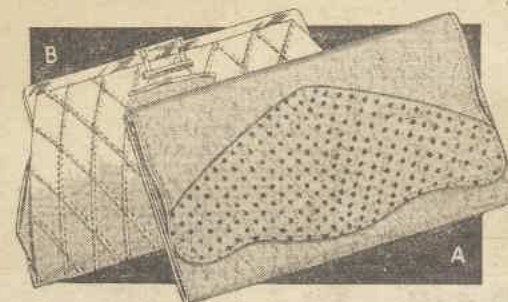
7/11 PURE SILK HOSE

Fine weave (45 gauge) pure silk stockings, fully fashioned Summer tone. Usually 7/11. NOW, pair

5'11

SNOWS HAVE A REPUTATION FOR HANDBAGS!

SELECT FROM LARGE VARIETY, FOR XMAS GIFTS!



21'11
14'11

Special Group!

Nothing smarter than one of these white, washable bags. A—New perforated front—silk lined. B—Smart stitched design, with chrome frame. Usually 21/-. SPECIAL 14/11

SYDNEY SNOW LTD., PITT & LIVERPOOL STREETS



Gifts for all at GRACE BROS

Other Gift Suggestions.

★ ★ ★

FOR WOMEN...

Embroidered Eastern Kimono	6/11
Coloured Crystal Perfume Bottle	7/6
Wicker Work Basket	6/11
Potter and Moore Gift Casket	10/6
Dull finish tailored Seantie & Vest Set	7/9

FOR MEN...

Brocaded Dressing Gown	19/11
Tortoiseshell Xylonite Brush Set	21/0
Pure Silk Tie, in box	3/11
Morocco Tobacco Pouch	7/6
Box Calf Albert Slippers	5/11
Special! "White Star" Wrist Watch	£3/2/6

FOR CHILDREN

"Three Little Pigs" Slippers	2/9
English China 3-piece Breakfast Sets	1/9
"Chums" Boys' Annual	16/0
Novelty Handkerchiefs, 7 in a box	3/3
15 inch "Ma Ma" Dolls	2/11

FOR THE HOME

Tinted Glass Water Sets	6/9
Brass Smoker's Stand	16/6
Frisled Satin Cushion	5/11
Hand-made Supper Sets	6/11
Coloured Glass Electric Lamp	14/6
Porcelain Book Ends, pair	5/6



10/11

WHITE... and washable! An ideal gift! New top-opening style, fixed divided centre swing purse and mirror.

PRICE, Each 10/11

(Ground Floor, Grace Street Building)



5/11

GIVE HANDKERCHIEFS!... No. 1, super fine "Opal" Cloth, new dove lace and embroidered corners. No. 2 in White Irish Linen. PRICE, Box 5/11

(Ground Floor, Grace Street Building)



7/11

EVER ACCEPTABLE GIFT... Dull Semi-Service Weight Pure Silk Hose, fully fashioned, smart panel heels and picot tops. Latest shades. PRICE, Pair 7/11

(Ground Floor, Grace Street Building)



13/11

A XMAS SPECIAL... Ladies Dressing Table Sets in imitation Pearl Xylonite. Choose from Pink or Blue. PRICE, Set 13/11. Floral hand engraved decoration 3/- extra.

(1st Floor, Grace Street Building)



5/11

NEVIS GRECIAN COURT... with well padded soles and covered heels. Choose from shades of Blue, Rose, Brown, Black and Red. Sizes 2 to 7. PRICE, Pr. 5/11

(1st Floor, Grace Street Building)



75/-

9ct. SOLID GOLD... LADIES' WRIST WATCH; beautiful 15 jewel lever movement. Choose from a variety of new designs, in velvet lined case. PRICE, Each 75/-

(Ground Floor, Furniture Building)



4/11

7/11

THE GIFT OF GOOD TASTE... Genuine Rosa Centifolia Eau de Cologne—a delicate intriguing odour in the new hexagon bottle. Approx. 3oz. PRICE 4/11. Approx. 6oz. PRICE 7/11

(1st Floor, Grace Street Building)



2/6

NOTEPAPER... the gift that never fails to please! This Cabinet, with sliding panel, contains 3 DIFFERENT SHADES in notepaper, with envelopes to match. PRICE 2/6

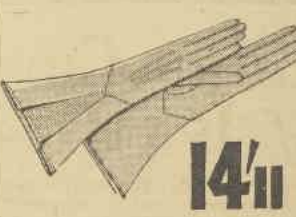
(1st Floor, Grace Street Building)



9/11

CREPE DE CHINE NIGHTGIE... Pure Silk, in a variety of dainty scalloped and embroidered designs. All finger shades. In presentation box. PRICE, Each 9/11

(1st Floor, 7-Storey Building)



14/11

IMPORTED KID... with new wide cuffs! In Eggshell, with Black, and Navy with White contrast points and stitching. PRICE, Pair 14/11

(Ground Floor, Grace Street Building)



15/11

HAND-CUT CRYSTAL... A practical and charming gift—and note the price! Clear, sparkling crystal case in smart shape, reliable movement. Each 15/11

(Ground Floor, Furniture Building)



29/6

"SUNBEAM" TOASTER... A practical Gift—and specially reduced! Makes perfect toast in half the time! Also toasts Tea Cakes, Crumpets, etc. Regularly 50/- SPECIAL AT 29/6

(Lower Ground Floor, Furniture Building)

NP 4500

Gift Cheque

Date

To Messrs. Grace Bros. Limited

Supply to Name of

Goods to the value of

£

Grace Bros. Limited

AVAILABLE FOR THREE MONTHS FROM DATE

Solve Your Problem

with a

GRACE BROS.' GIFT CHEQUE!

Solve the question of "what to give" this year with a "Blue Bird" Gift Cheque from Grace Bros! The special advantage of this clever gift idea is that the recipients may PERSONALLY select their own gifts—at Grace Bros!—Gift Cheques obtainable at Grace Bros' Enquiry Office.

Grace Bros

GREAT XMAS ATTRACTION

PONYVILLE

HAPPY RIDES ON REAL PONIES

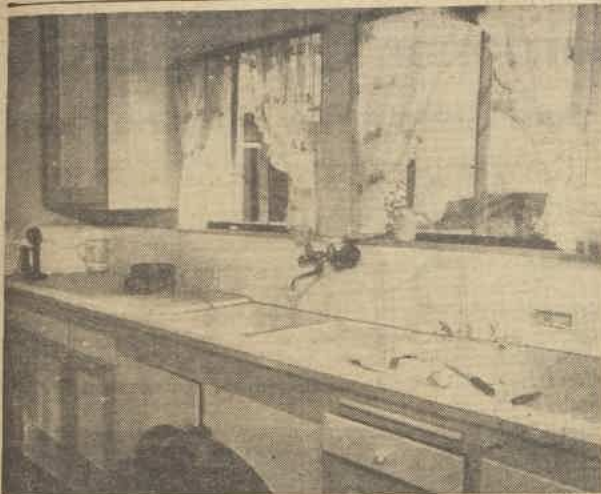
NOW ON

BRING THE CHILDREN

HAPPY RIDES ON REAL PONIES

Children!—Come to PONYVILLE—Grace Bros' Great Xmas Attraction—and have the ride of your life on a real Pony! Don't miss the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and a hundred-and-one other attractions—and, of course, Santa Claus—3rd Floor, 7-Storey Building.

GRACE BROS Ltd — Broadway - Sydney — M6506



CHRISTMAS IS a kitchen affair—very much so. And since a lot of time must be spent here preparing for the festivities, make it fittingly gay with paint and fresh, crisp curtains.

Creed's Xmas Carnival of BARGAINS

Stylish, beautifully cut, holiday garments in all the wanted colourings and all wanted sizes. Here are samples of the marvellous values Creed's are offering. Do not miss this opportunity!

Please enclose postage with Mail Orders.

CREED'S SPECIALISE IN OUTSIZE FITTINGS



SPORTS FROCKS. Illustrated are two only of the many styles which may be had in figured linens or white Kanebo Fajl. S.S.W. S.W. W. Usually 22/6. SPECIAL 9/11

Georgettes, too, are greatly reduced

Dainty Georgette Frocks with Jap Silk Slips, in pretty floral designs. A wonderful range of styles to choose from. S.S.W. S.W. W. Usually 55/-. SPECIAL

37/11

CREED'S — 430 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

British Jones Sewing Machine To Be Won!

Last-minute entries are being received for the free novel competition, in which an all-British Jones sewing machine is the first prize. In addition to the first prize, every unsuccessful entrant will receive a special discount coupon as a consolation prize.

UPON presentation of this coupon to the Pincock Sewing Machine Company, 72 Drutt St., Sydney, the holder will be entitled to a special discount of £1 on the purchase of a British Jones sewing machine valued at £15/10/-, irrespective of whether it is bought for cash, or on Pincock's easy terms of £1 deposit and 5/6 per week.

All readers have to do to enter this competition is to write a short letter saying how the free novels given away by The Australian Women's Weekly appeal to them, and which they liked best. The competition will be judged not on the literary style of the letter but on the value of the opinions expressed.

The competition closes on December 15. The name of the winner will be announced in our issue of December 22.

A-Hunting We Did Go

Continued from Page 47

REALLY believing that Christmas should begin at home, we picked out a novelty for you at W. W. Campbell's, the famous Clarence St. furnishing house—a modern tea wagon on rubber-tired wheels. It is oval in shape with a beautifully wrought rope-edge top. It has a real cupboard with, mark you, leadlight doors on both sides! In addition it is fitted with a drawer.

As you will already have quickly gathered, this would be a delightful piece of furniture to have and hold. Your afternoon-tea china could be kept in the cupboard in readiness to cope with any emergency tea party, while cake-forks, spoons, likewise tea-cloth and dainty serviettes, could remain in the drawer. The price is £5/17/6. Another lovely thing which appealed particularly to our discerning eyes was a coffee-table having an exquisitely figured walnut top. This, we learned, can be carried straight to your home for an expenditure of only £2/1/6.

FOR the luxury touch to a dinner table there's nothing like a hand-plated silver teapot. Such a one, modern, silver-nickel, we saw at Saunders for 19/6, specially reduced for Christmas from 27/6. Not too large, not too small, it holds four cups, has an enchanting curved handle. It's absolutely guaranteed for long hard wear.

Then there's a delightful chrome finish wrist watch—a narrow oblong, in a simple modern design. Carries a



guarantee of 12 years, and is priced at 88/6.

DOESN'T amber conjure up fascinating visions? . . . Visions of the dim East, veiled ladies, doe-eyed copper-tinted Chinese girls, champagnes with a rich bouquet—exciting things. That's why we introduce to you the amber rose-bowl we saw at Hordern Bros.—just a Christmas gift suggestion. Imagine—yellow roses heaped in an amber rose-bowl. How entrancing they would be! It is eight inches high with a square base, and the bowl, altogether lovely, has spiral fluting. The price is 15/6. The same may be obtained in dusky smoke.

And at Hordern Bros. there are all sorts of lovely hand-cut crystal gift suggestions. Powder bowls, floating flower bowls, in clear, fine diamond cut.



They have the very latest crystal reading-lamp in diamond cut. Fitting over the light is a glass dome that you lift off. Several sizes, 75/- and 63/-.

Yours with enthusiasm,
JAN and JENNIFER.

"I SAW MY HOME THROUGH A STRANGER'S EYES!"



"I came back from a holiday, to find my home looking neglected! I realised, then, how shabby it looked to strangers!"

Look at your home as though you're a stranger! See how scratched and dingy the cement steps and pathways are! Paint them with Solpah Paving Paint—make them bright and attractive as new, in a few hours!

Taubmans Solpah Paving Paint is specially made for all concrete, cement and brick surfaces. Solpah resists wear and weather, brings back beauty to your home. Use it on paths, steps, fireplaces, bathroom and laundry floors. Solpah spreads easily, dries rapidly, lasts amazingly!

Paint and hardware dealers everywhere sell Solpah Paving Paint, in handy tins, in ten lasting colours. A quart covers 150 square feet.

TAUBMANS SOLPAH PAVING PAINT



THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE

New FASHIONS IN FACES!

GLAMOUR and ELEGANCE! The new fabrics breathe these words . . . Soft ripple of silks; sheen of satins; deep, rapturous loveliness of velvet and, in harmony with these, the flash of jewels, real and not-so-real; but always gay, bright and modern. In this age of sophistication, contrast and exquisite dash, the art of being made beautiful must not stop at one's clothes . . . faces must be in tune! Many whose clothes are gorgeous fail in the art of loveliness—their clothes only emphasise their failings. Yet cosmetics, properly selected and properly used, can work miracles. How many film stars are naturally lovely? Very few. What the successful ones possess is the art of glamour, the capacity for painstaking care in make-up. If you want your face to look delicately lovely—enchanting and magnetic as a film star's, you can have your heart's desire. Try this Kathleen Court technique, and see! . . .



KATHLEEN COURT. PHOTO: KERSEYMER, LONDON

SECRET of THRILLING MAKE-UP

There is no one perfect make-up method. But the following, while easy, and inexpensive, can never fail.

Thoroughly cleanse the pores of your skin with 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream. Wipe off. Wash, using 'Paris' Soap and warm water. Dry. Apply 'Facial Youth' Day Cream. Powder with 'Golden Youth' or 'Sevenstar' Face Powder. Select your shade carefully—not too light a tone. If in doubt, try 'Rhapsody' Powder which comes in one shade only—a clever one for all purposes. Apply a little 'Rose Petal' Rouge. Again, select your shade with skill. If in doubt—better use 'Sevenstar' Rouge which, with its one single wonderful shade solves the problem for those who don't wish to experiment. A little Kathleen Court Eye Shadow on the eye-lids, a little Kathleen Court Eye Cosmetics on the cheeks and brows—a flick of one of the amazing Kathleen Court Lipsticks and behold! If you don't look a rich, entrancing creature of warmth, verve, glamour, tenderness, elegance—all wrapped into one—well, you can set yourself down as the most exceptionally unlucky person in the world. So exceptional, that it just can't happen, as a matter of fact! The cost? Only a few shillings altogether! Only with the famous Kathleen Court Beauty Aid could you get such glamour for so little. Come on! Let's go going! Let us show Europe and America that when it comes to feminine loveliness we are streets ahead! We've got climate, sunshine, sea, and room to move. Let's make absolutely sure that we have EVERYTHING! . . .

Kathleen Court
LONDON · SYDNEY · NEW YORK

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer **FRUIT DRINKS** whenever you need them with **P.M.U. EXTRACTS**

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



The Old Gardener Comes Inside

And Gives a Few Hints on Floral Arrangements for Yuletide!

FLowers are the natural Yuletide decoration. For at Christmas time all nature is in gala attire—flowers are blooming, foliage is green—the whole garden is gay with fulfilled promise. This Christmas have cut flowers grouped artistically in tall slender vases, or massed in bowls for your festive decoration. Have dark corners made gay with plants or bright-hued flowers. The Old Gardener, in this thoughtful article, advises you on arrangement for table and for room.



GOOD morning, Miss! How busy you seem to be today. Oh, yes, preparing for Christmas. This is the time of the season when you cannot spare much time in the garden, but, having carried out my advice in the past weeks, you now have time for indoor work.

Yes, your garden looks well. No weeds, and plenty of mulch—that's the idea. A good soaking a couple of times each week is all that is required.

I see you are beginning to make room for your floral decorations. Most people have special decorations during the Christmas festivities.

I am a person who believes in using if possible as much of our own native flora, but there are many people in outlying districts that are not able to procure the beautiful Christmas bush, the holly, greyell, proteas, Christmas bells, and other native flowers. There are many parts of Australia where these plants do not grow, so those people have to be satisfied with whatever they can procure, but there is always some greenery that can be put to decorative use.

Those living in the cities and suburbs in many cases have their bush houses where pot plants, hanging baskets, etc., can be used, and most homes also have gardens from which flowers in abundance can be chosen.

Of late years, cut flowers and colored foliage have played an important part in decorations for festive occasions, and have been the means of fostering a greater demand for certain plants and flowers that are suitable for such requirements. It also has been the means of making certain flowers more prominent. A casual observer takes little notice of certain types of flowers until

seen in a room, or on the dinner table when arranged artistically in suitable vases.

In order to attain the desired end—artistic arrangement—it is necessary to know which flowers look best in the vases intended for use so that they can be displayed to the best advantage.

For instance, in some cases flowers with short stalks could be arranged with good effect, while in other instances those with long stems would be of far greater service.

Some people lengthen the stems in an artificial manner with wire. This is a great mistake and should be avoided for the better preservation of the flowers. I have also noticed many persons arranging vases of cut flowers without any ferns or foliage as groundwork. This, to my mind, is a mistake, and more especially in large-sized arrangements.

Vases should not be overcrowded, but arranged as naturally as possible with a spray of maiden hair fern, or some green foliage. Many flowers can be artistically arranged with their own foliage—for instance, arrange a vase in a corner of a room with gladioli in two or three distinct colors, and use gladioli foliage.

Again, take roses. How well they can be arranged with their own foliage. Camellias need no other foliage than their own deep green leaves to set them off to advantage. Vases of sweet peas are shown to best advantage with a spray of gypsophila, and make a striking display. And so we can go on naming many forms of decoration, but the main object should be to study the rooms and the occasion, and make the colors blend and harmonize.

In the decoration of the dining-table it is always advisable to plan carefully, considering all arrangements beforehand. A landscape gardener can visualize what his garden will be when completed, so should a person who intends to decorate. Choose your colors to suit the light, and don't crowd. Shades of the same color should not be used in close association, and, if possible, use single flowers in preference to the double varieties. Flowers with powerful perfume should not be used extensively.

Flowers, too, are much sought after for bed and dressing rooms, especially as a welcome to invited guests. Choose such flowers with forethought. If one color predominates in the furniture, avoid that color in the flowers if possible. Use small vases for this particular room and make simplicity your aim.

For the drawing-room or living-room a nice palm here and there, dracaenas, coleus, or any trees in pots give a homely appearance, also flowering shrubs are an acquisition.

Well, I must be off. And I'll be along next week to wish you the compliments of the season.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. 6/6

Can't help smiling... he feels so good

when you give him a clean set of underwear every morning

Straight from his morning bath with a clean set of underwear... how he loves it! You can send him off every day feeling pleased with the world. Just pop his once-worn underwear into Lux so that he can change daily.

LUX MEN'S UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY. TOO. REMOVES PERSPIRATION. SAVES FABRICS

A second day's wear may cause unpleasantness

All day long, especially in Summer, underthings are absorbing perspiration and the unpleasantness clings. But he'll be safe from the risk of offending if you have fresh underwear ready... if you put it out each morning and give him a whole day's comfort and self-confidence. It's easy enough for anything, the 4-minute Lux way.



A LEVER PRODUCT

5-223.15



THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

Be quite frank with yourself please . . . Are you BEAUTIFULLY ready for CHRISTMAS?

DAYS of rush and tear in preparation for Christmas, to so many of us spelling extra work, longer hours, and preoccupation with the choosing of gifts (which, hopefully, we expect will really give joy to people) are likely to play havoc with the beauty routine. . . But don't let this happen!

Remember, you are nearly always taken at your face value, so it does not pay to slow up on anything to do with your appearance. Memory is so short-lived — likewise gratitude. . . It would be just too bad to find that when Christmas really arrived you were not beautifully ready.

If your looks are to do you credit, if that very special new frock for the Christmas party is going to be entirely successful, you must check up on every item in the beauty toilet.

So much depends on details. For instance, hands and nails must be immaculate, hair well groomed and at the top of its form, skin fresh and eyes sparkling. Do not heed the tempting voice, "I really have no time." Make time.

For those who can afford it, a Turkish bath is a wonderful way of eliminating grime. It will not only cleanse, but will act as a beautifying tonic as well.

It costs a few shillings, but it is worth every penny of the amount charged.

Still, you can enjoy a very fair imitation in your own home.

Allow yourself at least several hours. Turn on the bath, close the windows — the object being to get up as much heat as possible. Shave up a cake of good soap into the running bath, throw in your wash glove or loofah. Have a bowl of salt, a bottle of olive oil, a sheet, and plenty of towels ready.

Before stepping into the hottest and deepest bath you've ever had, lave your body all over with the olive oil. Massage it well in, including face and hands.

Now, take a handful of salt and rub yourself down until the skin glows and tingles.

Then jump into the bath. See that it is not so hot as to make your heart-beat quicken perceptibly.

The room, of course, will be full of

steam. This all helps. Lie and soak for ten minutes in the foaming bath, then lather your body generously. Use plenty of soap.

I should have advised you previously to have a bowl of lukewarm water by you to sponge yourself over afterwards.

Next, if you're brave enough, stand under the shower, or sponge yourself down with cold water.

Dry quickly and roll yourself up, first in the dry sheet and then in a blanket and slip into bed, with a book and a glass of mineral water, and if you can sleep so much the better. You will awaken with a new, luxurious outlook on life.

Hands and Hair

GIVE your hair a thorough shampoo and don't forget the lemon rinse!

If you are one of those clever people who can set their own hair, so much the better; otherwise, an appointment

with the hairdresser must be made — and kept!

And look to your hands! If you are wise you will remove the varnish from your nails, and give them a "breather." They will be far more receptive afterwards to a special manure, especially if you remember to protect them when at work and apply oil or cream to the cuticles at night.

You have, of course, your manure set. Then following the method I have so often given you clean, file and apply polish to the nails until they surprise you with new loveliness.

Roughened hands may be given a bleaching pack. After washing and drying thoroughly, smear them over thickly with the beaten white of an egg, to which one grain of alum has been mixed.

Leave on for as long as possible — all night, if you wear gloves.

Your Face, Too!

A MASK to freshen up a tired skin is quickly made from the beaten white of an egg into which three ounces of the finest toilet oatmeal has been mixed to form a paste.

Cleanse the face, dry, and apply with the finger-tips. Leave on until dry.

A moist pad of cotton wool will remove the mask. Then pat in some cold cream. Remove after a few moments.

AND plenty of water! Drink it health! Take it every morning with oatmeal salts before breakfast. That is how Beauty should drink to a happy Christmas!

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I was confounded the other day when impressing on my children the necessity for a daily bath by the comments of my son, who remarked that his grandfather had said "all this washing was a lot of rot for people who did not do dirty work." He went on to say that grandfather only bathed once a week, and he was hale and hearty at seventy. My son asked me to tell him the why and wherefor of the daily bath, and I now look to you to help me give a convincing reason. Children of this age seem to want a scientific reason for everything.

IM afraid your son could have confounded you by quoting many cases other than that of grandfather, but perhaps he will be interested and impressed by the necessity for the daily bath when he has learned something of the structure and functions of the skin which is cleansed in the process.

The structure of the skin is more complicated than people suppose. Its proper functioning, likewise, is highly important to the maintenance of health.

The skin covers and protects the body; it helps to regulate the temperature of the body; it is an organ of elimination as well as of absorption; within its structure are located certain glands of secretion; lastly, the skin contains delicate "tactile corpuscles" by means of which the individual is able to experience the sensation of touch.

The skin is not composed of a single layer, but of two layers. The outer one is the epidermis or cuticle. The inner, deeper layer is known as the derma or cutis.

It is in the derma — the "true skin" — that the sweat glands are located; likewise, the so-called "sebaceous" glands. Hair, also, grows out of the true skin. In the derma the hair follicles are to be found. Hair and nails are really special modifications of the epidermis.

When the epidermis — the visible skin — is examined under the microscope, it

is observed to be made up of dry, flattened scales. In some parts of the body, where rubbing against clothing occurs, these scales are more numerous.

The derma is a much tougher structure than the epidermis, and it is highly elastic.

The sebaceous glands referred to

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



GERTRUDE MICHAEL, Paramount player, demonstrates this excellent exercise for stimulating the circulation and beautifying the legs. Grasp a rough towel firmly in both hands, place under the knee which is raised from the floor, and rub briskly. Repeat on other leg.



BY A DOCTOR

above have little ducts which open upon the surface of the skin or into a hair follicle. These sebaceous glands oil the skin and hair. When they become plugged we have as a result the familiar "blackhead." The plugging of the pore with dirt is not the black. Rather, the dirt plug does not allow the glandular secretion of the gland to flow freely, hence the secretion solidifies. That is why a blackhead, when squeezed out, looks like a worm.

The sweat glands are coiled in shape and each measures about one-sixteenth of an inch when uncoiled. It has been estimated that there are about 2,381,348 such tiny glands in the entire skin. Their total length, if placed end to end, would measure about two and one-third miles.

HAIR is not merely an adornment, but protects the body from heat or cold. It also aids in radiating heat from the body and in preserving moisture on the skin surface. Hair located in the nose protects against foreign particles entering the nasal passages and the lungs.

The root of each hair is embedded in a hair follicle. The hair proper is really the shaft of the hair. Inside this shaft are the pigment granules which give the hair its color. In a similar way, pigment granules lie in the lowest layer of the derma, and give color to the skin.

Hair is either flat or round when viewed in cross-section. Flat hair curls readily. Round hair shafts produce so-called "straight" hair.

All persons do not possess the same thickness of skin. When the epidermis is decidedly thick a person is likely to look pale and anemic.

HOST BOLLENOCK says: I have a variety of olive called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty. . .



MISS
ELAINE
HAMILL

The Beautiful Film Star soon to be seen in Cine-sound's new film, "Grandad Rudd," is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

"Beauty is Merely a Matter of Knowing How"

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mergolized Wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder, and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The shallow, unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles, revealing the fresh fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

"OF COURSE, DON'T DYE IT." Of course you mustn't dye your hair. That idea is now quite out of date. Merely touch your grey hairs with tammlite — a pleasant, non-sticky, non-grassy lotion which will instantly restore their natural colour. Do this at night without fear that tammlite will stain your pillow-slip or cause discomfort of any kind. Unlike hair dye, the use of tammlite cannot be detected.

Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAMPOO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos. It is very different from shampoos which are merely high-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any kind of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well earned appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Society women, stage stars use it. Men, particularly about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair, and certainly increases growth.

"FAT IS GOLE." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why not take a few clinical-hurms and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

THE NEW DEARBORN BEAUTY AIDS

Face Powder in 5 shades, Lip Sticks in 5 shades, Dry Rouge in 6 shades, Moist Rouge in 3 shades, Eye Shadow in 5 shades, are just the colourings that you should use. Buy from your chemist or store to-day.

DOC VIRGINIA

Continued from Page 6

THE doctor swore frankly, and turning, looked at the light without.

"Thanks, Sanston," she said and went away with a roar and a rattle.

"He's a good three days' start," she told herself grimly, "and it's coming on to snow sure as the dickens."

So the ramshackle flier went into its shed and the doctor gave the rangy boys a heavy feed of oats from the bin in the snug barn.

"I'll take some steady stepping, boys," she told them, rumpiling an ear of each bent head in rough hands, "for Angel Station is a long, long way from here—but Annette Poire needs her man, and by the same token that man needs a charge of shot."

It was noon by the watch on her wrist, a heavy nickel affair set in its strong leather band, when the two big horses pulled out of the unfenced cabin yard and headed north. The vehicle behind them was nothing much for looks, but it was strong as good hickory could make it, and very light. It had four wheels, a flat box made by hand and covered in with a lid behind, a low top of heavy leather with buckled curtains and a curved dash hooded high against the wind and snow.

Old Johan Brinke at Sanston's Cross had made most of it, and it was built for service. Not a soul on the forty-mile stretch of Double Prairies but knew it as far as eye could see, and many a woman's prayer went up for the lonely figure inside, driving into the dark and the cold to fight for someone's life. The fact that the doctor

was a woman added a certain sense of awe to the sight.

The horses were keen with life, full-fed, their hides bristling with their winter coat of shag, and they were all for swinging out at a running trot but Doc Virginia held them back.

"Easy boys, easy," she admonished them, "you'll have enough and more by this time to-morrow."

So they pranced and shook their eager heads, rolling the outlandish vehicle behind them over the level land as if it were a child's hoop.

They were none too soft, even though the summer was but lately gone, for their owner had been seasoning them for their winter's work by this trip and that.

Out from the cross roads at Sanston's a good road went north towards the line. It was only a ribbon laid along the limitless levels, but it was the main thread of communication between the two countries, known to both Governments, and with the customary Immigration Office at the point of intersection.

Along this dim thoroughfare Doc Virginia drove for two good hours. Her hands were hot with the fire of the chafing reins and she wore no mittens. The feel of coming snow had softened the cold, but her cheeks

showed red beneath the little cap of fur on her dark head.

The sky was grey as a hooded nun and the light was already waning towards the dense darkness of northern night, when she began to search every rod of the way with keen eyes narrowed.

She was looking for a mark in the monotony of the levels, a long, low depression, like the print of the modeller's finger left in the soft clay of creation, and running west for several miles.

Along the far edge of this strange mark there had once been a prairie road, and Doc Virginia knew it. Ten years ago she had travelled it when the smallpox took the Dutchmen out at Vander's Flat, and it straggled west-by-north, sidling like a furtive thief with something under his coat to hide. It had never been a public way. Long since it had been abandoned—after the bulk of the Dutchmen died despite all she could do to save them. Dim and dimmed, it was hard to know in the tall brown grass that ran wild in the dip of the narrow hollow, and at the point where it should turn off the horses stamped and shook their heads, unwilling to leave the beaten track.

But the hands on the reins were firm hands, imperious hands that had never brooked insubordination, and they whipped them into the thick grass just as the first soft flakes of snow came drifting down from the heavy skies.

A Wrinkle in Time saves..

To clean decanters, cruet bottles, and other glassware, cut up a raw potato and place in a bottle half filled with water. Shake well, rinse, and the polish is excellent.



ANGEL Station was

notorious. It lay just over the line, a matter of some few miles beyond the office, and it was broad open to all except the law. A thousand secret things went on there which the North-West Royal Mounted knew but could not prove. A huddle of huts and houses, rimmed by the wilderness where the woods came

down to meet the plains, it sat and grinned with its thumb in its mouth, figuratively. There was a store or two, a post office, a filling station for summer travel—and Pryde's.

At Pryde's the talk of the North Pole flowed to the south, a subterranean stream. Peter Pryde and his half-breed wife knew everything—why Inspector Blaintree was degraded; who killed Lieutenant Dolan on Pot Hole Flat; the hidden place where liquid contraband ran over the rim like treacle in the sun—and they kept it to themselves, thereby proving pretty much.

Pryde's was an ostentatious place, rambling, and many-roomed, all under its wide roof, where doors led everywhere. Its main room was the store-saloon and gambling hall, where a constantly changing and motley throng danced, played and drank—leaving gold in the strong steel safe behind the bar. That safe was a source of great satisfaction to Pryde, who, strangely, had an ambition for the future—namely, a house and lot in a real town somewhere where his half-breed wife might dress and attend card parties with other men's wives. As if all the gold in Canada could ever cover the brown of her skin, the shifty craft of her crooked eyes, or make her a lady. But Pryde put away his money and rubbed his oily hands fully expecting that these things would be.

The huge coal-oil lamp under its yard-wide reflector shone down upon the room this night. A half-drunk boy in a sheepskin coat kept putting coins in the slot of the player-piano, and the mechanical blare covered the hum of many voices. The bar was damp under Pete's flourishing cloth. Business was very good. Three card tables were going and little white-livered Andy had stacked the pack three times in as many hours to the great wonderment of the two Australians who played against him. At the third table beyond, with his back against the wall, sat Pierre Poire.

The little French quarter-blood was suave and laughing, in the highest of high fettle. His slim hands were clean as a lady's, the nails scraped white to the quick. He wore a striped silk shirt beneath his gay waistcoat, a mark of vanity which sacrificed warmth to beauty, and the black hair of his head was oiled to a sheet of shining ebony. Beneath his nose a small black moustache was clipped sharp at the corners, giving him a smart and dapper look.

For all he cared there might have been no cabin lost in the wind of Darline's Dip; no little girls playing with sticks of firewood for want of other toys; no poor mother with a babe on her breast, turning tear-dim eyes to the wall.

Over by the red-hot, big-bellied stove the husky Minnie preened and walked, with her hands on her narrow hips. She looked with alert eyes at all the men in the room and found none so handsome, so chic and dapper as Poire. Therefore, she was well satisfied with her exchange of Tom's place for Pryde's, of the U.S.A. for Canada, of Tom himself for Pierre. So she ruffled her yellow curls on her high forehead that was none too wide between temples or eyes, and switched her cheap black velvet skirt above her high-laced shoes.

A cheap little vixen was Minnie, having nothing to offer her cavaliers but youth and the beauty of shallow blue eyes above a skin of dazzling whiteness dashed with fairest pink, the unfailing good nature of a worthless heart. These, however, had always been sufficient to ensure her a livelihood.

Pryde's was in full swing. Everyone in the big room was free and easy, relaxed, jovial, excepting Pryde himself, who was never relaxed though he smiled always, and Andy-the-cheat, who must needs be strained to the highest pitch to ply his trade successfully.

Then above the noise of the crowd a handbell, hung on a cord above the door, jangled deeply.

Please turn to Page 56

Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne Liquid Bath Salts. Exquisite and so refreshing. 1/6 to 1/2.



CHOOSE A GIFT SHE WILL LOVE!

YULETIDE... and so easy to bring the light of happiness to faces of those near and dear to you. Can you imagine a more delightful, yet inexpensive, gift than one of Potter & Moore's famous preparations? . . . Exquisite 1749 Mitcham Lavender, Lavender Cologne, or the newly created Bath Perfume (Liquid Bath Salts); precious skin soaps, powders, creams—priceless aids to beauty. Purple Lilac and Oriental Poppy creations filled with the loveliness which every woman longs for. Department stores and chemists are featuring a wonderful range of these joyous gifts—priced to fit your purse. See them . . . choose the gift she will love—NOW!



TOILET PREPARATIONS by Potter and Moore

Send to-day for the Christmas Gift Suggestion Folder. Contains a wonderful selection of Christmas gifts illustrated and inexpensively priced.



SPECIAL OFFER! For each bottle of Mitcham Lavender, send 1/- in Postal Notes or Stamps for Postage and Packing to W. J. Bush & Co. Ltd., Dept. 1111, Box 1111, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____ Address _____

Mitcham Lavender Face Powder, pure, soft and lightly perfumed. 1/6 and 2/6.

Mitcham Lavender Complexion Soap, keeps the skin soft and beautiful. 9d., 1/3, 1/9.

Mitcham Lavender Coffret—Lavender, Liquid Bath Salts, Powder, Cream, 15/- Others 1/3 to 22/6.

Triple Extract Mitcham Lavender Perfume. 3/- to 12/6.

Mitcham 1749 Lavender in attractive cut glass bottles. 9/6 & 36/6.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

The Question of Baby's Weight

The normal weight of a baby at birth is between seven and eight pounds.

Certain pre-natal treatment will ensure satisfactory weight, but it is a matter that calls for the greatest possible care.

IT is a mistake to cut out of the expectant mother's diet any of the necessary food elements, such as butter, the fat of meat, or potatoes. Each of these plays an important part in the nourishment of the blood from which baby develops. Rather should the mother lessen the total intake of food by having slightly smaller helpings of everything, and by keeping to three meals a day with nothing but water and fruit juice between.

The mother should watch her weight, for if she gains too much the baby may be too big, a factor against which every precaution should be taken.

The following is a table of the average normal weights of babies at different ages:

Age	Weight
At birth	7 1/2 to 8 1/2 lbs.
End of second week	10 to 12 1/2 lbs.
One month	12 to 14 1/2 lbs.
Two months	14 to 16 1/2 lbs.
Three months	16 to 18 1/2 lbs.
Four months	18 to 20 1/2 lbs.
Five months	20 to 22 1/2 lbs.
Six months	22 to 24 1/2 lbs.
Seven months	24 to 26 1/2 lbs.
Eight months	26 to 28 1/2 lbs.
Nine months	28 to 30 1/2 lbs.
Ten months	30 to 32 1/2 lbs.
Eleven months	32 to 34 1/2 lbs.
One year	34 to 36 1/2 lbs.
Two years	(or about 2 times the birthweight)

Compare baby's weight with the figures in this table. If he is appreciably overweight, according to the figures given, especially if he was only from 7 to 7 1/2 lb. at birth, beware of over-feeding or you may find his digestive organs out of order.

Beware also of giving a wrongly-balanced food, such as a milk mixture composed of milk and water only, with no added sugar-of-milk or fat emulsion.

Baby-balanced milk mixtures often produce fat, flabby babies, who easily become ill when subjected to any infection. Such babies will recover very slowly from any upset.

Do not guess at a correct recipe for baby's milk mixture, but, supposing your baby is at present having milk and water only, apply to your nearest mothercraft nurse for the right recipe for baby's age, weight, and general condition.

Well-balanced Food

If, on the other hand, baby is appreciably underweight, according to these figures, ask yourself whether he is having enough to eat, and if it is food of the right quality and composition.

If he is at the breast, does he very quickly take all that is in the breasts and seemingly want more, crying from hunger long before the next feed is due? Does he fail to gain the number of ounces each week that he should? If he is on the bottle, does he seem dissatisfied? Is he having the right amount of milk mixture each day? Was the recipe for the milk mixture obtained from a trained mothercraft nurse, or is it your own guesswork? If you are not sure that the recipe is correct, waste no time in getting in touch with your nearest Baby Welfare Centre.

World's Tiniest Family?



FAMILY IN A TEASPOON. This remarkable picture of a ruby-throated hummingbird perched on the edge of a teaspoon that contains her newly-hatched babies—with plenty of room to spare for everybody—was taken in America.

It is a good plan for mothers to procure a printed weight chart from a baby centre and fill in the weight in ink dots each time baby is weighed. One can then quickly detect any loss or gain, which is not normal. In this way many a baby is saved from a severe upset, the first symptom of which was abnormal weight.

It is best to have baby weighed every week for the first three months, and then every fortnight. In those first three months baby should gain from six to eight ounces every week, after the first fortnight of life. From three to six months the gain should be 10 to 12 ounces a fortnight; from six to nine months, eight to ten ounces a fortnight, and from nine to twelve months about a pound a month.

For instance, a baby who should be gaining 12 ounces a fortnight may gain only four ounces one week, and eight the next. Although this is not quite so good as an equal gain of six ounces each week, it is often accounted for by a hot spell of weather, or some very slight and passing disturbance, or from no apparent reason at all, and is of little consequence. Do not get the "weight-worry" complex.

If baby was smaller than the average at birth you may expect to find him gaining more rapidly than the table indicates until he has caught up to the normal weight line on his chart. Thereafter he will probably keep to the normal line.

On the other hand, the baby who is extra big at birth may not put on the average number of ounces a week until his weight corresponds with the average weight-for-age line on his weight chart. In the first instance, baby has not grown sufficiently before birth, and is making up for lost time. In the second instance, the pre-birth gain was excessive, and he is having a little spell until matters have adjusted themselves.

IT is, of course, quite possible for a baby to be under the average weight all through babyhood without being in any way ill. This may take place if both parents are smaller than the average adult height. In this case, if baby looks well, sleeps well, takes his food well, and feels firm to the touch, there is absolutely no need to worry, as being smallish is his natural disposition. One's aim should always be to have a firm, well-covered, strong baby—not a fat, flabby child.

By . . .
Mary Truby King
Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

SKIN DISEASES

Phenomenal Success of Young Chemist's Secret Formula.

Acclaimed as miracles by many sufferers, who had despaired of relief from all kind of skin diseases, results achieved by Mr. J. J. McHugh, a well-known Sydney Consulting Chemist, are unique.



Cases of ten to twenty years' standing on which hundreds of pounds had been spent without success, have responded readily to his treatment.

Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful efficacy of his secret formula, may be inspected at his home.

Skin Diseases which Mr. McHugh has treated with personality and by post with equal success are as follows: Eczema, Psoriasis, Derm. Under Nail, Varicose Veins and Ulcers, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Ringworm, Barber's Rash, Pruritis, Dandruff, Rosacea, Urticaria, Chloasma, Infantile Scabies, etc.

Typical of letters received by him in the following: For some time I have intended writing to let you know how I got on with your treatment. The Psoriasis has completely disappeared, and I have felt much better myself since taking your treatment. I think it is only fair that you should know the result. I think it is wonderful as I had suffered torture from his complaint for eight years, and now after a little time you cannot see where it has been. I will always recommend you to anybody suffering from a skin disease.

Gratefully yours, Mrs. C. W. E. SOUTH COAST.

The above letter, and hundreds of others, may be inspected at Mr. McHugh's rooms. Readers suffering from any skin trouble are invited to write (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) or call on Mr. McHugh at 124 Liverpool Street, 1st Floor (opp. Bazaar), SYDNEY. Phone, MAR202.

Consultation Free from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, 9 a.m. to 12 noon Saturdays, and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays.

Adverse is given without obligation.

DO YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the new colored FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY.

Here are the shoes

for STYLE -- COMFORT

SPORTIE
Brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's.

LEISURE
White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.

TRIUMPH
Brown trimmings, heavy crepe sole, wedge heel. Also all white. Men's.

GHILLIE
White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.

SUNBEAM
Crepe sole, flat heel. Men's, Youths' and Boys'. Also with wedge heel for men.

HARD WEAR

CONQUEST
Elastic ventilation in vamp, rubber insole, crepe sole, flat heel. Men's only.

Dunlop Sport Shoes are outstanding value—strong, well-made, comfortable, distinctive in style and of faultless fit and finish. No other shoes at the price can compare with Dunlop for quality. Ask for Dunlop Sport Shoes—the ideal footwear for sport, beach or leisure. In all sizes at all shoe stores.

Dunlop SPORT & SAND SHOES

PRODUCT OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU

When Nerves are JUMPY..

When eyes won't stay open . . .
When brain won't work . . .
And things won't come right . . .
When you're tired in the morning . . .
And "fagged out" at night . . .
And you seem to be going down hill with the brakes off . . .

get a **LIFT** with
CREAM OF YEAST

Cream of Yeast is a tonic . . . and more than that. It restores. Picks you up. Quickly. Surely. Safely. Costs only 1/11d. for 24 Tablets, or 2/6 for 48. All Chemists. Snap out of it! LIFE IS GOOD. And

Cream of Yeast
IS LIFE!

Serve FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD with your Christmas pudding

Foster Clark's Custard simply must be served with Christmas Pudding. The delicious flavour of the custard improves the dish immensely whether it is poured over the pudding or served separately.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made from only the most wholesome ingredients . . . it is easily prepared and can be served in nearly 100 delicious ways.

Write to Foster Clark's for the Elizabeth Craig Cookery Book. (Enclose 1d. stamp.) 17 Thurlow Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

"Do you make the most of custard powder?"

"You can transform it into baked milk puddings, sauce for steamed puddings, cake fillings, meringues, salad cream, etc."

Elizabeth Craig

Britain's foremost Cookery Expert.

Foster creamy Clark's CUSTARD

Cerebos Salt

Keeps fine and dry in any climate



HOLBROOK'S MARMALADE

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"Ah! breakfast is a delight after the early morning swim, especially when I serve my Marmalade — that delicious Marmalade which I now make in Australia from an old English recipe."



BEST RECIPE PRIZES

Different readers have tested the recipes below and found them delicious. Other readers are now given the opportunity to profit by their experience, while cash prizes have been awarded for the selected recipes.

EACH week, thirteen cash prizes are awarded to readers sending in the best recipes. The first prize is £1. Send in your favorite recipe to-day. There is no entrance fee for this fascinating competition.

This week's prize-winners are as follows:

COMPOTE OF RHUBARB WITH MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

One pound rhubarb, 1lb. seedless raisins, 1lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon ginger, 6 or 8 marshmallows, 1 teacup boiling water, 1 or 2 egg whites.

Prepare rhubarb, cut into dice, and mix it with the raisins, sugar, and ginger. Put these into a jar or double boiler, and steam till tender, but without adding water to the fruit itself. Turn out to cool. For the sauce, cut the marshmallows in pieces, put them in basin with the boiling water, and melt over a saucepan of hot water. Stir till smooth, add the egg whites, stiffly beaten, and when cold serve on top of the rhubarb. This sauce can be served with any sweet or pudding in place of custard, but is specially suited for serving with acid fruit.

First Prize of £1 to Miss N. Rudd, care Mrs. H. Smiles, Dardanelles Station, Meham Siding, via Blackall, Qld.

BANANA SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 1 cup milk, 2oz. sugar, yolk of 1 egg, 5 bananas.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Mash the bananas to a pulp, and mix with well-beaten egg yolk and the milk. Pour into the dry ingredients, and mix all to a firm dough. Roll lightly on a floured board, cut into small rounds, and place with white of egg. Bake in a fairly hot oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Lee, 256 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

ABERDEEN SAUSAGE

One pound steak, 1lb. fat bacon, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 2 eggs (one may be omitted if eggs are scarce).

This dish may be baked and served as hot meat loaf, or boiled in a cloth and eaten cold. Variety of flavor may be introduced by the addition of tomatoes, herbs, or green peas.

Mince steak and bacon. Add salt and pepper. Bind with eggs, and shape into a roll on a floured board. Put into a scalded, floured cloth and boil about two hours.

Put breadcrumbs on a sheet of paper. Remove sausage from pot. Unroll cloth

and roll on to crumbs. Press them on gently with a knife and leave on the paper until cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. S. Hutchison, Aldgate, S.A.

CINNAMON SANDWICH

Five eggs, 1 level cup sugar, 1 heaped cup flour, 1 cup of milk (warm), 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, pinch salt, juice of one lemon, 3 drops of glycerine.

Beat eggs and sugar, add salt, lemon, and glycerine. Beat well for 20 minutes. Add flour to dry ingredients (mixed), then milk with soda and butter dissolved in it. Mix all well. Divide. Pour into greased sandwich tins, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. When cool, fill with icing, cinnamon flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bugdin, Percy St., Warwick, Qld.

MIXED PICKLES

Cut into small pieces 2lb. onions, 1 bunch celery, 2 green tomatoes, 1lb. ripe tomatoes, 2 cucumbers, 2 cauliflowers, 1lb. beans.

Make a brine of four quarts of water, and 1lb. salt. Soak vegetables in the brine for 24 hours. Then heat just enough to scald. Drain in colander. Mix 1 cup flour, 6 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, and enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste. Add 1 cup sugar. Boil 2½ quarts of vinegar. Boil all it thickens, with flour. Stir all the time. Then add vegetables and cook until all are heated through.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Router, Horseshoe Bend, Gympie, Qld.

BREAD

To make yeast: Boil one large potato, without salt, in 3 or 4 cups water until cooked. Beat up potato and water, and when cool mix one tablespoon of plain flour and one of sugar to every cup of potato liquor. Let stand until it works. It takes about three days.

For bread: Use 1½ cups yeast and desertspoon salt to every 4 cups plain flour. Mix with warm water. Cover and keep warm till it rises. Make into loaves and cover till it is ready to cook.

Buns: Use the same amount yeast. Add any kind of fruit, and 2 tablespoons of good dripping, lard, or butter, 2 eggs, sugar to taste, little salt. Mix warm milk and proceed the same as bread. This yeast is very good to make ginger or hop beer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to K. Linehar, 28 Carrington St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

VEGETABLE PIE

One cooked cauliflower, broken into sprigs, 1lb. cooked carrot, 2lb. sliced potatoes, pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley, 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter.

Line a well-buttered pie dish with sliced potatoes. Then fill with layers of cauliflower and carrots until the dish is full. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the carrots. Make a white sauce with the flour, and 1 pint of water the cauliflower was boiled in. Pour it over the contents in the dish. Put a layer of sliced potatoes on top, and a few shavings of butter. Bake in hot oven until potatoes are browned on top. Serve either hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. J. Farthing, Shepparton East, Vic.

Our Diet Hint

Jumping Carrots

By R. F. FIGGIS, hon. dietitian
The New Health Society.

THE carrot has become popular in London, and the consumption of this vegetable has jumped from 180,000lb. a day to 560,000lb. This is primarily due to a declaration by the Committee of Medical Research that the yellow matter in the carrot is a preventive of, and a cure for, influenza and common colds. The carrot is a highly alkaline vegetable. It helps to maintain and regain health. It is a good nerve food and a fine laxative. It is best eaten raw, grated or thinly sliced, because the precious vitamins and mineral salts are then all retained. Evidently these old-fashioned donkeys knew a good thing when they saw it.

PEACH SUNDRAES.

Swiss roll (raspberry), small tin peaches, few fresh or crystallized cherries, custard, cream.

Place a slice of Swiss roll in each custard glass, moisten with syrup from peaches. Add a little cold custard, then layer of chopped-up peaches. Add more custard. Decorate top with pieces of peach, cherries, and whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss Stella J. Dowling, Stanhope P.O., Stanhope, Vic.

SPONGE LILIES.

One teacup sugar, 1 teacup S.B. flour, 2 eggs, angelica, cream, mandarin, etc.

Beat yolks of eggs and sugar till white and creamy. Whip egg whites to a stiff froth and beat well with yolks and sugar. Sift flour and stir lightly into the mixture. Spoon dessert-spoonfuls on a greased slide, allowing room for them to spread. Bake until pale brown in a fairly hot oven (from eight to ten minutes). Do not allow them to become crisp or they will not roll. Quickly remove the cakes, one at a time, from the slide, and while still hot twist them into the shape of lilies. They roll well around a wooden spoon handle. When cold fill with whipped cream, insert a piece of orange peel to represent the stamens, and make the stem of angelica.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. W. Carter, c/o Mrs. G. A. Allways, 23 Keith St., Heidelberg, Vic.

GINGER CUSTARD.

Cut thick slices of buttered bread in small squares, put in pie dish. Chop 2 oz. preserved ginger in small pieces and sprinkle on bread. Beat 2 eggs well. Add to them 1 pint heated milk and 1 tablespoon sugar. Pour over bread and leave half an hour. Bake in cool oven till firm all through.

Consolation prize of 1/- to Miss G. Willmet, Dalveen, Qld.

LEMON MERINGUE.

Pour two breakfast cups boiling water into saucepan. Add heaped tablespoon butter, about 8 tablespoons sugar, juice of 1 lemon, pinch of salt. Mix about 1½ tablespoons of cornflour to a smooth paste with cold water. Take three or four eggs, separating the whites of all but one; beat this one with the yolks. Add cornflour to same. When the mixture is almost at boiling point, pour in egg and cornflour, stirring well all the time with a wooden spoon. Boil for several minutes. Turn out in enamel plate to set. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add a little sugar, then place in pyramids on top of mixture, and brown in a nice brick stove.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. D. C. Bailie, Earlsbrae, 96 Brown St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY RAGGEDY ANN.

Two cups strawberries, 1½ cups sugar, 2 cups cooked rice, 2 eggs, 2 cups of scalded milk, pinch of salt.

Place strawberries in bottom of baking dish, sprinkle with one cup of sugar and cover with the rice. Beat eggs slightly, add remaining half cup of sugar and salt. Add milk gently to this mixture and pour over rice. Sprinkle top with nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven until firm. Serve, chilled, with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss J. Hurrell, 70 Hal Rd. Ave., Renmark, S.A.

BLACK CURRANT CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Beat one cup brown sugar and one cup butter together. Add 3 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each egg. Then add 1½ tablespoons of suet or sweet milk, 1 cup of flour, mixed with 1½ teaspoons of baking soda, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup of black currant jam. Well grease the cake tin and bake in moderate oven for 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. D. F. Day, 8 Kathleen St., Queensland, N.S.W.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrook's Marmalade will put it right." The World's Appetizer.

CHRISTMAS...and the PANTRY SHELF

Unusual Sweets that Make Delightful Gifts

By
**MARGARET
SHEPHERD**

Instructor to
Leading
Hospitals



THIS SELECTION of home-made gifts demonstrates how attractively the smallest trifles can be packed to make most welcome gifts.

HERE are some suggestions for sweets that can be quickly made, and, in addition, do not require any cooking.

Dates, stuffed with a mixture of marshmallow and coconut, rolled in coconut.

Dates, stuffed with raisins, mixed with peanut butter, rolled in equal quantities of coconut and sugar.

Prunes, soaked in water overnight, drained, the stone removed, and filled with a mixture of chopped raisins and ginger, rolled in a mixture of castor sugar and grated orange rind.

Equal quantities of raisins, dates, ginger, figs and nuts put through a mincing machine, mixed with chocolate fondant, flavored with ground cinnamon and cloves. Knead these ingredients

chocolate into a saucepan. Stir together and cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add the butter; cool the mixture. When lukewarm (110 degrees Fahrenheit) add vanilla essence. Beat until thick. Cut the marshmallows in two. Pour half the mixture in a well-greased dish; cover the top with marshmallows and pour the remainder of fudge over the marshmallows. When set, cut in squares.

SNOW MINTS

Two cups castor sugar, 1 teaspoon peppermint extract, 2-3rd cup water, pinch cream of tartar.

Place sugar and water into a saucepan and, when boiling, add cream of tartar. Boil, without stirring, until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire; place the saucepan in cold water; add extracts

and stir with a wooden spoon until thick. Knead well on a pastry board or marble slab. Roll and pat with the hands into small shapes. If you have moulds, put some of the mixture into a small saucepan; stir and melt until creamy. Pour into the moulds and turn out when cold.

FIG GINGER CANDY

One cup dried figs, 1 cup candied ginger, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cover figs with water and bring to the boil. Simmer 5 minutes; drain; chop finely. Wash sugar from candied ginger and cut into small pieces. Put the brown and white sugar into a saucepan with the cream and figs. Cook to soft ball stage when tested in water. Remove from fire; add butter and essence; allow to cool a little; beat until creamy. Add raisins and ginger. Knead and shape into a loaf. Slice as needed.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT TURTLES

These are very simply made. Stick whole cloves through a currant and then into a chocolate. This makes the head and neck. Put cloves for claws and a small clove for a tail. They can be used as sweets or as a decoration for a cake with white icing; also to decorate individual cakes.

TAFFY KISSES

One pound sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 cup butter, 1 cup water, few grains salt, marshmallows.

Place the sugar, water, butter, syrup and salt into a saucepan. Stir gently until sugar is dissolved. Cook until it reaches the hard crack stage when



IT IS IMPORTANT when making your Christmas cakes that all ingredients should be at hand before the actual mixing is started.

tested in cold water, stirring occasionally during the boiling. Remove all powder or starch from marshmallows. Dip, one at a time, very gently into the toffee, lifting from the toffee with a dipping fork. Place them upside down on a well-greased plate to cool.

PEPPERNUTS—PEPPERNUTS

Two cups brown sugar, 5 cups flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-8th teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat the eggs lightly; stir in the brown sugar. Add the sifted flour, spices and soda together. Roll out 1-inch thick; cut with a small round cutter and allow to stand overnight on greased paper. Next morning bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. When cold, frost with white icing. Sprinkle top with chopped almonds or citron. These are very hard when made, but soften when they ripen.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

Christmas Cake

15oz. flour, 12oz. butter, 8oz. mixed peel, 7 eggs, 12oz. brown sugar, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, rind of 1 lemon, 3oz. chopped crystallised cherries, 8oz. currants, 9oz. sultanas, 9oz. seeded raisins, 11 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 8 dessertspoons sherry, 1 dessertspoon rosewater.

WASH and clean the currants, sultanas, and raisins; chop peel and cherries (discarding sugar from fruit). Sift flour, salt, and spices together. Mix baking powder and 1 extra tablespoon flour together. Beat eggs until they are thick and lemon colored. Prepare cake tin, or tins. Line this with brown and two thicknesses of white paper, leaving it two inches above the top of tin. See to oven. Cream butter and sugar together well. Add a little sifted flour, then a little egg mixture, to creamed butter and sugar, alternately, beating well. When all the egg is beaten in, add sherry and remainder of flour. Add fruit and grated lemon rind. Beat quickly for 1 minute before adding baking powder and flour. Bake in a moderate oven from 3 to 3½ hours. If divided into two cakes, 2½ hours would be sufficient. Allow to stand for a few days before covering with almond paste and royal icing.

well together; roll and cut into fancy shapes.

Dried apricots, soaked in cold water overnight, then cooked very gently in equal quantities of sugar and apricot water until liquid is absorbed, and drained on a wire sieve. Roll the apricot halves over a blanched almond, then in castor sugar and stand in a warm place to dry. Roll once more in sugar.

FRUITIES

Put a variety of dried fruits through the mincing machine. Moisten with lemon or orange juice, adding some coconut if liked. Shape the mixture into small balls or ovals. Roll in castor sugar, or in chopped nuts.

FUDGE

Four cups sugar, 1 cup cream, 4oz. chocolate, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1lb. marshmallows. Put the sugar, cream, salt, and grated

Don't overlook the appeal of cellophane and ribbon as a garnish to Christmas gifts.



WHEN Dipping CHOCOLATES

IF you are dipping chocolates for Christmas presents, you will find these hints helpful.

Choose a cool, airy room, where there is no other cooking going on.

Have a board covered with oilcloth or heavy waxed paper to place the chocolates on when dipped.

Break the chocolate into fine pieces and put into the upper part of a double boiler with hot water underneath, taking care that the water is not too hot, as the chocolate should be melted very slowly. Stir constantly to prevent the chocolate at the sides of the saucepan becoming overheated. Chocolate coats best at a temperature of 88 degrees Fahrenheit.

Arrange your materials and utensils conveniently before commencing to dip. When the chocolate is ready, work rapidly, as it does not remain at the desired temperature very long. When it becomes too cold, remelt as slowly and carefully as at first.

DIPPING can be done with the fingers, a fork, or a two-tined dipping fork. Drop the centre into the chocolate with the left hand. When completely covered, lift out; wipe excess chocolate on sides of saucepan. Drop on the waxed paper or oilcloth. As the sweet leaves the



fork, twist the little thread of chocolate to the top to give it the professional twirl.

Always see that centres are completely covered. This applies to creamy, nougat, and caramel centres. Otherwise, the centre will come out and spoil the appearance of the chocolate.

Place the chocolates in a cool room, or in the least cold part of the ice-chest, until firm. Then pack in a box.

Nuts are easy to dip. It is a good plan to crisp the nuts in the oven beforehand. Almonds should be blanched and toasted. Raisins, candied cherries, ginger, and crystallised apricots or other fruits are easy to handle. These make delightful presents when packed attractively in boxes and gaily tied with festive ribbon.

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Woollies?



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DOC VIRGINIA

Continued from Page 52

IN a snap of the fingers Pryde's changed.

A stranger would have known instantly that all these roysters, or nearly all, were habits of the place, accustomed to its ways, by the flashing of hands across tables, the magic with which every coin, every chip disappeared, thrust into pockets on their persons. At the astonished and protesting looks on the faces of the few uninitiated there were warning signals, fingers on lips, the hushed word: "Mounties!"

And it was a member of that intrepid tribe, the North-West Royal Mounted, who opened the door and stepped in from the night outside.

He was tall and straight as an Indian in his hard-worn uniform, and the bright blue eyes in his fair face were clear and uncompromising. The strictest man on the local post where all were strict, Lieutenant Nelson was both feared and hated for miles along the line. Pryde's hatred him to a man. They accorded him, however, the respect of fear. He was neither to bribe nor outwit, given a medium fair chance at the latter, though Pryde's had outwitted him always at the hand-bell's jingle. It was an innocent enough hostility that played in the warm lamplight as the officer surveyed it, holding his chilled hands to the red-hot stove. It was always so when he

dropped in without, as he thought, a breath of warning. Pryde himself, talking gently to him, laughed in his sleeve and counted well spent the money paid monthly to the Indian look-out in the great barn left who pulled the string of the hand-bell.

Now he was coolly greeted by those to whom he passed nearest, though Pryde, rubbing oily hands, came and spoke of the first snow, of the crops, the furs, the work in the big woods.

Not a breath of wrong-doing — of the running of wet goods over the line, of hijackers and their ilk, though Pryde could have given him full information about it.

But there was one who did accord Lieutenant Jord Nelson a welcome, and no mistake — Minnie, the light-o'-love; Minnie, whose pale blue eyes lighted to their shallow depths; whose loose pink lips shook back in ready laughter; who rumbled her curls and came round the stove to gaze at him in delighted wonder.

This was nothing like Pierre, like Tom, or like any of her hundred others. This was a man in every line of face, and form, and demeanor.

This was like the heroes of the novels Minnie read. This was grist to her mill, of the finest grain.

So she came and stood before him, looking up into his stern face with her childish eyes, and Pierre at his table glanced sidewise under his long lashes.

"Ain't you the handsome thing!" the girl said frankly. "I wish I was good!"

This "fine" had worked a hundred times for Minnie, but it failed her for once. Lieutenant Jord looked down at her with a quiet pity, bowing at her address.

"I am sorry," he said simply, whereat the half-drunk boy tittered shrilly and Pierre Poirre held a card too long before he played it.

"Have a bit to warm you up, Lieutenant?" Pryde asked hurriedly, though the man's abstinence was well known through all the country.

"No, thanks," said Nelson, laying off his heavy topcoat and standing forth more striking than ever in his black-and-yellow which fitted his tall figure like the bark of a tree.

Minnie ran to ease the coat along its chair, to pat the sleeve with shameless hands.

And Pierre rose and sauntered over. "Ma'amsele," he said pointedly, "my coat lies yonder. M'sieu Lieutenant."

What he was about to say, what foolish accusation he meant to make, was not disclosed, for again the outer door

Recognition

I saw you once in a crowded place,
As I sought the pattern of life to trace,
You looked at me long in swift surprise,
And a startled wonder grew in your eyes,
As though I were one you had known in time,
But when and how and in what clime
Eluded you. Still memory stirred within my heart,
Veils hiding the past were drawn apart,
Then I knew you for one I had loved awhile
In a former life by the templed Nile.
Down through the ages I've called to you,
Who came and passed and never knew
That once your blood was shed for me,
In swift defence neath our trysting tree,
When an enemy threatened to quench the life
Of a maid you had taken that morn to wife,
Ah! Stranger now, you went your way,
My love a dream of life's yesterday,
Yet the soul's vitality that does not die,
Shall reforge our link in the by-and-by.

—Kathleen Rice.

had opened and a figure stood there, halted on the threshold, blinking in the sudden light.

This again was a tall figure. It, too, was Indian straight, but no uniform set it off, there was about it no glamor of the law.

Rather it was shabby in its muffled coat from which the fur was worn in patches, powdered with the snow. It wore knee-laced loggers' boots beneath a serviceable short skirt, and under the little round fur cap two dark eyes frowned.

The whole room gaped — for it was a woman and a stranger. Not a soul there knew it save and except Pierre Poirre, and he shut his open mouth in sudden dismay.

It was on his face at last that the searching eyes came to focus, picking it out from the crowded background.

Doc Virginia, standing in the open door, nodded.

"Poirre," she said thinly, and her contralto voice went clearly into every corner of the place, "I've come for you."

Please turn to Page 58

December 15, 1934.

SPECIAL Seasonal Free PATTERN



TO obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated here, fill in the coupon below and post it WITH A PENNY STAMP (to cover cost of postage of pattern) to any of the addresses of The Australian Women's Weekly given on the pattern page opposite, or call with the filled-in coupon at any of the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

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IN COWL EFFECT

WW819.—The contrast yoke presents a youthful appearance in this model, and the upper portions of the sleeves are cut with a cowl. The low flounce comprises flared panels. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH MAGYAR SLEEVES

WW830.—This new and very striking model introduces one of the latest summer fashions. It is cut on Magyar lines with a seam down the sleeves, while the skirt features flared pockets. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY IN CHIFFON

WW831.—For party wear this frock would be delightful in a floral chiffon. The full sleeves are cool and effective. The skirt has flared pockets. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

USE A PASTEL SHADE

WW828.—A tiny frock for which washing silk in a pastel shade is suggested. The sleeves are cut in one piece with the shoulder-yoke, which is trimmed with pin-tucks. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW829.—A schoolgirl's frock suitable for occasional wear. The short, puff sleeves are completed with cuffs of contrast matching the collar. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

IT'S VERY UNUSUAL

WW825.—If you want something else and quite out of the ordinary, choose this design. Sleeves are cut in one piece with the shoulder yoke. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SLEEVELESS SPORTS WEAR

WW826.—Why not make a sleeveless sports frock of this design? Fastening is provided with the shoulder-

straps. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

QUEEN CHRISTINA EFFECT

WW827.—Brighten up your last season's frock with a Queen Christina collar. You can make them at home from small scraps of material. Paper Patterns of the set of three, 1/1.

OUR FREE PATTERN

A VERY useful and also very becoming addition to the schoolgirl's wardrobe is afforded by our free pattern this week.

Pattern is for 12 years. Material required in floral material: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. For the striped frock: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN

For special seasonal free pattern and coupon see opposite page.

WW832

SMART HOUSE FROCK

WW832.—You can introduce smartness to your house frocks if you make up this model. Shoulder frill takes the place of sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



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BRIISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4007, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 410, G.P.O., Melbourne.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3854, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

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A. S., Taranaki, N.Z.

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DOC VIRGINIA

Continued from Page 56

SILENCE, deep as a wilderness night. No one moved or spoke.

Pierre by the stove did not answer. Now Doctor Virginia had worked and driven hard for forty-five hours with only one stretch of sleep between. She had been cold and somewhat hungry. A deal of the time and her emotions had been harrowed.

With that silence she felt rising in her that recklessness of temper which weariness sometimes rouses in strong natures.

"Snap out of it, you!" she said. "Pierre! You're going home with me!" Poitre found his tongue and his daring.

He shrugged eloquently. "Come, ma'm'selle," he said airily, offering his arm to Minnie, "it is time you retired."

Thereupon something transpired that was part of a whirlwind and part an avalanche. The big woman ran down the room and caught the little Frenchman by the scruff of his collar. At the lift she gave him the gaudy silk gaw, way, but so did his equilibrium, and Pierre staggered back against her, while Minnie shrieked and fled.

"You'll come with me, you little devil, or I'll kill you here!" said Doc Virginia grimly, and started for the door.

There was a scraping of feet, a craning of necks, clicks of astounded tongues.

Then Pierre, fighting against that relentless grip which had fastened on his neck itself, cried cleverly upon the law which he had been about to insult when his disaster came upon him.

murmurous sound that mobs have made from time immemorial, a chilling thing to hear.

It rose like a flood, and Pierre, gone grey, began to tremble.

"At your service, madam," said a timberman from the North Woods. "Where'll you have him?"

"I have a trap outside. I'd like him tied, I think."

"But you can't take him," said Jord Nelson doggedly. "It's against the law." Doc Virginia's smouldering eyes, angry and tired, looked directly into his flaming blue ones.

"Sometimes, Lieutenant," she said quietly, "there is a law above the law. It's working now."

"It is!" cried the lumberman. "Flow in, bullies, flow in!"

Catching his cry, Pryde's, against the Mounted to the last ditch, flowed in between like a tide, so that in ten seconds there were ten feet of solid flesh between the man and the woman—and Pierre Poitre, his hands tied behind him, bundled in someone's coat against the night, was pushed in under the buckled hood.

There was a word, a movement of big horses in the dark—and the falling snow like a curtain drawn.

BY

the stove Lieutenant Jord Nelson picked up his coat without a word, brushing aside unseeing the fluttering hands of Minnie, who still lingered beside him, her admiring eyes fastened on his stern, handsome face and upright figure.

He knew that he might as well take



JIMMY'S HOWLER

Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul is called Maltese cats.

Some cats are known by their queer purrs—these are called Purisian cats.

Cats with very bad tempers is called Angoric cats.

Sometimes a very fine cat is called a magnificent.

Cats with very deep feelings is called feline cats.

Dad says there's another sort of cat, but this being a woman's paper I'd better not mention it!!!!

"M'sieu Lieutenant," he screamed, "I demand protection! Canada—the Line—protect—"

At those words Lieutenant Jord Nelson came out of his gaping astonishment, became again that law which he had forgotten for the first and only waking moment in five years. He strode forward with up-flung hand.

"Stop," he cried, "young woman!" No one stopped and his fair face flushed with chagrin.

Then he, too, leaped into action, laid a hand on Pierre's shoulder, so that they stood like two wolves at bay with the paw of a kill between them.

"You can't drag this man across the Line," said the officer swiftly, "unless you're a United States officer, and then you must have papers."

Two smouldering dark eyes looked back at him.

"Bah!" she said intemperately. "Let go. I'm in a hurry."

"I mean it," snapped Lieutenant Nelson.

The temper in Doc Virginia flared. With one quick movement she was once more in the doorway, outlined against its square of snow, and there was in her hand the bulk of a big blue gun, a good automatic .45, as familiar to her palm as its own skin, its menacing nose pointed frankly at the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said the woman, her nostrils shaking in and out, "I am a doctor from Sanston's Cross. The night before last I spent in a lonely cabin bringing into the world a little child. There was little food in that house, little wood, no comfort. Two small girls and a woman—alone—twelve miles from a neighbor. I fed them and milked their only cow; I brought a woman to watch by the brood. I found that the man—I mean this Poitre, forgive me!—had sold his furs and with a hussy named Minnie had made for the Line. I'm taking him back, gentlemen—to cut firewood, to milk that cow, to feed those children—or Annette will be a widow in just two holy minutes. Jump, you rat!"

And she fired at the floor a nice inch from Pierre's booted foot.

Pryde's broke into sound—the low, HODD HODDHOOD says: For pickling or table use HODDHOOD'S Pure Malt Vinegar in a brew of excellent quality.***

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HURRAH! for Monkey Brand. Here are some nuts and lettuce leaves.



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PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

BEGGARS' Horses

"NONE of these rooms opened into each other, so I had to go out into the front verandah, each time, to get from room to room."

"I at once nipped round into the remaining room."

"With the lamp in your hand?" interrupted Stacey Burlestone. "Bad tactics, my son—making yourself a perfect target, and also heralding your arrival."

"Anyway, the room was empty. So was the back verandah. That puzzled me, because it meant that the man had escaped by way of the front verandah while I'd been looking for him, and that didn't strike me as probable."

"Couldn't he have got out at the back?"

"No, the doors of the back verandah were shut, and still bolted on the inside."

"I returned to the front verandah, put the lamp down on the table, and went back to the bedroom. I kept my despatch-box in a uniform-case in there, and what cash and small valuables I have were in it. Studs, links, gold watch, a ring, a few things like that; and it occurred to me that one's trunk would be the first thing that a thief would go for."

"As I entered the bedroom, a man was coming out of it. I suppose that, when I first looked in, he'd been hiding in the bathroom or in the shadow of an almirah, having heard me get out of bed."

"I imagine he'd then waited till he thought the coast was clear before making a dash for it; but he'd left it too late."

"He was a big chap, taller than I, and broad; a heavy, burly sort of fellow; a Pathan, I should say."

"Were you at all nervous then?" asked Stacey Burlestone. "Don't misunderstand me. Once again, I don't mean frightened. I mean, were you rattled—the opposite of calm, cool, and collected?"

"No," replied Easterwood. "I wasn't rattled. I wasn't frightened, and I was calm, cool, and collected. Those are absolute simple facts."

"Good. A Pathan, eh? Lucky for you he wasn't one of the low-caste Hindu professionals—dressed in a suit of oil and a long knife."

"Yes, this chap was clothed, even to a skull-cap and purgari. I should say he was wearing baggy trousers, long

shirt outside them, and a velvet waistcoat over the shirt. He'd nothing in his hands, as I realised when he rushed at me with them extended, open, for a sort of catch-as-catch-can wrestler's grab. . . . I suppose he had got my empty revolver stuck in the back of his cummerbund, or somewhere."

"Well, I met him more than halfway, and aimed with my right fist, the best punch that I could deliver, at the point of his jaw."

"It didn't get home."

"He caught my right hand with his left, seized my left arm in his right hand, pulled me towards him, then shifted his right-hand grip to my throat and threw his left arm around me, pinioning my right arm to my side."

"With my free hand I got hold of his wrist and tried to tear his hand away from my throat. And in half a second I realised that the fellow was about twice as strong as I was. I hadn't a chance. . . . It was absolutely humiliating; and as I've told you, I've felt humiliated ever since."

"Just because this fellow was bigger and stronger than you?"

"Not quite that. Not wholly that. It would have been bad enough if it had happened in England, and I'd been up against a regular Bill Sikes or a burglar, who was bigger and stronger than I. That would have been bad enough. But here in India. A native. . . ."

"So it's really because he was a little brown brother—but still bigger and stronger than you—that you feel it so badly?"

"To be quite candid, yes. I think if I'm to be honest with myself—and with you—I have to admit that what upsets me is the fact that, in a fair hand-to-hand, man-to-man tussle and trial of physical strength, I was absolutely nowhere."

"Well, lots of natives of India are immensely powerful. The professional wrestler and Rajah's strongarm man—not to mention the average Jat cultivator, big Sikh, Punjabi, Mussulman, Mahratta athlete, and most Pathans. . . ."

"Surely any up-country regiment, in fact any regiment at all, has got any number of men in it who are physically stronger than any officer in it. Besides, in point of fact, the Pathan is not a native of India at all."

"Well, that's a bit of camouflaging, isn't it?" smiled Easterwood. "Anyway, I tackled what we are pleased to call a 'native,' and he proved to be a damn-sight better man than I."

"The two fell silent."

"Exactly what happened next?" asked Stacey Burlestone.

"Well, I struggled, with all my might, and about as effectively as a small boy would struggle if you'd caught him stealing apples in your orchard. It was really rather like that, except that it was the thief who'd caught me—and it was a bit more serious, for he was choking the life out of me, and, by exerting my utmost strength, I couldn't budge a fraction of an inch."

"Did you try to shout at all?"

"I couldn't have uttered a whisper."

"Did you shout for help before he'd closed with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, damn it all. . . . There was only one of him. And a white man, a soldier, ought to be able to deal with a sneak-thief creeping about his bungalow in the night."

"It simply didn't occur to you to call for help?"

"Not for a moment."

"Well?"

"We came down with a crash."

"If you mean you managed to get him down, and fell with him?"

"Not a bit of it."

"He threw you and fell with you?"

Continued from Page 11

"No, he had no need to. He was simply holding me and throttling me quite successfully and satisfactorily. What caused our downfall, and probably saved my miserable life, was the fact that we were on a rug, one or both of us, and the thing slid and shifted and we came down together, knocking over the table and its contents, including a mirror—an awful crash. I think that frightened him off, for he knelt on my chest, gave me two awful clouts, left and right, with his closed fists, jumped up, kicked me in the ribs and then ran for it."

"And what was, I think, the most humiliating touch of all, was the fact that he gave a contemptuous laugh as he jumped up and dashed through the doorway."

"Did you follow him?"

"I was barefooted."

"What did you do?"

"Pulled on a pair of shoes, and, without stopping to lace them, ran after him."

"Did you see anything of him?"

"No. He had darted across the compound into the black shadow of the banyan trees. Dark as a tunnel, I'd no earthly means of knowing whether he'd turned left or right, or whether he'd merely rushed across the road, and was standing still and quiet, behind one of the trees."

"Had you picked up a weapon of any sort?"

"No."

"WELL, what would have happened if he'd been concealed behind a tree-trunk, and you'd found him, or he had jumped out on you?"

"Why, I should have taken another hiding, I suppose. That's what worries me."

"Lucky for you that he'd been unable to find any ammunition for the revolver. Well, what did you do?"

"I decided that he'd probably bolt for the city and go to earth in the bazaar rather than run through caravans out into the open country. So I turned left and ran as hard as I could go, in the direction of the town. And when I couldn't run any longer I turned round and walked back again, and that was that."

"It's a nice thought, isn't it?" added Easterwood, "that I've taken a licking from an unarmed native, and that, save for the accident of the small light rug and the slippery floor he would probably have killed me with his bare hands. Just throttled me."

Captain Stacey Burlestone threw his cigar butt out into the garden.

"Would I, or the major, or the colonel, or Hennessey Woman, of the Gurkhas, have put up a better show than you did? Wouldn't the same have happened to any of them?"

"The point is that it didn't happen to them," replied Aubrey Easterwood shortly.

"Can you box?"

"No."

"Wrestle?"

"No."

"Well then, with how many men in your own troop do you suppose you could deal triumphantly, in what you call a 'fair man-to-man tussle and trial of physical strength'?"

"The point is that I don't happen to need to," snapped Easterwood.

"Nevertheless, the fact remains that in a stand-up, 'all-in,' wrestle-punch-strangle-kick-bite-and-gouge scrap with one of your men, it's probable you'd be defeated. . . . You certainly would be, by at least half of them. They've led the physical life from babyhood and are as strong as their horses. Just accept the plain fact that they are bigger, stronger, harder men than you. . . . Well, what about it? Doesn't make you any the less valuable as an officer, does it?"

Please turn to Page 61



Mothers, think carefully...!

Before Buying Lower Priced Baby Powders...

You can, we know, get tales that cost less than Johnson's Baby Powder, but really it's not worth the risk. Many lower-priced tales contain ingredients that can be definitely harmful to a baby's tender skin. Earth and clay fillers that clog the skin pores and so lead to serious skin eruptions.

But not so Johnson's Baby Powder. This finest of all tales is prepared from the purest ingredients in specially constructed rooms.

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Think carefully before you buy a cheap talcum for your baby and you will realise it is far better to follow the recommendation of these doctors and nurses, and so use only such a pure talc powder as Johnson's Baby Powder.

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D16-34

HOW ONE MAN LOST 19 lbs. FAT

And Now Feels Absolutely Fit

A fat man is commonly supposed to be good-humoured, easy-going. But there is many a fat man who finds the going far from easy. The following letter describes one typical instance:—

"I began to put on weight this year, and developed stoutness in the stomach which was very ugly. I took Kruschen Salts each morning for a month, and reduced my weight 13 lbs. So I kept on, and have now reduced 19 lbs. altogether. Apart from that, it has also relieved me of headaches, and I feel absolutely fit each morning, ready for a hard day's work."—H. M.

Taken every morning, Kruschen effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled Nature will eventually store it up out of the way in the form of ugly fat. Once Kruschen gets into the blood you will soon see that double chin begin to go, and that too prominent abdomen begin to disappear.



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Obtainable at all Stores and Leading Hairdressers.

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- 2nd Prize: Mrs. Daniels, Guildford.
- 3rd Prize: Miss M. Brown, Bondi.
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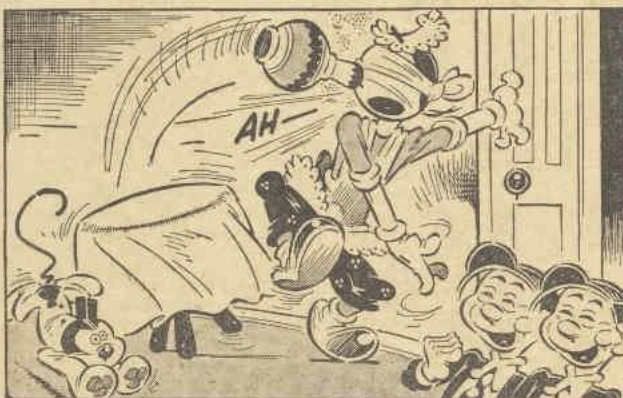


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TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

MUSHROOM GROVE was always a very busy place, but being so near to Christmas it was much busier than usual. For Fred had hit upon a wonderful idea, and that idea was that all the boys and girls of Mushroom Grove should make toys for the poor little children in hospitals.

"Gee," said one big, fat boy, whose name was Jimmy, "I'm tired of making toys. I want to go fishing."

Fred looked up from the kite he was piecing together.

"What!" he ejaculated, "tired so soon?"

"Yes," came another gruff voice, "and so am I tired of sitting here all day. I want to go fishing, too."

"Well, I suppose if that's the way you two feel about it, you may as well both go fishing," went on Fred, "and you can have my fishing-boat to go in."

FRED then told them where to find the boat, and soon the two selfish boys were out on the high seas having a most enjoyable time.

At dusk when they did not return, Fred became anxious. He became so agitated, in fact, that he decided to borrow a motor boat and go and look for them.

This he did, and searched in and out of all the little bays about the harbor, but it was all in vain—no trace of the little rowing boat could he find. At length he thought he had better go home for perhaps Wunderlust and the other folk at Mushroom Grove were worrying about him now, for he had not told them where he was going, and probably the other boys had returned.

As he turned his boat round and was going full speed ahead he saw a boat in front of him. In a minute he was by its side and turned off his engine. In the boat, sure enough, sat the two boys.

They were quite pale and both looked exhausted.

"We lost an oar," almost wept Jimmy, the fat boy, "and if you hadn't come along we would have been taken right out to sea and drowned."

Luckily, Fred found a long piece of thick rope in the bottom of his boat. One end of this he threw to the boys, who fastened it securely to their boat, and then Fred attached the other end to the speed boat. In this way the two boys were safely towed home.

Needless to say, the two boys did not want to go fishing any more, and now they are just as busy as everyone else at Mushroom Grove—they are making toys for the sick children for Christmas.



GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS



Tricks to Play on Friends

NEEDLE DART.

A GOOD trick can be performed with an ordinary needle. See that the point is sharp, and then take one or two of the company to use this as a dart and throw it, say, from a point a yard away from the door, so that it will stick in. However they may try their best, they will not find a piece of thread to be put through the needle and not put another in its place. From the same distance the needle is thrown by you and enters the target. The secret is that the thread catches the needle to act as an arrow.

WATCH THE WATCH!

STAND well back from your audience and watch between the thumb and first two fingers of each hand, the rate of the watch, not its face, being presented in the spectators' line of vision. Then, moving the fingers of each hand nearer to and then farther away from each other a few times will present the appearance of the watch. One of the watch can have been divided over and then straightened.



BOTH IN TUNE. Price of 3/- to Mrs. Robertson, 55 Douglas St., Stanmore (N.S.W.), for this clever sketch in black and white.

Jolly Games for the Holidays

A LEAP-FROG RACE.

FORM a circle. Number off in seven or any other number to suit the size of the party. Now every boy, except the number ones, hands down ready to be leap-frogged over.

At the word "go!" the number ones leapfrog over the boys in front of them until they come to the open space left by the next number one. Here they stop and bend down, while the number two jumps up and so their turn. When they have reached their open space the number three gets to work. In this way every boy has his leap at a time. The team which first gets its men back into their original order.

ROLLING-GAME.

AT any time when there is a lull in the programme of a Christmas party you can put the guests in a good mood by introducing this little idea.

Place the first finger and thumb of your left hand to your nose and the same of the right hand to your left ear. Then change your right hand to your nose and your left hand to your right ear. The arm which was upmost before must now be underneath. Do this once or twice, and then set your audience to find who can do the movement most quickly.

The result will be most amusing, as the hands stray about in front of the face in a most puzzling manner, and never seem to go in the right direction the first time.

WORD GAMES.

A POPULAR word-making game is to write down, in a given time, as many words as you can beginning with one particular letter. Each reliable of a completed word counts one mark.

CARDS IN A HAT.

A HAT or waste paper basket is placed on the floor, and the players sit at equal distances from it. Each is provided with a certain number of cards, which he has to throw one by one into the receptacle, one mark being scored for each one in.

The toy policeman Jimmy wants to really quite a topper. But when he asked his go for cash, he couldn't have a supper!

KIM'S GAME.

THIS, of course, everyone knows. The players are seated in a circle, the trayful of articles being brought in and deposited on a stool in the center for half a minute. It is then removed, and the players are given two minutes in which to make a list of all the articles on it. One mark is scored for each article remembered.

TING-A-LING!

HERE is a most enjoyable game that can be played either indoors or out. It is known as the Tinging game. One of the players is armed with a tiny bell which he rings at intervals. Another player is blindfolded, and is given the task of catching the player with the bell.

By varying the sound of the bell the first player can often trick the blindfolded player into believing that he is further away or nearer to him than is actually the case.

Jill's Letter

DEAR Jacks and Jills—

As you all know, Christmas has many customs which we all like to keep. But how few of us know the way in which they first came into being.

The name Santa Claus is really a corruption of St. Nicholas, the guardian and patron saint of children, who gave secret presents to poor little boys and girls.

Long ago, on the occasion of a festival, it was always the proper thing to feast on the richest and most delicate foods. Now, we still keep up this ancient custom on Christmas Day, for we have dozens of tasty things to eat on this day, don't we?

Good-bye until next week,
Cheerily Yours,
Jill.

HERE is a trick that requires a bit of practice, and looks well, and that you can safely suggest should be imitated by your audience. Place a pile of coins on your elbow and then, by a quick motion, catch them in the palm of your hand. To do this the arm is extended in front of the body with the palm of the hand down. The elbow is turned so that the pile of coins can be placed on it. A quick swing down of the arm, with the hand well opened, will throw the coins into the hand, though the first few attempts may scatter them. Practice for a while until you perfect the hand down. The elbow is turned so that the pile of coins can be placed on it. A quick swing down of the arm, with the hand well opened, will throw the coins into the hand, though the first few attempts may scatter them. Practice for a while until you perfect the hand down.

"AN officer is there for his superior brains, knowledge, training, professional skill, character, birth, breeding, education and so forth. According to your idiotic idea the colonel should be the strongest man in the regiment, the major next, the senior captain third, and so on downwards. I never heard such boob. Bless my soul, next time there's a vacancy for Bismaladar-Major, Drill-Major, or Woord-Major, would you propose the strongest man in the regiment?"

"No," growled Easterwood.

"No," continued Stacey Burlestone, "we don't promote from the ranks by physical strength, nor by ability in a rough-and-tumble. Very useful things, no doubt, but they come a long way after the qualifications for which we do promote—seniority, experience, conduct, discipline, character, education, brains and so on. I should say that, as a broad rule, the strongest man in any regiment, native or British, is the biggest fool. Great brain and great brawn don't generally go together."

"No," replied Aubrey Easterwood, "but of the two I think I'd rather have the brawn."

"Well, my son, since God has been pleased to endow you with the brain, you yourself can gather in the brawn. There you have the advantage over the strong man. The strong man can't get brainy, but the brainy man can get strong. Provided, of course, that he is healthy and of reasonable physique."

Aubrey Easterwood turned and looked at his friend and mentor.

He was a young man of remarkable character, one of the strongest traits of which was his way of regarding his seniors as being probably his betters—at least in point of learning, wisdom, and understanding. He actually

BEGGARS' Horses

cherished the belief that the man who had been about the world thirty or forty years longer than he might have wider experience than he, and be possessed of those priceless jewels of knowledge that experience, and experience alone, can give. Stacey Burlestone was not thirty or forty years older than Easterwood, but he had been fifteen years longer in the army, and in India.

"Now you, my son," continued Stacey Burlestone, "are as healthy as the devil, and are of perfect physique. Or shall we say, have the makings of a perfect physique, since you are not particularly well-developed. Well then, what about pushing out this morbid idea of 'humiliation' and putting in the healthy idea of making yourself as strong as any one of your men? Making yourself the strongest man in the regiment, if you like."

Aubrey Easterwood sat up.

"Do you nothing but good mentally, and won't do you any harm physically, unless you overdo it. Make a hobby of it. Be your salvation. As you are now, you're positively morbid. What they call 'mouldy' in the navy. And when young men in India go morbid and mouldy, it too often ends in their wanting to clean a pistol—and have an accident with it. Been lots of cases."

Young Aubrey Easterwood sprang to his feet and gripped his friend's hand.

"God!" he cried, "I'd give my soul to be the strongest man in the regiment."

"I'll have a shot at it. I'll start to-morrow."

"Wonder you don't start to-night before you've finished your cheroot," smiled Captain Stacey Burlestone, former sufferer from ill-health, against which he had put up an heroic struggle.

"Did you ever go in for that sort of thing?" asked Easterwood, as he sat down again in his long chair and put his feet up on the rests.

"Very keen on it, until I had enteric and had to give it up for a time. That left me wrong inside, and I got dysentery. Couldn't shake it off. Then it was malaria. What energy I'd got left just carried me through the day. None to spare, or physical jerks or the milder forms of relaxation like boxing and rigger. Then I took myself in hand and got down to it. Simply fought for health with all my heart and soul, strength and energy. Absolutely lived for it. Well, I fairly earned it, and I got it. Fit as a fiddle now. Enjoy perfect health, but I shall soon turn the forty mark, and go a bit easy on violent exercise. But you never had a day's illness in your life, I should think, have you?"

"Never."

"Well then, you take my tip . . . Do what I say—and come off this mouldiness."

AUBREY EASTERWOOD came off this mouldiness. And, with whole-hearted and single-minded determination, vigor and energy, settled down to his new body-building and soul-saving hobby of physical culture. Not to the exclusion of mental and spiritual exercises, interests, and pursuits, but in addition thereto.

As a soldier he was ambitious. And, strange as it may seem to some people who talk much, while knowing nothing, concerning public schools, there had been implanted in him at his own school, a love of reading, a desire for knowledge, a keen appreciation of books, and the habit of thought.

Continued from

Page 59

Now, for a very gradually increasing portion of the long Indian day, when all Europeans and most natives of those parts were confined, perforce, to the protection and relative coolness of their respective abodes, Aubrey Easterwood systematically and scientifically developed his muscles and his strength.

He wrote home for books on systems of physical culture, and steadily worked through each one.

From the system of one country he learned the science and art of muscle-building. From that of another, the gaining of elasticity and general muscular strength. From a third, muscle-control. From a fourth, that of organic health and development, a system that considered nothing of muscles, but everything of the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, the nerves, and so forth.

Having worked through all the systems of which he could obtain information—Swedish, English, German, American, Japanese—he perfected a system of his own, which he believed to combine all the virtues of the others. At this he worked as religiously and regularly as does a conscientious and ambitious scholar working for an honors degree.

Particularly he attended to the resurrection and development of what he called "lost muscles," and endeavored to provide himself with an abdominal front as corrugated as that of the statue of Hercules.

As the months passed, he was surprised to find that his physical culture and muscle-building labors involved and connoted mental and moral culture almost equally marked and valuable. Gone was the morbid self-distrust, the feeling that he had been, and again might be "humiliated." Self-

confidence grew, and with it self-knowledge and self-respect; and, to Stacey Burlestone's delight, Aubrey Easterwood grew up, grew strong, and, better still, grew ever finer—developed a fineness of mind as well as of body and soul that Burlestone loved to note and enjoyed to see.

When satisfied with his physical condition, satisfied, that is to say, that he could make his magnificent muscles no bigger or stronger, and needed only exercise sufficiently to keep them as they were, Aubrey Easterwood turned his thoughts to the application of his strength in boxing.

Now a marvel of development and might, he would make himself an expert boxer, wrestler and swordsman. Then he would study the art of Jujitsu, and go to Japan to perfect his skill, if necessary.

Boxing first. The noble art of self-defence. And no more "humiliations" for Aubrey Easterwood.

To this end he engaged the services of Sergeant Buckley, of the Royal South Lancashire Regiment, who was a national heavyweight champion, and considered likely to become champion of India at the next year's tournament.

It was Easterwood's good fortune that the South Lancashires were stationed at Quettaur, and that the famous Buckley was available. Moreover, the man was not only a magnificent boxer but an unusually good teacher, very keen, and quite as much interested in his pupils' progress as in the fees which they paid for his services as instructor.

Once he grasped the fact that Lieutenant Aubrey Easterwood of the 1st Bombay Lancers was not merely in need of exercise, recreation, and amusement, but intended to be thoroughly and completely taught and trained as a boxer, Buckley's interest was really awakened and his zeal aroused.

Please turn to Page 62



ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILKOKO BISCUITS

AS rich as cocoa, as smooth as milk, as crisp as only Arnott's Famous Biscuits can be. A sweet biscuit, small and dainty with half tone colouring of brown and cream. The brown of pure cocoa and the cream of fresh rich milk. "Milkoko" is a new distinctive biscuit which gives that added zest to refreshment, bringing out the subtle qualities of fine blended tea and coffee.

One which does not cloy palates trained to appreciate the finer shades of foods. They are as modern as your morning newspaper.

"My Biscuit Caddy."

Obtainable from your Grocer. May be had containing plain mixed biscuits or delicious biscuits for savouries.



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YOUR GROCER
for **ARNOTT'S**
AND BE SURE
YOU GET THEM





On those days

when fatigue overtakes you easily, you definitely require the assistance that Vicker's Gin can give to your system. Because Vicker's is an **ABSOLUTELY PURE** gin that is mildly stimulating, it is admirably suited to women's constitutions, and can be taken regularly without fear.



A TRUE STORY

By A TEACHER

whose discovery ten years ago, has made a great difference in his boy's life

A PROMINENT school teacher, like so many others whose work prevents them from getting the proper amount of exercise, quite suddenly came to the realization that he was a victim of chronic constipation. He tried various kinds of medicines, which relieved him for a time, but nothing gave him permanent results until he discovered Nujol.

"I have tried several other brands," he writes, "but there is nothing I have found equal to Nujol in effectiveness. The density of it appears to be just right, and Nujol has no unpleasant taste. It is the only thing my youngster of thirteen will take. He has used Nujol since he was three years old. He is strong, and well—and I think Nujol has a great deal to do with his excellent health."

"You can publish this letter if you think it may do somebody else some good."

Indeed we do think it may do somebody else some good. This ten-year record of father and son certainly proves that Nujol is harmless used over a long period of years. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it. Nujol will make them as regular as clockwork.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form—Creams of Nujol. Creams of Nujol has a delicious taste and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no cathartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

HE began at the very beginning, and set his new pupil exercises in footwork and bag-punching as monotonous, regular, exacting, and necessary as is scale-practising to a pianist or singer.

Systematically, Buckley widened the scope of Easterwood's training, until the day arrived when he released him from the practice of elementary boxing-exercises and punching-practice, and began to teach him the science and art, the precept and practice, of guarding, ducking, dodging, side-stepping, and the general principles of evasion.

Having tested the length, depth and strength of Easterwood's patience, zeal and determination, and the genuineness of his desire to become a real boxer, Buckley now promoted him to actual sparring—permitting, however, no rough-and-tumble knock-about business for the sake of exercise and pleasure. Every lesson was a lesson in something definite in the way of blow or guard, and the lessons were progressive.

And in the fullness of time, the instructor passed his pupil out from what he called "recruits' course" to "full private" as a boxer, and proceeded to box with him.

GRADUALLY the relative positions of the teacher and the taught changed, and although the master remained the master, the pupil with increasing rapidly, approximated to his science, power, knowledge, ability, and skill. Increasingly the instructor, perforce, took more and more care of himself; and, literally, perforce, gave his pupil "something to think about," both in the latter's interests and his own.

One day, in the Brigade Gymnasium, Easterwood knocked Buckley down. It was during a set two-minute round, in which Buckley had told him to "go all out" and, incidentally, to "take care of himself."

No one more delighted than Buckley, though, springing to his feet, he gave Easterwood an undeniably manly quart d'heure, or rather, de minute. For the remaining quarter-minute of the round, Buckley went for his pupil as though fighting a Champion for a Championship. Definitely he did his best to knock Easterwood out, and for two reasons—that he might retain his prestige and easy complete superiority, and also that his pupil might not begin to fancy himself too soon, too quickly, and too much.

Within three months of this episode, Sergeant Buckley told Aubrey Easterwood that he ought to go in for the Officers' Heavyweight Championship of India.

"I'm going to do so," replied Easterwood. "That has been my intention from the beginning."

"Well, you'll win it, sir," Buckley assured him. "You'll have a walk-over in the Novices, easily win in the Brigade and the Divisional Tournaments, and you'll win the All India Officers' Heavyweight Championship. I don't say you'll do it the first time, because it's held by a most remarkable good man, but you're younger than he is and—you'll get it. Captain Mackleworth oughter been a professional. He'd 'ave come to the top as a pro—and he won't lose the Championship easy, but . . . I say you'll beat him. For why? You're bigger than he is, and I should say stronger, and I reckon that, by the time you meet him, you'll be as good a boxer. He's got the ring-craft, but you've got ten years advantage of him in age. Anyhow, I'll stake my last rupee that you get into the Finals with him—and that it'll be a fight, whoever wins . . . Now I must get you some sparring-partners and some quiet little matches with some of the useful lads of the Brigade. By and bye I might get Gypsy Jones to come up here if you'd like to have a punch at 'em. It wouldn't cost you much, and I'd like to try myself out on him, too. He only lost the Heavyweight Championship of India on points last year, and there was many of us thought he should have had the verdict. It wouldn't cost you much."

"Splendid," agreed Easterwood. "We could get the Gymnasium to ourselves, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I'd fix it with Staff-Sergeant Instructor Gilman and nobody needn't know anything about it except him and you and me and anybody you like to invite."

And soon a new star appeared and shone brighter and ever brighter in the somewhat empty boxing firmament of Officers in India; and the name of Lieutenant Easterwood became the subject of conversation among those interested in the sport.

CHAPTER VIII

"MY dear old Tony," wrote Captain Geoffrey Hennessy Wogan, to his friend Major Anthony Moseley Wallingford.

"How goes it, old son? I'm awfully happy here at Kiriwa and shall be very sorry when the course is over. Poon's a good sport—only a few minutes' drive across the river. Splendid Gynkharua Club and the Club of Western India.

BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 61

Fine racecourse and a jolly good pack of hounds—Poon's and Kiriwa Hunt—not bad going. No foxes, of course, but the local jackal runs well. What with the Gunners and the Sappers here, the Northumberland L.I. and the Highland Fusiliers, not to mention two Native Infantry Regiments and one Cavalry, there's always a good field . . . and so forth.

"And talking of the Northumberland L.I., it's rumored they're being moved to Quetawur. A jolly crowd too—you'll like them. But Mackleworth, that is, He's a terror. Both in the ring and out. It's a treat to see him in the ring—a real heart-warming treat—but he ought to stay there. Only place for him. I never struck such a bearish boar in my life. Not that I have 'struck' him—or want to, though I love a good scrap, with the gloves or without. He's above my weight altogether, both avardupois and style."

"They had the annual divisional boxing tournament here, last week, and a stout lad in the Durhams had a whang at him. A very plucky effort—but it was murder. Mackleworth simply battered him for about ninety seconds and then knocked him cold. Everybody thought he might have given the chap a run for his money and shown us some boxing. He could have knocked him out in the last round (they were only three-round contests) if he must, but there was no need for that, even. He knew he could win each round on points—and get ninety-nine per cent. of the points, too."

"But no—he just set about him as though he were fighting Jack Johnson for his life. He's a killer, all right. And my faith, so's his wife, begorra! A real beauty—and a goer. They say he beats her! People tell you so—quite seriously. I dare say he has good cause. I'd give him cause myself if I had the chance. Tim O'Leary, of the 64th Battery, is the white-headed boy—at the moment—only he's red-headed. It's confidently and hopefully expected that Mackleworth, who's a jealous devil, will put his feet down one fine day, or his flats up one fine night, and then there'll be a hell of a bust-up; for Tim, as you know, is about as wild an Irishman as ever came out of Galway. He has got it badly, too. . . . Goes about confiding to people that Mackleworth isn't good enough for her, a proposition which nobody disputes. Not with Tim, anyhow. Just as well they're being transferred, though it'll be a dark day for Tim O'Leary. Been a darker one, though, if they'd stayed on and he'd shot Mackleworth up, or something of that sort."

"I wonder what you'll make of her, and whether she'll disturb the holy calm of Quetawur. She disturbs mine all right, though I never had any. Otherwise I shouldn't be writing about her. I suppose."

"I've been puzzling my mind for a long time, wondering of whom she reminds me. I found out last night, turning over some old magazines. There was a full-page illustration, a

reproduction, of that smiling lass, La Gioconda, by a Mr. Leonardo da Vinci or words to that effect. It was in color, and there she was—Mrs. Mackleworth, I mean. At least, there was what I'd had at the back of my mind, ever since I first saw her. It's the smile. I don't mean that she's one of those women who are for ever grinning, but she has what a poetic cove would call "a haunting smile," like this Gioconda Tottie. I think the usual adjective with regard to the Mona Lisa smile is 'enigmatic.' Well, she's like that. Mrs. Mackleworth, I mean. You don't know what she's thinking. Sure, 'tis like a Killarney lake; beauty in sunshine or shadow, and you don't know, for the life of you, whether 'tis deep or shallow. What you do know is that it's lovely, and it's all you want to know. There may be currents and weeds and whirlpools, and sharp rocks under the surface. Or not. It may be unfathomably deep and as cold as the Polar Sea. Or hot as the ground floor of hell. You don't know—and you don't care."

"Anyhow, Tony, me bhoy, you'll be beginning to think I care."

"And, faith, you won't be far wrong. 'I'll look forward to hearing from you about her, by-and-bye, and what sort of a stir she creates in Quetawur."

"Mackleworth, too. He's generally in the news for some outrage or other. Drinks like a fish—and turns morose and nasty when he's full, instead of carrying his liquor like a gentleman."

"By the way, the boxing people down here are wondering whether young Easterwood is going to have a shot at the heavyweight championship. Personally I'd advise him not to, although he's shaping so splendidly. He might get a sort of licking that would spoil him as a boxer, for Mackleworth really is a tough proposition. He stops drinking when he goes into training, and in about a fortnight he's in the perfect pink. And begad, he can both box and fight. I'd back him with my last bean to win the world's amateur championship, and if he turned pro it wouldn't surprise me. In the least, to see him world's heavyweight champion. This is talking, I know, but wait till you've seen him at it—going all out. And he goes all out, all the time. I haven't seen Easterwood at work, but unless he's a colossal fighter as well as an almost unique boxer, he'd be just 'a burnt offering and a bloody sacrifice' on the altar of Mr. Moloch Mackleworth. Very bloody."

"Well, I wish you'd stop chattering. When are we going to have another shooting trip together?"

"So long, old son. Best salaams to the missus."

"Yours ever, Geoff."

To be continued

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Nearly "Broke the Bank"

WHILE a girl friend of mine went for a trip to Brisbane recently, a little girl from the same street was taken away to hospital. The first girl's mother, looking round for a toy to amuse the sick child, found a rag doll in her absent daughter's room.

When the daughter returned she immediately made inquiries for her doll. On being informed that it had been sent to the hospital she was very upset. Her money was sewed up inside it.

They dashed out to the hospital in record time, and the sister procured the doll. The stuffing was soon pulled out, and four one pound banknotes rescued.—W.B.

Pavement As Skating Rink

I HAVE discovered that Albert Park (Melbourne) beach front is the scene of the latest outdoor exercise and slimming pastime, which consists of speeding along the concrete front near the water's edge on single roller skates. The leader of this movement has explained that during a recent trip to Germany she found this simple sport the chief form of exercise indulged in by women at seaside resorts.

They "roll" along the excellent concrete paths for miles without feeling in the least fatigued. Only one skate is used by each devotee, the "unharnessed" foot being used as a "pusher" and a safety-lever.

The Albert Park asphalt-roller-skating club has already a dozen or more enthusiasts.—R.R.

Hickory Catapult

SPRINKLING of the pliability of hickory wood led an old neighbor who has lately returned from America, to tell me of one of his experiences over there.

On the bank of a river one day he was annoyed by some little black boys. At last, in desperation, he chased the cheekiest one, who immediately climbed a hickory sapling, which bent down under his weight. My friend caught hold of the top, gave it a jerk, and then let it swing back. So springy was the wood, that the boy was tossed out into the river like a stone.

My friend received the shock of his life, but the black boy came safely to the surface and lost no time in regaining the bank, where he soon disappeared from sight.—P.B.B.

Temporarily Indisposed

MY husband, aged eight years, was returning with his parents to West Australia by boat. Of course, they held the usual children's fancy dress ball, and son was very anxious to be present. His mother, having a very young baby, however, refused on the ground that she wouldn't be able to manage a fancy costume for him.

The evening the ball was held, mum and dad went to view the procession of kiddies. To their astonishment son was there in pyjamas, slippers, and dressing gown, but looking very ill. He had covered his face thickly with mum's baby-powder. When asked what he represented, his answer was, "A sick boy." He won the prize for originality.—E.F.

If Rheumatic —flush kidneys

RHEUMATIC pain is usually traceable to faulty kidneys. Instead of properly filtering the waste matter, clogged kidneys allow acid impurities to enter the blood-stream; the system then becomes polluted with uric acid which causes pain in joints and muscles. Relief can only be obtained by flushing and cleansing the kidneys, thus restoring their normal activity. Previously, to accomplish this, it was necessary to take the waters at one of the famous alkaline spas. You can now, however, do this in your own home by adding a little 'Alkia Saltrates' to a half-tumbler of water. This reproduces the essential constituents of world-famous spas at which the wealthy pay large sums of money to obtain relief. In addition to flushing the kidneys, 'Alkia Saltrates' contains important ingredients to neutralise uric acid in the system, so that relief is certain, prompt and more-over lasting, because the blood is kept entirely free from pain-causing urates. If you have never tried 'Alkia Saltrates' you should do so at once. YOU'LL SAY IT'S REMARKABLE. Of chemists & stores everywhere. Start the treatment to-day. Price 3/3 per box.

Alkia SALTRATES



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SALTS, SEASONS THICKENS and BROWNS, instantly making Rich Brown Gravy for Soups, Stews, Pies, Puddings and all Savouries.



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"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet, Ernest Hasky, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 219, Floor, Dymally Building, 424/5 George Street, Sydney. N.S.W.

VITAL TO EVERY GIRL

Abounding health in a young girl or woman inspires more admiration than just good looks. The energetic, bright-eyed girl, showing the pink tinge of health in her lips and cheeks, is a joy to herself and to others. Many girls in delicate health who are pale and miserable have only themselves to blame, because they can easily regain robust health by building up their blood.

Thousands of one-time young invalids who had lost their colour, their cheer and appetite, who were always troubled with headaches, breathlessness, palpitation and weariness, have come to bless the day they first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for these pills, by helping to make new, rich, red blood, gave them back their attractiveness and high spirits. So if you are anemic and nervous, pale and languid, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without a moment's delay, and you will soon feel and look your very best. At chemists & stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.***

SELECTORS and MANAGER for Australian Test Team

During the Australian Women's Cricket Council meeting, which was held recently in Melbourne, the council appointed the three Australian selectors and also the manager of the Australian team.

This is also the first occasion on which the council has appointed a manager for the Australian team.

THE three women to whom will fall the important task of selecting the Australian team are Miss Ruth Preddy (Sports Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly and vice-president of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association), Mrs. D. Waldron (Secretary of the Queensland Women's Cricket Association), and Miss V. Hilliard (vice-president of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association).

Miss Ruth Preddy has twice represented her State in interstate cricket, once prior to the formation of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association in 1927, and once since that time.

With the formation of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, Miss Preddy was appointed as treasurer, until the end of the 1928-9 season, when she was elected to the office of vice-president, a position which she has held ever since.

With the exception of one season she has held the position as State selector since the association was formed.

When the interstate contests took place in Brisbane last year, Miss Preddy was appointed a manager of the N.S.W. team, and when the council met in Brisbane she was appointed to the position of Australian selector.

The following year she was elected as a delegate to the Australian Council.

With the recent appointment of selector, Miss Preddy was also appointed to the position as the Australian manager, and will tour with the Australian team to Brisbane, Sydney and Victoria, where the three Test matches will be played.

MRS. D. WALDRON, of Queensland, has held the position of selector for that State ever since the inception of the Queensland Women's Cricket Association.

Mrs. Waldron's first interest in sport was not as a cricketer but as a hockey player, and she held the position of treasurer to Queensland Women's Hockey Association for ten years, when she resigned and turned her attention to cricket.

Six months after the formation of the

Queensland Women's Cricket Association Mrs. Waldron was selected to captain the team to Sydney, where they took part in their first interstate game.

Since that occasion Mrs. Waldron has held the position of Queensland secretary and selector.

At the meeting of the Australian Cricket Council in Brisbane three years ago, Mrs. Waldron (Queensland), Mrs. James (Victoria), and Miss Preddy (N.S.W.) were elected as the first Australian selectors.

At this same meeting Mrs. Waldron was appointed the Australian secretary, and it is due to her powers of organisation that the English team's visit to Australia is proving such a success.

Mrs. Waldron is at present the only



MRS. D. WALDRON, Australian Selector and Secretary of the Australian Cricket Council, and Queensland Cricket Association.

Australian selector who has had the honor of filling this position every year since the inception of this office.

MISS V. HILLIARD, of Victoria, is filling the appointment as an Australian selector for the first time.

For two years Miss Hilliard has held the position as vice-president of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association.

and last year was elected one of the State selectors.

She has been interested in the Girl Guide movement for over ten years, and is president of the Northcote Ladies' Cricket Club, and is also president of a basketball club.

Last June Miss Hilliard was appointed the proxy delegate for Victoria at the council meeting held in Sydney.

At present Miss Hilliard holds the position in the Victorian Women's Cricket Association as a member of the permit, match, and constitution committee.



MISS V. HILLIARD, Australian Selector and Vice-President of the Victorian Association.



MISS RUTH PREDDY (N.S.W.), who has been elected to fill the dual position of Manager and Selector for the Australian Test teams.

ENGLAND and VICTORIA Play a DRAW

The English women's cricket team concluded its match against Victoria on Saturday. The match will leave a lasting impression on those who were privileged to witness it, the first women's international cricket match in Victoria.

The attendance on each day was well in the vicinity of four thousand, and as in former international matches the crowd was mostly composed of men—men keenly interested in the game. Who came, perhaps, to scoff, and remained throughout the game to applaud.

THE audience, just as keen as in former matches, watched the scoreboard with interest. For the first time it bore the names of women.

Each maiden over, each boundary hit, each brilliant piece of fielding won the admiration of the crowd. They applauded when Peggy Antonio top scored for Victoria, again when the score was taken to the century. Neither did they forget M. Hild, whom they recognised at once as having scored the first century of the tour in Perth.

As the English cricketers left the field either during the tea adjournment or at the finish of the game, crowds of people left their seats in the stands and clustered round the gate as the team passed through. A small crowd was always outside the dressing-room waiting for a glimpse of these overseas players.

In the Press seats sat the women sports writers, greatly outnumbering the men, while in the Members' Stand women were allowed to enter for the sole purpose of voicing their opinion of the match through the microphone.

From a player's point of view the game proved to what great heights women's cricket has ascended. It was serious, dignified cricket. Cricket as it should be played.

New Changes

Six balls to the over was new to the Victorian players, but this was evened up by the Englishwomen having to play with a slightly heavier ball.

Although Victoria morally had a victory, one must not lose sight of the fact that the English players had only played one game since their arrival in Australia, and nearly two weeks had elapsed since that game was played in Perth.

It takes some little time for cricketers to play themselves into form, and the English team should be more on its game by the time the match is played in New South Wales, and by the time the game is played in Brisbane members should be at their best for the first Test match which commences on December 28.

New South Wales will field their strongest team on Friday and Saturday when they play England. Miss Margaret Perren will once again captain the team in this match.

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CRICKETERS MAKE HISTORY

TWO of the New South Wales country towns, Deniliquin and Junee, have declared the day on which English women cricketers will visit these towns a holiday. This is another advanced step in the progress of women's sport.

PROMISING Junior Tennis PLAYERS

The women's interstate tennis matches have just concluded in Melbourne with honors going to New South Wales.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

EVERYONE was fearfully disappointed to learn that Melbourne's famous Kooyong courts would not be in use for the interstate games, but after playing on the Albert Park courts we actually felt we liked them better.

I found them delightful to play on, and I heard several other players express the same opinion.

This is the first occasion on which I have actually captained a team, and I found it such a pleasant job that I became a captain in name only.

Thelma Rice and Marcia Chew, two of the junior girls from Sydney, seemed fearfully disappointed that they did not show their best form, but I think they were so anxious to do well that they actually lost confidence in themselves. Personally, I think they played well, even if the scores indicate otherwise.

Thelma Coyne is easily Australia's outstanding junior, and it should not be long before she is capturing many of the senior championships.

May Bick played ever so much better in Melbourne than she did in

Sydney. She appeared to be hitting harder in the games in Melbourne.

Dot Stevenson and Shirley Wittacker have also showed great improvement in their games.

Joan Walters, of South Australia, is a very promising player, but, as I said previously, the outstanding player is undoubtedly Thelma Coyne, from Sydney.

Of the seniors, I think neither Kathleen Messurier, of Adelaide, nor Nancy Chitty, of Melbourne, showed her best form in these matches.

New South Wales carried off the women's interstate victories, winning by 3 rubbers against Victoria, and by 7 rubbers against South Australia.

The Victorian championships have now begun, and I expect Thelma Coyne to win the junior singles. In the senior championships I think Dorothy Round and Nancy Lyle will play in the semi-finals in one division.

Should I get through, I think my opponent in the semi-final will be either Evelyn Dearman, Neil Hopman, or perhaps Thelma Coyne, who, I feel, will do exceedingly well.



A FREE XMAS GIFT

The Salvage Stores purchased at recent Government Customs Sale—

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Each doll is 7 1/2 in. high, prettily dressed in suits, hats, shoes, etc. Unbreakable, fitted with VOICED and real hair. Imported as sets of 2 for 2/6. We offer you 1 pair in different colours for 2/6. POST FREE.

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SALVAGE STORES

Mention "Women's Weekly" - 36

YORK ST., SYDNEY



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NO STARVING It is sheer folly to imperil your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slenderness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalco Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate your action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats and pastry and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatigue, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backaches, etc.

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalco Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalco Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Perry, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning doses of Thalco Salts to gain perfect slenderness and prevent fat from forming.

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"Remarkable value, dear. I said the same thing when I bought mine—at David Jones' of course!"

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REALLY, when you consider the quality and choice of styles:



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A cool design in floral Belfast Linen with attractive plain finishings on pockets, sleeves and neck. Bust 33 to 40. Priced at 29/11

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This delightful exotic is a beaded envelope shape with a short handle. Black and white, cream, green, pink. 10/6

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Nevis Slipper in a graceful Court style with cosy felt soles and enamelled heels. Colours are black, red, and blue; sizes, 2 to 7. Price, per pair,

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Hand-painted "Witch" Bowls, containing fragrant Bath Salts. Priced at 12/6.



"Humpty Dumpty" has been made in soap—he might melt, but he won't break now! In soap egg cup, 1/3.



Continental Face Tissue and pastel Puff sets from 2/11.



Novelty Soap Basket of three terriers made from fine quality English soap. Each 1/3.



Glass-lined Chromium Powder Bowls in new shapes, with enamel tops, 9/8. GROUND FLOOR



So diversified, so

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Cambric Coat Frocks, easy to slip on, easy to launder. Very smart looking, too, with its crisp design in pink or green, buttoning to the hem and finished with long sleeves. SW. W. OS. Wonderful value, ea. 8/6.

Cross-over style Frocks in bright coloured prints with hemstitched organdie collar and pockets. Sizes: SW. W. OS. You'll want several of these for house or holiday wear—they're priced at each just 7/11.

A smart Floral Frocks in blue, red, or orange shades, trimmed with white cuffs and collar. Being Dimity it will wash and wear marvellously. Sizes: SW and W. A very special price offer at each 10/6.

This Tabralco Frocks offers wonderful value, and the style is very attractive, with pleated skirt, plain collar and cuffs, and pocket. Colours are pink, blue, green. S.W. W. Priced at 10/6.

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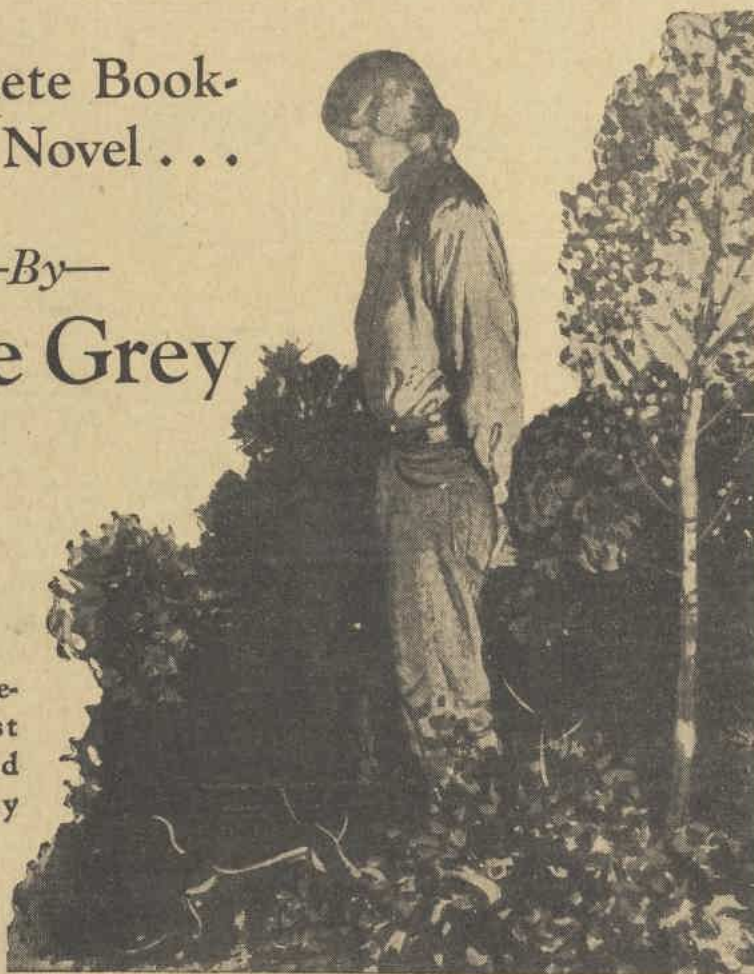
Robbers' Roost

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Robbers' Roost

ZANE GREY



ONE afternoon in the spring a solitary horseman rode down the long, ghastly desert slant, in the direction of the ford at Green River.

He was a young man in years, but he had the hard face and eagle eye of one matured in experience of that wild country. He bestrode a superb bay horse, dusty and travel-worn and a little lame. The rider was no light burden, judging from his height and wide shoulders; moreover, the saddle carried a canteen, a rifle, and a pack.

At length he rode into a trail and soon came in sight of the wide band of green cottonwood, willow, and arrow-weed, and the shining, muddy river. On the far side, up on the level, stood a green patch and a cluster of houses. This was the town of Green River, Utah.

The rider needed to reach that town before dark. His food supply had run out two days ago. But unless there was a boat in which he could row across he would most likely not make it. His horse was too lame to risk in the eddies of that heavy, swirling, sand-laden river.

He rode on down the trail to enter the zone of green. In the thick dust he noted fresh horse tracks.

Under a cottonwood some distance ahead the rider espied a saddled horse, head down, cropping the grass. He proceeded more slowly, his sharp eyes vigilant, and was certain that he saw a man on the river bank.

Presently he rode out into an opening from which he could see a place where a ferry touched. Moored to the opposite bank was the ferry boat.

The rider sat his horse, aware that the man he had observed had stepped behind some willows. Such a move might have been casual. Then the man moved out into plain sight.

"Howdy," he said laconically.

"Howdy," replied the rider. He became aware of a penetrating scrutiny which no doubt resembled his own.

The rider saw a striking figure of a man, grey with dust, booted and spurred, armed to the teeth. His wide sombrero shadowed a sharp, bold face.

"Ain't to cross?" he queried.

"Yes. I see a ferry boat over there." But on the moment the rider was watching his questioner. Then he swept a long leg over the pommel and slid to the ground, without swerving in the slightest from a direct front. "Lucky for me if I can cross on it. My horse is all in."

"Noticed that. Fine hoss. Wal, I've been hangin' around for an hour waitin' to go over. Reckon he'll be along soon."

"Town of Green River, isn't it?"

"That's the handle. You're a stranger hereabouts?"

"I am that."

"Where you hail from?"

"I suppose I might as well say Wyoming as any place," returned the rider, casually.

The other man relaxed with a laugh. "Shore. One place is good as another. Same as a name. Mine is Hank Hays." He spoke as if he expected it to be recognised, but it brought no reaction from his listener.

"You know this country?" queried the rider, and he, too, relaxed.

"Tolerable."

"Maybe you can tell me whether I ought to stop or keep on travelling?"

"Haw! Haw! I shore can. But that depends," he said, pushing back his sombrero.

"Depends on what?" the rider asked.

"Wal, on you. Have you got any money?"

"About ten dollars."

"Huh. You can't go in the ranch business with that. Not regular ranchin'. Lots of cattle between here an' the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Henry Mountains, too. Some outfit over there. Air you a cattle-man?"

"No," replied the rider, thoughtfully.

"Wal, that's straight talk from a stranger," replied Hays, who evidently took the blunt denial as something significant.



"Hullo, another rider. . . . Shore the desert is full of strangers to-day."

Back up the trail appeared a short, heavy man astride a horse and leading two pack animals.

"I saw him a while back. And here comes our ferryman. Looks like a boy."

"Huh. You haven't them eyes for nothin'. Wal, we'll get across now."

The rider, after another glance at the approaching man with the horses, took note of the ferry. Boat and third traveller arrived at the bank about the same time.

Hays, after a sharp look at the man with the three horses, led his animal aboard.

"How much is the fare?" queried the newcomer.

"Two bits."

"For man or beast?"

"Well, sir, the regular fare is two bits for each man an' horse."

Whereupon the stout man threw the packs off his horses and carried them upon the boat.

"Wal, now, what is this fussy old geezer about?" queried Hays, much interested.

It was soon manifest. He tied the halter of his lead pack horse to the tail of his saddle horse. The second pack animal was similarly attached to the first. Then, bridle in hand, he stepped aboard.

"All right, boy. Go ahead."

"But sir, ain't you fetchin' your hosses on, too?"

"Yes, but I'll swim them over behind the boat. Get a move on now."

The ferry boy pushed off with his pole, and dropping that for the big oar, he worked the boat out into the current, which caught it, and moved it across quite readily into the slack water on that side.

"Didn't like that, did you, Bay?" the rider said, as he led the animal ashore.

Hays slapped his mount, driving him off

the ferry, while he watched the stout man lead his three horses along the gunwale of the boat until they could touch bottom. Heaving and splashing they waded out, and their owner followed, carrying one pack.

"Fetch my other pack, boy," he called.

"Johnny, don't do nothin' of the kind," observed Hays.

"I reckon I didn't intend to," said the boy, resentfully.

Puffing hard the stout man carried his second pack ashore.

"You're not very obliging," he said, gruffly, as he felt in his pocket for loose change. The ferry boy came ashore, followed by Hays.

Presently the stout man, grumbling and evidently annoyed at the necessity of producing a fat pocketbook, took out a one-dollar bill.

The rider, amused and interested from his stand on the bank, saw something that made him start. Hays whipped out a gun.

"Throw up your hands!" suddenly yelled Hays.

"Wha-at's this? R-robbers!" the stout man gulped.

Hays reached for the man's wallet. Then he stepped back, but still with gun extended.

"Get out of here now," he ordered. And apparently he paid no more heed to his frightened victim.

"Pretty well heeled for an old bird," observed the robber, squeezing the fat wallet.

"You'll hear from me, you glib-tongued robber," replied the other, furiously, as he rode away.

Hays sheathed his gun. He did not need to turn to face the rider for, singularly enough, he had not done anything else.

"How'd that strike you, stranger?"

"Pretty neat. It amused me," replied the rider.

"Is that all?"

"I guess so. The stingy old skinflint deserved to be touched. Wasn't that a slick way to beat the boy here out of six bits?"

"It shore was. An' that's what riled me. Reckon, though, if he hadn't flashed the wallet I'd been a little more circumspect."

"Is there a sheriff at Green River?"

"I never seen him if there is. Wal, I'll be ridin' along. Air you comin' with me, stranger?"

"Might as well," returned the other.

"Stranger, what'd you say your name was?"

"Call me Wall, Jim Wall," rejoined the rider.

Hays' nonchalance reassured Wall as to the status of Green River.

"Any dance hall in this burg?" asked Wall.

"Nary dance hall, worse luck. Any weakness for such?"

"Can't say it's a weakness, but the last two I bumped into make me want to steer clear of more."

"Women?" queried the robber.

"It wasn't any fault of mine."

"Wal, women ruined me," returned Hays, sentimentally.

"You don't look it."

"Men never look what they air."

ROBBERS' ROOST

3

"Don't agree with you. I can always tell what men are by their looks."
"How'd you figure me?" demanded Hays.
"I don't want to flatter you on such short acquaintance."
"Humph! Wal, here we air," replied the robber, halting before a red stone building.
A red-whiskered man appeared in the doorway that led into a saloon and lodging house.
"Howdy, Red."
"Howdy, Hank."
"See anythin' of a fat party, sort of puffy in the face? He was ridin' a roan an' leadin' two packs."
"Oh, him. Sure. He rode through town yellin' he'd been robbed," returned the man called Red, grinning.
"The devil he did! Who was he, Red?"
"I dunno. Happy was standin' out here, an' when the feller stopped bellerin' that he wanted the sheriff 'cause he'd been robbed, why, Happy up an' says, 'Hey, my



friend, did he leave anythin' on you?" Then the feller up an' rode off."
It was this speech of Red's that decided several things for Jim Wall.
"I want to look after my horse," was all he said.
"Take him back to the barn. I'm dog-tired. Set that lazy Jake after my boss."

THE edifice was the last one on the street. The barn mentioned was some distance back, at the end of a pole fence. Upon turning a corner to enter the corral he encountered a loose-jointed young man.

"Say, are you Jake?" he asked.
"You bet," returned the other.
"There's a man out in front who calls himself Hank Hays. He wants you to come get his horse. Do you know him?"
The stableboy's reply to that was to rush off, his boots cludding.

"Enough said," muttered Wall to himself. "Mr. Hays stands well in Green River, as far as this outfit is concerned."

Wall sauntered back and before Hank Hays and the two individuals with whom he was talking were aware of his presence he had seen them. They turned at his slow, clinking step. Neither of the two with Hays was the man called Red.

"Hullo, here you air," spoke up Hays. "I was speakin' of you. Meet Happy Jack an' Brad Lincoln. . . . Fellers, this stranger to Green River answers to the handle Jim Wall."

Greetings were exchanged, but not one of the three offered a hand. To Wall the man called Happy Jack fitted his name. The only contradictory feature lay in his guns. Like Hank Hays, he packed two. The other, Lincoln, was someone to look at twice—a swarthy, dark, restless-eyed man, who, like Hays and his companion, had nothing of the cowboy stripe in his make-up.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Hays.
"Don't care if I do," responded Wall.
The interior, bright with lamplight, proved to be more pretentious than the outside of the saloon.

The men lined up at the bar, to be served drinks by Red, who was evidently bartender as well as proprietor. Wall missed nothing.

"Cowpuncher?" queried Lincoln.

"Yes. But I've not ridden the range much of late years," replied Wall.

"You've got the cut of it. Where you aimin' for?"

"No place in particular," replied Wall, guardedly. "Might try ridin' here if I can get on some outfit."

"On the dodge?" queried Lincoln.

"What might you mean by 'on the dodge'?"

"Anybody particular lookin' for you?"

"I daresay. More than one man."

"So I thought. Friend, you have the cut, the eye, the movement, the hand of a gun-fighter. I happen to know the brand."

"Yes? Well, if that's so I hope it isn't against me in Utah."

Here Hays, who had heard this bit of dialogue, interposed both with person and speech:

"Wall, thet's agin a man anywhere in the West, generally. So many fools wantin' to try you out! But I reckon it's a ticket for my outfit."

"Your outfit?" questioned Wall.

"Shore. Don't mind Brad. Let's go an' eat. . . . Fellers, we'll see you later."

Wall followed Hays into a back room, where a woman waved them to seats at a table.

At the conclusion of the meal Jim Wall had to guard himself against the feeling of well-being resulting from a full stomach.

"Have a cigar?" offered Hays.

"Don't care if I do."

"Wal, let's go out an' talk before we join the other fellers," suggested Hays. They returned to the big room. It was empty except for Red, who was filling a lamp.

"They've all gone down to meet the stage. It's overdue now."

"Stage! From where?"

"West, so set easy," laughed Hays. "Thet one from east won't git in till next Wednesday. By thet time you won't be here."

"No? Where will I be, since you seem to know?"

"You may be in the garden of Eden, eatin' peaches," retorted Hays. "See here, Wall, you're a testy cuss. Any reason why you can't be a good feller?"

"Come to think of that, yes, there is," returned Wall, thoughtfully.

"All right. Thanks for that much. I reckon I understand you better. What were you, Wall, once upon a time?"

Wall laughed musingly. "A country schoolteacher once."

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned!" ejaculated Hays. "It do best all what a man can be at different times in his life. But I'm concerned with now. An' I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Fire away."

"You said you was broke?" Hays began.

"I will be when I pay for this night's lodging."

"Thet's on me. I'll stake you to some money. You'll want to set in the game with us?"

"Any strings on a loan?"

"Wal, friend, the string is thet I want to locate you."

"Bend over here, so I can get your ear," went on Hays, confidentially, and when Wall had complied he said: "I run true to form to-day when I held up thet stranger. But it was a blunder, considerin' the iron I have in the fire. Now, listen. Lately I've got in with a rancher over here in the Henry Mountains. He's an Englishman

with more money than sense. Bought ten thousand head of cattle an' a lot of horses. There's some tough cowboy outfits over there, an' more'n one real rustler outfit. Wal, this Englishman—his name is Herrick—got the idee of hirin' all the hand available, cowpunchers, range-riders, gun-toters an' plain out-an'-out bad men. An' to throw this select outfit agin the whole country. What do you think of thet idee?"

"Original, to say the least. But not practical, unless he can reform bad men," replied Wall, much interested.

"Wal, exactly. But I'm not concerned with the practicability of it. Herrick took a shine to me, made me what he calls his superintendent, an' sent me off all over lookin' for hard-shootin', hard-ridin' men. An' thet's how you happened to run into me. I call it good luck for us both."

"You've taken me for one of the hard-shooting, hard-riding kind, eh?"

"Wal, I want you in my outfit," resumed Hays. "Brad didn't cotton to you, I seen first off. But he's a gun-thrower himself. All the same he's in my outfit an' I reckon you might get along. It's Heeseeman who sticks in my craw."

"Heeseeman. Who's he?"

"Heeseeman is the rustler of Dragon Canyon. None of the ranchers even 'round here know thet, but I know it. He's got a small outfit, but shore enough bad. An' in some way he got wind of Herrick's scheme. Darned if he didn't pack over to the Henrys with his outfit an' start ridin' for him."

"Heeseeman saw the same opportunity as you?" queried Wall, quietly.

"Wal, yes, I was comin' to thet," resumed Hays gruffly. "I got the upper hand, though, an' I'll be the boss. Thet'll lead to friction. There'll be two factions sooner



or later, an' the sooner thet fight comes off the better."

"I see. Less of a division of spoils."

"Wal, I'm no rustler," snapped Hays.

"Excuse me. If it isn't impertinent, may I ask just what you are?"

"Ever hear of Henry Plummer?"

"Can't remember if I did."

"Wal, Plummer flourished some ten an' more years ago, first in Montana an' later in Idaho. He was the greatest robber the West ever developed. Educated man of good family, born in the East. But the gold fever called an' he was not the kind of a man to dig. He operated on the placer mines. Was an officer of the law while he was head of the biggest robber gang the frontier ever knew. From Bannock to Lewiston he kept the miners the stages, the Wells Fargo in terror for years. . . . Wal, I seen Plummer hanged. I was one of his gang, a young man then in years."

"Thanks for the confidence, Hays," returned Wall, in surprise. "You must have strong interest in me to tell that."

"Shore I have. But I don't care to be classed as a rustler."

"Too low down, eh?"

"It certainly ain't any two-bit cattle stealin'. . . . However, thet's not the point between you an' me. What I want to know is, will you take a job in my outfit?"

"That depends, Hays," returned Wall.

ROBBERS' ROOST

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Any scruples about it? Remember, I come clean with you."
"No. I broke gaol in Cheyenne."
"What was you in for?"
"Shot a man. They were goin' to hang him."
"Ahuh. Was that square?"
"I didn't think so . . . Had to kill the seler to get out."
"When was all this, Wall?"
"Some years ago."
"An since then?"
"Been shooting my way out of one jam 'ter another."



"Much obliged," replied Hays, feelingly. "Wall, you're a hunted man. You're broke. It's about where you cross the divide."
"One more question. What about this Herrick's family?"
"Wal, he ain't got any," rejoined Hays. "We heard somethin' about a sister comin' out, but she never turned up."
"Sister? It'd be a hell of a note if she did."
"Wal, this shore ain't no country for women."

It seemed to Jim Wall that this sally completed a definite conscious feeling in his mind towards the self-confessed robber. If it had not been dislike and disgust before, it certainly fixed at that now. Wall sensed a gathering interest in the situation he had happened upon.

CHAPTER 2

HAYS called for drinks and insisted on a handshake which he executed solemnly, as if it were a compact which implied honor even among thieves. Shortly afterwards the saloon gradually began to fill with loud-voiced, heavily-booted men.

Among them were Happy Jack, Lincoln, and a giant of a man with a russet beard, whom Hays introduced as Montana. Then a man, undoubtedly a trapper, entered. He wore buckskin, and seemed out of place in that crowd. The bartender, Red, did a thriving business.

"Seems to be no lack of money," observed Wall to the watchful Hays. "Where do they get it?"

"Wal, you're surprised, I see. So was I. This burg here is a stage stop for points in Utah an' West. Lots of travel. But there's big cattle ranges off towards the Henrys."

"I see. But at that bar there are half a dozen men who are not travellers or ranchers or riders."

"Wal, for that matter, all men in these diggin's have got to be riders. It's a long way from one waterin' place to another. But you hit into things at that. There's four or five fellers I never seen before."

"Who's the tall one, with his hat pulled down, so you can only see his black, pointed beard?"

"That's Morley. Claims to be a rancher. But if he ain't the boss of the Black Dragon outfit, I'll eat him."

"And the loud fellow—the one with the plaid vest?"

"His name is Stud somethin' or other.

Seen him before an' ain't crazy about him."

"Let's play poker."
"Shore, but not just among ourselves."
"Got any money, Hank?" asked Happy Jack.

"Did you ever see me broke? Brad, go dig up some suckers. But not that hombre they call Stud. He didn't get that name playin' solitaire."

There were only two large gaming tables, one of which was in use. Lincoln went among the men to solicit players, returning with Morley and the russet-bearded giant, Montana. There was no formality or greeting between Hays and these men. It was dog eat dog, Wall grasped.

"Make it six-handed. Come an' set in, Wall," said Hays. "Friendly little game of draw. Sky limit."

Wall laughed. "I couldn't play penny ante."

"Wal, I'll stake you."

"No, thanks. I'd rather watch."

"Excuse me, sir, but we don't care for watchers," interposed Morley.

No sooner had they seated themselves than the man Hays had called Stud strode up.

"Am I bein' left out of this on purpose?" he demanded, and evidently he addressed Hays.

"Lincoln got up the game," replied Hays, coolly.

"You ask my friends to set in, an' not me."

"Wal, if you're so keen about it, why set in with us," went on Hays, fingering a deck of cards. "But if you want to know bad, I'm not stuck on playin' with you."

"Mean that to insult me?" Stud queried, sharply, his right hand rising to the lapel of his open vest. If Wall had not observed the bulge of two guns inside this vest he would have divined from Stud's action that there was one at least.

"Not at all," replied Hays, leaning back in his chair. That significant movement of Stud's had not been lost upon him. A little cold flint appeared in his pale eyes. "Reckon you're too slick a poker player for Hank Hays. I want a run for my money."

"Slick, eh? Wal, I don't mind bein' called that. It's a compliment. I've yet to see the gambler who wouldn't be slick if he could. But when you ask my pards to play an' not me—that's different."

"Set in, Stud," rejoined Hays, civilly, as he began to shuffle the cards. "I feel lucky to-night. Last time you had it all your way."

The game began then with Happy Jack and Wall looking on. Morley made rather a pointed move and remark anent Wall's standing behind him.

"Shore I'll change seats with you," replied Hays, obligingly, but it was plain he felt irritated.

"Never mind, Hays," interposed Wall, deliberately. "The gentleman evidently fears I'll tip off his cards. So I'll stand behind you, if I may."

From the very first deal Hays was lucky. Morley stayed above even. Brad Lincoln lost more than he won. The giant Montana was a close, wary gambler, playing only when he had good cards. Stud was undoubtedly a player who required the stimulation and zest of opposition. But he could not wait for luck to change. He had to be in every hand. Moreover, he was not adept enough with the cards to deal himself a good hand when his turn came. He grew so sullen that Wall left off watching and returned to the fireside.

But presently he had cause to attend more keenly than ever to this card game. The drift of conversation wore toward an

inevitable fight. These men were vicious characters. Wall knew that life out here was raw. There was no law except that of the six-shooter.

WHILE he bent a more penetrating gaze upon Stud, to whom his attention gravitated, Wall saw him perform a trick with the cards that was pretty clever, and could not have been discerned except from Wall's position.

Nevertheless, fickle fortune most certainly had picked on Stud. He bet this hand to the limit of his cash, and then, such was his confidence, he borrowed from Morley. Still he could not force Hays to call. He fell from elation to consternation, then to doubt, from doubt to dismay, and from this to a gathering impotent rage, all of which proved how poor a gambler he was. Then at last he rasped out: "Wal, I call! Here's mine."

He slammed down an ace full. Hays had drawn three cards.

"Stud, I hate to show you this hand," drawled Hays.

"Yes, you do! Lay it down, I called you."

Whereupon Hays gently spread out four ten spots, and then with greedy hands raked in the stakes.

Stud stared with burning eyes. "Three-card draw! . . . You come in with a pair of tens?"

"Nope. I held up one ten an' the ace," replied Hays, nonchalantly. "I had a hunch, Stud."

"You'd steal coppers off a dead man's eyes!"

"Haw! Haw!" bawled the victorious gamester. But he was the only one of the six players who seemed to see anything funny in the situation. That dawned upon him. "Stud, I was takin' that crack of yours humorous."

"Was you?" snapped Stud.

"Shore I was," returned Hays, with congealing voice.

"Wal, I didn't mean it humorous," Stud retorted.

"Ahuh. Come to look at you I see you ain't feelin' gay. Suppose you say just what you did mean."

"I meant what I said."

"Shore. I'm not so awful thick. But



apply that crack to this here card game an' my playin'."

"Hays, you palmed them three ten-spots," declared Stud hotly.

Then there was quick action and the rasp of scraping chairs, and the tumbling over of a box seat. Stud and Hays were left alone at the table.

"You're a liar!" hissed Hays, suddenly black in the face.

Here Jim Wall thought it was time to intervene. He read the glint in Stud's eyes. Hays was at a disadvantage, so far as drawing a gun was concerned. And Wall saw that Stud could and would kill him.

"Hold on there!" called Wall, in a voice that made both men freeze.

Hays did not turn to Wall, but he spoke: "Pard, lay off. I can handle this feller."

"Take care, stranger," warned Stud, who appeared to be able to watch both Hays and Wall at once. They were, however,

almost in line. "This ain't any of your mix."

"I just wanted to tell Hays I saw you slip an ace from the bottom of the deck," said Wall. He might as well have told of Hays' irregularities.

"Wot! He filled his ace full that way?" roared Hays.

"He must certainly did."

"All right let it go at that," replied Stud, deadly cold. "If you can say honest that you haven't pulled any tricks—go for your gun. Otherwise keep your shirt on."

That unexpected sally exemplified the peculiar conception of honor among thieves. It silenced Hays. The little gambler knew his man and shifted his deadly intent to a more doubtful issue.

"Jim Wall, eh?" he queried, insolently.

"At your service," retorted Wall. He divined the workings of the little gambler's mind. Stud needed to have more time, for the thing that made decision hard to reach was the quality of this stranger. His motive was more deadly than his will, or his power to execute. All this Jim Wall knew. It was the difference between the two men.

"I'm admittin' I cheated," said Stud, harshly. "But I ain't standin' to be tipped off by a stranger."

"Well, what're you going to do about it?" asked Wall, while the spectators of the drama almost held their breath.

CHAPTER 3

STUD'S lean, dark, little hands lifted quivering from the table.

"Don't draw!" yelled Wall. "The man doesn't live who can sit at a table and beat me to a gun."

"Hell—you say," panted Stud. But that ringing taunt had cut the force of his purpose.

"You've got a gun in each inside vest pocket," said Wall contemptuously.

The gambler let his hands relax and slide off the table.

Stud shuffled to his feet, malignant and beaten for the moment.

"Hays, you an' me are even," he said gruffly. "But I'll meet your new pard some other time and then there'll be a show-down."

"Shore, Stud. No hard feelin's on my side," drawled Hays.

The little gambler stalked to the bar, drank and left the saloon.

Hank Hays turned round.

"Jim, that feller did have two guns inside his vest. I never saw them till you gave it away. He—would have killed me."

"I think he would, Hays," returned Wall. "You were sitting bad for action."

"Right you are, Jim, and I'm much obliged to you. I'd like to know somethin'."

"What's that?"

"Did you bluff him?"

"Hardly. I had him figured. It was a pretty good bet he wouldn't try to draw. But if he had made a move—"

"Ahh. It'd been all day with him. . . . This gambler, Stud has a name out here for bein' swift on the draw. He's killed—"

"Bah!" cut in Wall, good-humoredly. "Men who can handle guns don't pack them that way."

Presently they bade Red good-night and went outside.

"Where you sleepin'?" asked Hays.

"Left my pack in the stall out back with my horse. What do we do to-morrow?"

"I was thinkin' of that. We'll shake the dust of Green River. I reckon to-morrow we'd better stock up on everythin' an' hit the trail for the Henrys."

"Suits me," replied Wall.

"Wal, then, good night. Breakfast here early," concluded Hays.

A red sunrise greeted Wall upon his awakening. When, a little later, he presented himself at the back of Red's house for breakfast he was to find Hays, Happy Jack and Brad Lincoln ahead of him.

They had breakfast. "Brad, you fetch your pack-horses round back," ordered the leader, when they got outside. "Happy, you get yourself a horse. Then meet us at the store quick as you can get there. . . . Jim, you come with me."

"Hays, I'm in need of some things," said Wall.

Hays drew out a handful of bills and pressed them upon Wall.

"Shore. Buy what outfit you need an' don't forget a lot of shells," he replied. "If I don't miss my guess we'll have a smoky summer. Haw! Haw! . . . Here's the store."

A bright young fellow, who looked to be the son of the proprietor, took charge of Wall. A new saddle-blanket was Wall's first choice, after which he bought horse-shoes and nails, a hammer and file, articles he had long needed, and the lack of which had made Bay lame. After that he selected a complete new outfit of wearing apparel, a new tarpaulin, a blanket, rope, and wound up with a goodly supply of shells for his .45 revolver. Likewise, he got some boxes of .44 rifle shells.

Half an hour later the four men, driving five packed horses and two unpacked, rode off behind the town across the flat towards the west. Coming to a road, Hays led on that for a mile or so, and then branched off on a seldom-used trail.



Towards sunset they drew down to the centre of a vast swale, where the green intensified, and the eye of the range rider could see the influence of water.

Hays halted for a camp at a swampy sedge plot where water oozed out and grass was thick enough to hold the horses.

"Aha! Good to be out again, boys," said Hays, heartily. "Throw saddles an' packs. Turn the horses loose. Happy, you're elected cook. Rest of us rustle somethin' to burn."

Jim rambled far afield to collect an arm-load of dead stalks of cactus, greasewood, sunflower; and dusk was mantling the desert when he got back to camp. Happy Jack was whistling about a little fire; Hays knelt before a pan of dough, which he was kneading; Lincoln was busy at some camp chore.

"Wal, I don't like store bread," Hays was saying. "Give me sour-dough biscuits. . . . How about you, Jim?"

"Me, too. And I'd like some cake," replied Jim, dropping his load.

"Cake! Wal, listen to our new hand Jack, can you bake cake?"

"Sure. We got flour an' sugar an' milk. Did you fetch some eggs?"

"Haw! Haw! . . . That reminds me, though. We'll get eggs over at Star Ranch. None of you ever seen such a ranch. Why, fellers, Herrick's bought every darn' horse, burro, cow, steer, chicken in the whole country."

"So you said before," returned Lincoln. "I'm sure curious to see this Englisher. Must have more money than brains."

"He hasn't got any sense. But, Lordy, the money he's spent!"

Jim sat down to rest and listen.

"Queer deal—a rich Englishman hirin' men like us to run his outfit," pondered Lincoln, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand it."

"Wal, who does? I can't, that's shore."



But it's a fact, an' we're goin' to be so rich pronto that we'll jest about kill each other."

"More truth than fun in that, Hank, old boy, an' don't you forget it," rejoined Lincoln. "How do you aim to get rich?"

"Shore, I've no idee. That'll all come. I've got the step on Heeseeman an' his pards."

"He'll be aimin' at precisely the same deal as you."

"Shore. We'll have to kill Heeseeman an' Progar, sooner or later. I'd like it sooner."

"I don't like the deal," concluded Lincoln forcibly.

Presently they sat to their meal, and ate almost in silence. Darkness settled down. One by one they sought their beds, and Wall was the last.

Dawn found them up and doing. Wall fetched in some of the horses; Lincoln the others. By sunrise they were on the trail, which about mid-afternoon led down through high gravel banks to a wide stream bed, dry except in the middle of the sandy waste.

"This here's the Muddy," announced Hays for Jim's benefit. "Bad enough when the water's up. But nothin' to the Dirty Devil. Nothin' at all!"

"What's the Dirty Devil?" asked Jim.

"It's a river an' it's well named, you can gamble on that. We'll cross it to-morrow some time."

Next camp was on higher ground above the Muddy. Here Hays and Lincoln renewed their argument about the Herrick ranch deal. It proved what Wall had divined—this Brad Lincoln was shrewd, cold, doubtful, and aggressive. Hays was not distinguished for any cleverness. He was merely an unscrupulous robber. These men were going to clash. That was inevitable, Jim calculated.

Early the next day Jim Wall had reason to be curious about the Dirty Devil River, for the descent into the defiles of desert to reach it was a most remarkable one. The trail, now only a few dim old hoof-tracks, wound tortuously down and down into deep canyons.

The tracks Hays was following failed and he got lost in a labyrinthine mass of deep washes impossible to climb, and seemingly impossible to escape from.

Lincoln got off his horse and went down the canyon, evidently searching for a place to climb up to the rim above. He returned in an assertive manner and, mounting, called for the others to follow.

"I hear the river an' I'm makin' for it," said Lincoln.

Jim had heard a faint, low murmur, which had puzzled him, and which he had not recognised. They all followed Lincoln. Eventually he led them into a narrow, high-walled canyon where ran the Dirty Devil. The water was muddy, but as it was shallow the riders forded it without more mishap than a wetting.

Still they were lost. There was nothing to do, however, but work up a side canyon. Hays led them to a camp-site that never could have been expected there.

"Fellers, I'll bet you somethin'," he said, before dismounting. "There's a roost down

in that country where never in Gawd's world could anybody find us."

"Hah! An' when they did it'd be only our bleached bones," scoffed Lincoln.

There never had been any love lost between these two men, Jim conjectured.

After supper Jim strolled away from camp, down to where the canyon opened upon a nothingness of space and blackness and depth. The hour being suspended between dusk and night. He felt an overpowering sense of the immensity of this region of mountain, gorge, plain, and butte.

While Jim Wall meditated there in the gathering darkness he was visited by an inexplicable reluctance to go on with this adventure.

CHAPTER 4.

NEXT morning they got a late start. Nevertheless Hays assured Jim that they would reach Star Ranch towards evening.

The trail led up a wide, shallow, gravelly canyon full of green growths. They rode on side by side. The trail led into a wider one, coming around from the north-east. Jim did not miss fresh hoof tracks, and Hays was not far behind in discovering them.

"Wood's full of riders," he muttered. "How long have you been gone, Hays?" inquired Jim.

"From Star Ranch? Let's see. Must be a couple of weeks. Too long, by gosh! Herrick sent me to Grand Junction. An' on the way back I circled. That's how I happened to make Green River."

"Did you expect to meet Happy Jack and Lincoln there?"

"Shore. An' some more of my outfit. But I guess you'll more'n make up for the other fellers."

"Hope I don't disappoint you," said Jim, dryly.

"Well, you haven't so far. Only I'd feel better, Jim, if you'd come clean with who you air an' what you air."



"Hays, I didn't ask you to take me on."

"Shore, you're right. Reckon I figured everybody knew Hank Hays. Why, there's a town down here named after me, Hankville."

"A town? No one would think it."

"Wal, it ain't much to brag on. A few cabins, the first of which I threw up with my father years ago. In his later years he was a prospector. We lived there for years. I trapped fur up here in the mountains. In fact, I got to know the whole country except that Black Dragon Canyon, an' that hellhole of the Dirty Devil. . . . My old man was shot by rustlers."

"I gathered you'd no use for rustlers. . . . Well, then, Hays, how'd you fall into your present line of business?"

"Haw! Haw! Present line. That's a good one. Now, Jim, what do you reckon that line is?"

"You seem to be versatile, Hays. But if I was to judge I'd say you relieved people of surplus cash."

"Very nice put, Jim. I'd hate to be a low-down thief. . . . Jim, I was an honest man once, not so long ago. It was a woman who made me what I am to-day. That's why I'm cold on women."

"Were you ever married?" went on Jim, stirred a little by the other's crude pathos.

"That was the hell of it," replied Hays, and he seemed to lose desire to confide further.

They rode into the zone of the foothills, with ever-increasing evidence of fertility. But Jim's view had been restricted for several hours, permitting only occasional glimpses up the grey-black slopes of the Henrys and none at all of the low country.

Therefore Jim was scarcely prepared to come round a corner and out into the open. Stunned by the magnificence of the scene he would have halted Bay on the spot, but he espied Hays waiting for him ahead.

"Wal, pard, this here is Utah," said Hays, as Jim came up, and his voice held a note of pride. "Round the corner here you can see Herrick's valley an' ranch. It's a bit of rich land thirty miles long an' half as wide, narrowin' like a wedge. Now let's ride on, Jim, an' have a look at it."

Across the mouth of Herrick's grey-green valley, which opened under the escarpment from which Jim gazed, extended vast level green and black lines of range, one above the other, each projecting farther out into that blue abyss.

"Down in there somewhere this Hank Hays will find his robbers' roost," soliloquised Jim, and turned his horse again into the trail.

BEFORE late afternoon of that day Jim Wall had seen as many cattle dotting a verdant, grassy, watered valley as ever he had viewed in the great herds driven up from Texas to Abilene and Dodge, or on the Wind River Range of Wyoming. A rough estimate exceeded ten thousand head. He had taken Hays with a grain of salt. But here was an incomparable range, and here were the cattle. No doubt, beyond the timbered bluff across the valley lay another depression like this one, and, perhaps, there were many extending like spokes of a wheel down from the great hub of the Henry Mountains. But where was the market for this unparalleled range?

Herrick had selected as a site for his home what was undoubtedly the most picturesque point in the valley, if not one that had the most utility for the conducting of a ranch business. Ten miles down from the head of the valley a pine-wooded bench, almost reaching the dignity of a promontory, projected from the great slope of the mountain. Here where the pines straggled down stood the long, low cabin of peeled logs, yellow in the sunlight. Below, on the flat, extended the numerous barns, sheds, corrals. A stream poured off the mountain, white in exposed places, and ran along under the bench and out to join the main brook of the valley.

Somewhat apart from both the corrals and outbuildings on the flat stood a new log cabin, hurriedly built, with chinks still unfilled. The roof extended out on three sides over wide porches, where Wall observed three or four beds, a number of saddles and other riders' paraphernalia. The rear of the cabin backed against the rocks. Jim understood that Hays had thrown up this abode, rather than dwell too close to the other employees of Herrick. From the front porch one could drop a stone into the brook, or fish for trout. The pines trooped down to the edge of the brook.

Naturally no single place in all that valley could have been utterly devoid of the charm and beauty nature had lavished there, but this situation was ideal for riders. Hays even had a private corral. As Jim rode up to this habitation his quick eye caught sight of curious, still-eyed men on the porch. Also he observed that there was a store of cut wood stowed away under the porch.

"Wal, here we air," announced Hays. "An' if you don't like it you're shore hard to please. Finest of water, beef, lamb, venison, bear meat. Butter for our biscuits. An' milk. An' best of all—not very much work. Haw! Haw!"

"Where do we bunk?" asked Jim, presently.

"On the porch. I took to the attic myself."

"If you don't mind I'll keep my pack inside, but sleep out under the pines," responded Wall.

When at length Jim carried his effects up on the porch Hays spoke up: "Jim, here's the rest of my outfit. . . . Fellers, scrape acquaintance with Jim Wall, late of Wyoming."



That was all the introduction Hays volunteered. Jim replied: "Howdy," and left a return of their hard scrutiny until some other time.

Hays went at once into low-voiced conference with these four men. Happy Jack hauled up the supplies. Brad Lincoln occupied himself with his pack. Jim brought his own outfit to a far corner of the porch. Then he strolled among the pines seeking a satisfactory nook to unroll his bed.

Jim, from long habit, generated by a decided need of vigilance, preferred to sleep in coverts like a rabbit, or any other animal that required protection.

At length he found a niche between two rocks, one of which was shelving, where pine needles furnished a soft mat underneath, and the murmur of the brook just faintly reached him. Jim would not throw his bed where the noise of rushing water, or anything else, might preclude the service of his keen ears. There was no step on his trail now, but he instinctively distrusted Lincoln, and would undoubtedly distrust one or more of these other men.

Hays exemplified the fact of honor among thieves. Jim had come to that conviction. This robber might turn out big in some ways. But could even he be trusted? Jim resolved to take no chances.

CHAPTER 5.

NOT until the following morning did Jim Wall get a satisfactory scrutiny of the four members of Hays' outfit.

The eldest, who answered to the name of Mac, was a cadaverous-faced man, with eyes like a ghoul.

"Whar you from?" he asked Wall.

"Wyoming, last," replied Jim, agreeably.

Jeff Bridges, a sturdy, tow-headed man of forty or thereabouts, had a bluff, hearty manner and seemed not to pry under the surface.

"Glad Hank took you on," he said. "We need one cattlemen in this outfit, an' that's no joke."

Sparrowhawk Latimer, the third of the four, greatly resembled a horse-thief Wall had once seen hanged.

Hays had said to Slocum, the fourth member of this quartet: "Smoky, you an' Wall shore ought to make a pair to draw to."

"You mean a pair to draw on," retorted the other. He was slight, wiry, freckled of face and hands, with a cast in one of his light, cold-blue eyes.

"No!" snorted the robber. "Not on! . . . Smoky, do you recollect that gambler Stud Smith, who works the stage towns, an' is somethin' of a gun-slinger?"

"I ain't forgot him."

"Wal, we set in a poker game with him one night. I was lucky. Stud took his lovin' to heart, an' he shore tried to pick a fight. First he was gain' to draw on me, then shifted to Jim. An' Jim bluffed him out of throwin' a gun."

"How?"

"Jim just said for Stud not to draw, as there wasn't a man livin' who could set at a table an' beat him to a gun."

"Most obligin' an' kind of you, Wall," remarked Smoky, with sarcasm, as he looked Jim over with unsatisfied eyes. "If you was so all-fired certain of that, why'd you tip him off?"

"I never shoot a man just because the chance offers," rejoined Jim, coldly.

There was a subtle intimation in this, probably not lost upon Slocum. The greatest of gunmen were quiet, soft-spoken, sober individuals who never sought quarrels. Jim knew that his reply would make an enemy, even if Slocum were not instinctively one on sight. Respect could scarcely be felt by men like Slocum. Like a weasel he sniffed around Jim.

"You don't, eh?" he queried. "Wal, you strike me unfavorable."

"Thanks for being honest, if not complimentary," returned Jim.

Hays swore at his lieutenant: "Unfavorable, huh? Now why do you have to pop up with a dislike for him?"

"I didn't say it was dislike. Just unfavorable. No offence meant."

"Smoky," said Hays, "I won't have no grudges in this outfit. I've got the biggest deal on I ever worked out. There's got to be harmony among us. But, Smoky, bobbin' up again! my new man—the's serious. Now let's lay the cards on the table. . . . Jim, do you want to declare yourself?"

"I'm willing to answer questions—unless they get nasty," replied Jim, frankly.

"You got run out of Wyoming?"

"No. But if I'd stayed on I'd probably stretched hemp."

"Hold up a stage or somebody?"

"No. Once I helped hold up a bank. That was years ago."

"Bank robber! You're out of our class, Jim."

"Hardly that. It was my first and only crack at a bank. Two of us got away. Then we held up a train—blew open the safe in the express car."

"Smoky, I call it square of Wall," spoke up Hays. "He shore didn't need to come clean as that."

"It's all right," agreed Slocum, as if forced to fair judgment.

Hays plumped off the porch rail.

"Now, fellers, we can get to work. Herrick puts a lot of things up to me, an' I ain't no cattlemen. Jim, do you know the cattle game?"

"From A to Z," smiled Wall.

"Say, but I'm in luck. We'll run the ranch now."

"What'll I do, Hank?" asked Jim.

"Wal, you look the whole diggin' over."

Jim lost no time in complying with his first order from the superintendent of Star Ranch. What a monstrous and incredible hoax was being perpetrated upon some foreigners!

Evidently there had been ranchers here in this valley before Herrick. Old log cabins and corrals adjoining the new ones attested to this.

Jim passed cowboys with only a word or a nod. He talked with an old man who said he had owned a homestead across the valley, one of those Herrick had gathered in.

Jim gleaned information from this rancher. Herrick had bought out all the cattlemen in the valley, and on round the foothill line to Limestone Springs, where the big X Bar outfit began. Riders for these small ranches had gone to work for Herrick. He was told that Heeseman, with ten men, was out on the range.

Presently Jim encountered Hays, accompanied by a tall, floridly blonde man, garbed as no Westerner had ever been. This, of course, must be the Englishman. He was young, hardly over thirty, and handsome in a flashy way.

"Mr. Herrick, this is my new hand I was tellin' you about," announced Hays, glibly. "Jim Wall, late of Wyoming. . . . Jim, meet the boss."

"How do you do, Mr. Wall?" returned Herrick. "I understand you've had wide experience on ranches?"

"Yes, sir. I've been riding the range since I was a boy," returned Jim.

Hays had suggested making you his foreman.

"That is satisfactory to me."

"You are better educated than these other men. It will be part of your duties to keep my books."

"I've tackled the job before."

"So I was tellin' the boss," interposed Hays.

"As I understand ranching," went on Herrick, "a foreman handles the riders. Now as this ranching game is strange to me I'm glad to have a foreman of experience. My idea was to hire some gunmen



along with the cowboys. Hays' name was given me at Grand Junction as the hardest nut in eastern Utah. It got noised about. I presume, for other men with reputations calculated to intimidate thieves applied to me. I took on Heeseman and his friends."

"But you really did not need to go to the expense—and risk, I might add—of hiring Heeseman's outfit."

"Expense is no object. Risk, however—what do you mean by risk?"

"Between ourselves, I strongly suspect that Heeseman is a rustler."

"By Jove! You don't say? This is ripping. Heeseman said the identical thing about Hays."

"Wal, Mr. Herrick, don't you worry none," interposed Hays, suavely. "Shore, I don't take kind to what Heeseman called me to your face, but I can overlook it for the present. You see, if Heeseman is workin' for you he can't rustle as many cattle as if he wasn't. Anythin' come of that deal you had on with that Grand Junction outfit?"

"Yes, I received their reply the other day," rejoined Herrick. "By Jove, that reminds me. I had word from my sister, Helen. It came from St. Louis. She is coming through Denver and will arrive at Grand Junction about the fifteenth."

"Young girl—if I may ask?" added Jim.

"Young woman, Helen is twenty-two."

"Comin' for a little visit?" asked Hays.

"By Jove, it bids fair to be a lifelong one," declared Herrick, as if pleased. "She wants to make Star Ranch her home. We

are devoted to each other. If she can stick it out in this bush I'll be jolly glad. Can you drive from Grand Junction in one day?"

"Shore. Easy with a buckboard an' a good team," replied Hays.

Herrick resumed his walk with Hays, leaving Jim to his own devices.

Jim strolled around the corrals, the sheds, down the lane between the pastures, out to the open range.

This Englishman's sister—this Helen Herrick—she would be coming to a remote, wild, and beautiful valley. What would the girl be like? Twenty-two years old, strong, a horsewoman, and handsome—very likely blonde, as was her brother! And Jim made a mental calculation of the ruffians in Herrick's employ. Eighteen!

CHAPTER 6

AFTER supper Hays leaned back and surveyed the company. "Fellers, we've a pow-wow on hand. Clear the table. Fetch another lamp. We'll lay out the cards an' some coin, so we can pretend to be settin' in a little game if anybody happens along. But the game we're really settin' in is the biggest ever dealt in Utah."

"Talk low, everybody," instructed Hays. "An' one of you step out on the porch now an' then. Heeseman might be sick enough to send a scout over here. 'Cause we're going to do that little thing to him. . . . Happy, dig up that box of cigars I've been savin'."

"Hank, trot out some champagne," jeered Brad Lincoln.

"Nothin' to drink, fellers," returned Hays. "We're a sober outfit. No arguin' or fightin'. . . . Any of you who doesn't like that can walk out now."

They were impressed by his cool force. "All right. Wal an' good. We're set," he went on. "To-day I changed my mind about goin' slow with this job."

Jim Wall had a flash of divination as to this sudden right-about-face.

"Herrick reckons there are upwards of ten thousand head of stock on the range. Some of these ranchers he bought out sold without a count. I bought half a dozen herds for Herrick. An' I underestimated say, rough calculatin', around two thousand head. So there's twelve thousand good. That's a herd, fellers. Air there any of you who wouldn't care to play a game for twelve thousand head of cattle at forty dollars per?"

There did not appear to be a single one.

"Ahuh. Wal, that's okay. Now can we drive such a big herd?"

"Boss, listen to this idea," spoke up Smoky. "Most of these Star cattle range down the valley twenty miles below here. How'd it do for, say, five of us to quit Herrick an' hide below somewhere? Mean-while you go to Grand Junction an' arrange to have your buyers expect a bunch of cattle every week. A thousand to two thousand head. We'd make the drives an' keep it up as long as it worked. You're boss, an' Wall here is foreman. You could keep the cowboys close to the ranch."

"Smoky, it's shore a big idee," declared Hays enthusiastically. "But what about Heeseman?"

"Let's clean out his bunch."

Hays shook his head.

"Fellers, if we pick a fight with that outfit some of us will get killed an' others crippled. Then we couldn't pull the deal. A better idee is for one of us to kill Heeseman."

"Reckon it would be. That'd bust the outfit."

"Who'd you pick on to do that, Hank?" Jeff Bridges boomed out: "Why, Smoky, of course, or Brad."

ROBBERS' ROOST

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Nope," said Hays, shaking his head. "With all that's due Smoky an' Brad I wouldn't choose either. Jim, here, is the man for that job."

"Mebbe we could drive off six or eight thousand head of stock before Heeseman ever found out," put in Smoky. "What's the sense of fightin' it out till we have to?"

The suggestion found instant favor on all sides.

"But we don't want Heeseman traillin' us," expostulated Hays.

"You mean after we pull the deal?" queried Brad incredulously.

"Shore I mean after."

"Wal, what in thunderation do we care for him, when we've got the coin an' are on our way to that roost we're due to find?"

"I don't jist like the idee, fellers," replied Hays evasively.

Jim Wall, studying the robber leader closely, imagined that Hays was not exposing all the details of his plot.

"Let's put my idee to a vote," said Smoky.

When this suggestion was solemnly complied with, making use of the deck of cards, it was found that Slocum had won.

"So far so good," said Hays, as if relieved. "Now let's see . . . Smoky, to-morrow you take your gang, includin' Brad, an' quit. Pack a new of grub an' grain, an' hide out below. Cache what you don't need. I'll go to Grand Junction for new hands. See? But all I'll come back with will be instructions for you to follow. Then you can go drivin'."

"Good. An' how about the cash?"

"Wal, them buyers won't pay me in advance, you can gamble on that. But they'll pay you. Jist divide with your outfit an' save our share."

"Short an' sweet. I like it more all the time," declared Smoky.

"We'll want to know where your camp is," went on Hays. "Reckon I'd better ride out with you to-morrow."

"No. You rustle for Grand Junction. We'll see that Happy an' Jim know where to find our camp."

Jim thought of something: "Men, has it occurred to you that you can't drive cattle up this road and through the ranch?"

"Shore. No need. It'd be a seventy-mile drive if we came this way. But we'll drive round by Limestone, an' up the other valley road. About the same distance to Grand."

The conference ended. Hays turned to the open fire, and seeking a seat in the shadow by the chimney he pondered. It was Jim's opinion that the chief had vastly more on his mind than he had divulged. Lincoln gave him a suspicious stare. The others seemed eminently pleased with the outlook, though no more was said in Jim's hearing. They joked and smoked.

Jim bade them good-night and went out. His last glimpse of Hays was thought-provoking. Lighting another cigar, Jim strolled up and down the porch, revolving in mind the conference.

It was a spring night, starry, with an edge on the mountain air that meant frost in the morning.

Was it possible that this lantern-eyed robber had evil intentions toward Herrick's sister? Jim scouted the suspicion.

"Hang the girl part of it anyhow," he muttered, flinging his half-smoked cigar out into the noisy brook. Why did a woman have to come along to upset the best-laid plans of men?

THE next morning brought sombre faces and action. Five of Hays' outfit rode away with six of the pack horses and most of the supplies. Hays watched them until they disappeared among the cedars.

"Wal, now I'll brace the boss," he said.

"What excuse will you give him?" asked Jim.

"Anythin' would do to tell Herrick. But Heeseman will see through me. I'm afear'd."

"Very well. You tell Herrick that your outfit split over me."

"Over you? dog-gone! That ain't so poor. But why?"

"Both Slocum and Lincoln are sort of touchy about gun-throwing, aren't they? Well, tell him how queer that brand of gunman is—how he instinctively hates the real gunman. And that Slocum and Lincoln made you choose between them and me."

"Ahh. Sort of so the idee will get to Heeseman's ears that in a pinch with guns I'd rather have you backin' me than them?"

"Exactly."

Not long afterwards Hays returned to the cabin jubilant. "You'd never guess, Jim. That Englisher laughed like the very devil. An' he ordered me to ride off after some desperadoes who're not afraid of Jim Wall."

"Ha! Ha! But Heeseman won't get a laugh out of it."

"Shoot the lights out of him," said Hays fiercely. "Wal, I'm off for Grand. Happy, pack me a snack of grub."



"How long will it take you to ride over?"

"Eight hours, I reckon. An' I'll be back to-morrow night."

"Certainly these buyers will know you're selling stolen cattle?"

"Oh, shore."

After Hays had gone Jim settled himself to pass the hours away.

"Mebbe it won't be so tedious," observed Happy Jack dryly. "We've got three rifles an' a sack of shells right handy. So let 'em come."

Jim half expected a visit from Herrick, but the morning dragged by without any sign of anyone. About mid-afternoon, however, six riders appeared coming down the lane along the bench. The sight made Jim start. How often had he seen the like—a compact little company of riders, dark-garbed, riding dark horses! It was tremendously suggestive to a man of his experience.

He reached the door and, drawing out his rifle, advanced to the front of the porch.

CHAPTER 7.

WHEN the group of riders reached the point where the lane crossed the brook, just out of pistol range, they halted, and one, evidently the leader, came on to the bridge.

"Hi, that," he yelled, reining his horse.

"Hi yourself," shouted back Jim.

The man, whom, of course, Jim took to be Heeseman, walked his horse half the intervening distance and stopped again.

At this juncture Happy Jack emerged from the cabin and carelessly propped a rifle against the wall.

"Who's callin'?" he boomed.

"I don't know," replied Jim.

"I'm Bill Heeseman, an' I come over to talk," called the visitor.

"Friendly talk?" queried Jim.

"Wal, if it ain't you'll be to blame."

"Come right over."

Jim leaned his rifle against the rail and stood aside. Heeseman did not look up as he mounted the steps. He took off an old sombrero to disclose the tanned, clear-skinned face of a man under forty with narrow, blue eyes reddened by wind and dust. It was a more open visage than Jim had expected to see. Certainly Heeseman was a more prepossessing man, at first sight, than Hays.

"Mind if I set down?" he asked.

"Make yourself at home," replied Jim.

"Air you Wall?"

"Yes, that's my name. And this is Happy Jack, another of Hays' outfit."

Heeseman nodded to Jack, who replied with a civil "Howdy," and went back into the cabin. Then Heeseman leaned against the wall and treated Jim to a frank, shrewd gaze.

"You're Hays' right-hand man, just late from Wyoming?"

"Last is correct, anyhow."

"Do you know him?" queried Heeseman, in lower voice.

"Perhaps not so well as you," replied Jim, who suddenly reminded himself that he knew Hays but slightly.

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin'."

"Heeseman, you'll only waste your breath," declared Jim, impatiently.

"Wal, I don't waste much of that," drawled the other. "But if you wasn't new to Utah I'd save myself this trouble. An' you're goin' to believe what I tell you."

"Why will I?"

"Because it's true."

No argument could gainsay that; moreover, the man had truth in his blue slits of eyes and in his voice.

"Did Hays tell you I was a rustler?"

"I think he mentioned it."

"Did he tell you we was pards once? . . . That he double-crossed me?"

"No."

"Wal, I'll let it go at that," returned Heeseman, coolly. "Much obliged for lettin' me come up. An' if you get curious jist ride over to see me."

He rose, stretched his long length, and walked off the porch to mount his horse, leaving Jim about as surprised as he had ever been. Happy Jack came out in time to see him join his comrades and ride back with them towards the corral.

"Short visit. Glad it was. What'd he want?"

"Darn! If I savvy, altogether. Didn't you hear any of our talk?"

"No. I reckoned the less I heard the better. Then Hank couldn't raze me. But I had a hunch of what he was up to."

Jim did not press the question. He carried his rifle back into the cabin, rather ashamed of his overhaste, and feeling already curious enough to call on Heeseman.

They had supper, after which Jack smoked and talked, while Jim listened. Evidently Happy Jack had taken a liking to him. Jim went to bed early, not because he was sleepy, but to keep from calling on that fellow Heeseman.

How many nights Jim Wall had lain down under the dark trees to wakefulness, to the thronging thoughts that must mock the rest of any man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path! It tormented him at certain times. But that never kept the old concentrated pondering over to-morrow from gaining control of his consciousness.

There had been no hesitation about Hank Hays declaring himself in regard to Heeseman. Callous, contemptuous, Hays had indicated the desirability of ridding the range of Heeseman. But Heeseman had been subtle.

Unquestionably his motive had been to undermine Hays in Jim's regard. And a

few questions and an assertion or two had had their effect. Jim made the reservation that he had not accepted Hays on anything but face value. Still the robber had gradually built up a character of intent force, cunning, and strength. These had crashed, though there was no good reason for that. Jim had not accepted Hays' word for anything.

Hays was not a square partner! This stuck in Jim's craw.

Why this seemed true puzzled Jim. Heeseman had simply verified a forming but still disputed suspicion in Jim's mind—that Hank Hays had evil designs upon Herrick's sister. Heeseman and Hays had probably known for weeks that this English girl was expected to arrive.

SUPPOSE he had! What business was that of Jim's? None, except that he now formed one of Hays' band and as such had a right to question activities. Rustling cattle, at least in a moderate way, was almost a legitimate business. Ranchers, since the early days of the cattle drives from Texas, had accepted their common losses. It had been only big steals that roused them to ire and action, to make outlaws of rustlers. Nevertheless, it was extremely doubtful, out here in the wilds of Utah, that even a wholesale steal would be agitating. To abduct a girl, however, might throw Western interests upon the perpetrators. Hays' object assuredly was to collect ransom.

Still, that had not been Heeseman's intention, nor had it been Jim's original suspicion. He gave it up in disgust. Time would tell. But he did not feel further inclined to call upon Heeseman. He would stick to Hays, awaiting developments.

The ensuing day passed uneventfully. No one of Smoky's outfit showed up, nor did Hays return. Jim waited for Herrick to give him orders, which were not forthcoming. The rancher was chasing jack rabbits and coyotes with the hounds.

Next morning Jim made it a point to ride over to the barn. The rancher came down in a queer costume. The red coat took Jim's eye. A motley pack of hounds and sheep-dogs was new to Jim, as he had not seen or heard any dogs about the ranch. Jim was invited to ride along with Herrick and the



several cowboys. They went by Heeseman's camp, which was vacant. Jim was to learn that the rancher had put the Heeseman outfit to work on the cutting and peeling of logs up on the slope, preparatory to the erection of a new barn.

Jack rabbits were as thick as bees. The cowboys led the dogs, which soon became unmanageable and boited. Then the race was on. Where the ground was level and unobstructed by brush or cut up by washes Herrick did fairly well as to horsemanship, but in rough going he could not keep to the English saddle. He would put his horse at anything, and he had a jarring fall.

Notwithstanding this, Herrick finished out the hunt. He was funny, and queer, but he was game, and Jim liked him. On the way back Jim amused the Englishman by shooting running jack rabbits with his revolver. He managed to kill three out of five to Herrick's infinite astonishment and admiration.

"By Jove! I never saw such marksman-ship," he ejaculated.

ROBBERS' ROOST

9

"That was really poor shooting."

"Indeed. What would you call good shooting, may I ask?"

"Well, riding by a post and putting five bullets into it. Or splitting the edge of a card at twenty feet."

"Let me see your gun?"

Jim Wall broke his rule when he handed it over, butt first.

Herrick looked at it with mingled feelings. "Why, there's no trigger!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment.

"I do not use a trigger."

"Thunderation, man! How do you make the pistol go off?"

"Look here. Let me show you," said Jim, taking the gun. "I thumb the hammer... like that."

"By Jove! But please explain."

"Mr. Herrick, the cocking of a gun and pulling the trigger require twice as much time as thumbing. For example, supposing the eyesight and the draw of two men are equal, the one who thumbs his hammer will kill the other."

"Ah!—er—yes, I see. Most extraordinary. Your American West is quite bewildering. Is this thumbing a common practice among you desperadoes?"

"Very uncommon. So uncommon that I'll be obliged if you will keep it to yourself."

"Oh! Yes, by Jove! I see. Ha! ha! ha! I grasp the point... Wall, you're a comforting fellow to have round the place."

Herrick was evidently a free, careless, impressive man who had been used to fulfilling his desires. His eccentricity was not apparent except in the fact of his presence there in wild Utah. He liked horses, dogs, guns, the outdoors, physical effort. But he had no conception whatever of his remarkable situation in this unsettled country.

When they arrived at the barn he asked Jim to ride up to the house where they would look over some English guns.

The big living-room had three windowed sides and was bizarre and strange to Jim, though attractive. Herrick had brought with him a quantity of rugs, skins, pictures, and weapons.

The heavy English guns earned Jim's solemn shake of head. "No good at all here, Mr. Herrick. Not even for grizzly. Get a forty-four."

"Thank you. I shall do so. I'm fond of the chase."

Herrick had his desk near a window, and upon it, standing out in relief from books, papers, and ornaments, was a framed picture of a beautiful fair-haired, young woman. The cast of her features resembled Herrick's. That was a portrait of his sister.

CHAPTER 8

JIM carried a vision of Helen Herrick's picture in his mind as he rode back down the bench. And he cursed the predicament into which he had allowed himself to become inveigled.

"I'll have to stick it out," he muttered, that fair face and shining hair before his inward eye. "I might have chucked this outfit."

"I'll have to hoof it up to see the boss to-night," Hays said, after finishing the late supper. "Put me wise to what's come off in my absence."

"We've had no sign of Smoky's outfit. So we don't know where his camp is."

"I do. Good place an' out of sight. I gave Smoky orders to pack supplies back from Grand Junction every trip."

"Hank, reckon you're figger'n up a long hole-up somewhere," said Happy Jack with a grin.

"Have you run into Heeseman?" went on Hays, ignoring Jack's hint.

"Yes. He called on us," replied Jim casually.

"Humph! ... That dodge. It's no good. Heeseman is the slickest customer in Utah. Just tryin' to scrape acquaintance, eh?"

"I think so. It struck me that he might be wanting to throw his outfit with yours."

"Ahuh. I had that hunch. It might wal be," replied Hays meditatively.

"Herrick put Heeseman's outfit to cutting and peeling logs. He wants more horses and barn for them."

"That's good. It'll keep that outfit from ridin' down Limestone way. An' the cow-boys—where have they been?"

"Plenty of work around, but little riding, except after the hounds. I had a chase after jack rabbits with the boss."

"Hounds an' jacks!—What next? How-



ever, it's not so bad. Anythin' for us but regular ranchin'. Haw! Haw!"

"Herrick took me up to see his guns," went on Jim easily, with furtive eyes on Hays. "Have you seen them?"

"Yes. Funny lot of knick-knacks. There's only one thing I'm going to own, though."

Jim laughed. He did not need to ask any more. Suddenly then a tigerish sensation shot through his vitals. It was like an unexpected attack.

"I'd like to own all that stuff," he said carelessly.

Three days of genuine labor around the ranch followed. But on the fourth day, Herrick approached Jim.

"Wall, I want you to go to Grand Junction to-morrow after my sister," he said.

"Take the cowboy Barnes with you. His home is in Grand Junction. Have him hitch the black team to the buckboard and start early."

"Boss, I reckon I'll go along with Wall," Hays said coolly.

"Hays, I did not ask your services," returned Herrick. "You are needed here." His tone as much as his words settled the matter.

Jim purposely delayed his hour of quitting in order to avoid Hays.

After supper Hays lighted his pipe. Then, without facing Jim, he said:

"Jim, had the boss mentioned this here trip before?"

"No. I was as surprised as you."

"Wal, suppose you make some excuse an' let me go instead?"

"But Herrick won't like that. Hays," protested Jim. "He turned down your proposal cold."

"Shore. He did. Damn funny, I take that, too. But if you wouldn't or couldn't go, I'd be next choice."

"Hays, you surprise me. Here you are on the eve of a big deal—the biggest of your life. And you risk angering Herrick at this stage."

Hays puffed his pipe. He was beaten.

"Wal," he said finally, "I reckon mebbe you're right, Jim. Only it didn't seem so."

By sunrise next day, Jim Wall was on his way to Grand Junction. Young Barnes, the cowboy, had his hands full with the spirited team.

Presently Jim's ever-watchful eyes caught dust far ahead and dots of riders getting off the road into the cedar thickets. They would be Smoky's outfit, Jim calculated, and gave them credit for seeing the buckboard first. They did not appear again, and Jim knew they were hiding on their way back to Star Ranch.

At four o'clock they drove into Grand Junction, which was considerably larger and busier than Green River.

"Barnes, here we are," said Jim. "This is a metropolis, compared to Green River."

"Just I've been home fer long," rejoined Barnes. "I'll take care of the team at my paw's."

Barnes drove off down the road and Jim leisurely entered the lodging house, which, it turned out, was run by a buxom woman, who made herself agreeable. She was loquacious, and very shortly Jim gained the surprising information that no cattle herds had passed through Grand Junction this week.

After supper Jim turned in early.

AWAKENING early he got up and leisurely shaved and dressed, paying more than usual attention to his appearance. He was there to escort an English girl fifty miles across the wilderness to Star Ranch. One thing he was sure of, and that was that it would be vastly better for Miss Herrick than if Hank Hays had been sent. Suddenly this fact struck Jim as singular. Was he any better than Hank Hays?

After breakfast he went out and found a boy to shine his high-top boots and brush his dark, worn suit and his black sombrero. Presently, then, he encountered Barnes.

"Howdy, boy. Did you have a nice time home?"

"Gee, I did," grinned the cowboy.

"You sure look bright this morning."

"Wal, you look kinda spick an' span yourself, Jim," drawled Barnes. "Funny how the idea of a girl gets a feller."

"Funny? You mean terrible, my friend. A woman is as terrible as an army approaching with banners."

"Goah, who'd ever dreamed you had seen inside a Bible?" exclaimed the cowboy.

"It's funny, though, how I happened to remember that. Now, Barnes, listen. This Miss Herrick might take me for an honest, decent fellow like you. But if I let that pass I'd be sailing under false colors. I don't do that. And as I can't very well tell her myself, you must."

"Tell her what?" queried Barnes, with a puzzled grin.

"You know . . . The kind of a man I am."

"I sort of like you myself. So if you want me to tell her anythin' you must say what."

"Well, then, tell her about Herrick hiring all the desperadoes in Utah, and that I'm one of them. Make me out worse than Hays and Heeseman thrown together."

"Shore. That's easy. But what's the idea, Jim?"

"I wasn't always an outcast . . . And I think it'd hurt me less if this girl was scared and repelled. If she took me for a real Westerner, you know, and talked and laughed—well, I'd go get powerfully drunk, and probably shoot up Star Ranch. So you fix it for me, will you, Barnes?"

"Shore. I'll fix it," replied Barnes, with a sly glance at Jim. "You jest give me a chance when the stage rolls up. She's due now. I'll run down an' drive the buckboard up."

But the stage did not show up for an hour—a long, nervous dragging one for Jim Wall. Grand Junction was no different from other Western points remote from civilisation—everybody turned out to see the stage come in. It was a gala occasion for the youngsters, of whom there was a surprising number. The women on-lookers, Jim observed, rather hung in the background.

The four-horse stage came rolling up in a cloud of dust. The driver, a grizzled old

frontiersman, brought it to a stop with a fine flourish, and bawled out: "Grand Junction! Half-hour fer lunch."

There were six passengers, two of them feminine. The last to leave the stage was a tall, veiled young woman, her lithe and erect figure encased in a long linen coat. She carried a small satchel. Expectantly she looked around. Jim stepped before her, baring his head.

"Are you Miss Herrick?"

"Oh!—Yes," she exclaimed in relief.

"Your brother sent us to meet you," went on Jim, indicating Barnes, who stood to one side.

"He did not come!" The full, rich voice, with its foreign intonation, struck pleasantly upon Jim's ear.

"No. There's much work at Star Ranch. But it's perfectly all right, Miss Herrick. We will drive you safely over before dark."

CHAPTER 2.

JIM could not see clearly through the tan veil, but he discerned well enough that big eyes studied him.

"Didn't he send a letter or anything? How am I to know you men are employed by my brother?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to take my word," replied Jim, gravely. "But, Barnes, here, he can prove his identity. He lives in Grand Junction, and, of course, there are responsible people who will vouch for him."

"Miss the boss did send word," spoke up Barnes, touching his hat, and stepping closer he added in lower tone: "He told me last night you was to fetch what come by Wells-Fargo."

"Then it is all right," she replied, heartily relieved. "My luggage is inside, on top, and tied on behind. The name is on every piece. Helen Herrick."

"I'll attend to the baggage, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Meanwhile Barnes will show you where to eat. It might rest you to walk a little. We have an eight-hour drive."

"Thank you. I've been riding steadily for two weeks, and I'm stiff."

Whereupon Jim set about collecting the pieces of baggage marked "Herrick." It appeared that the stage had been loaded down with them. Nineteen in all! Manifestly Miss Herrick had come stay. To find room for all of them in the buckboard was going to be a task. He set about this methodically, his mind at once busy and absent. By packing carefully under the seats and on them, too, Jim got the bags all in. He went to the store and bought rope to tie some of them on securely. "Wonder what she looks like," he thought. He had felt vaguely uncomfortable when she looked him over through that veil. His task completed, Jim stood beside the restless horses, waiting. And it seemed he was waiting for he knew not what.

Presently Barnes returned, wearing an excited grin. His eyes were important.

"Jim, I fixed it. I shore gave her an awful," he said.

"Did you? Much obliged, cowboy."

"She took off that coat an' veil. Lordy! Utah never seen the likes of her. Red lips, pink cheeks, hair like gold, an' eyes like violets! Jim, for a minute I went plumb back on my gurl!—But shucks, that's crary. She asked me to set at table. I did. She's just as nice an' free as Herrick. It was while we was eatin' that I had the chance to tell her about the notorious Jim Wall. Maybe I didn't spread it on. An' she looked—get, such eyes! She said, 'So Bernie Herrick sent a desperado to be my escort? How perfectly rippin'! Honest, Jim, that's what she said. So I shet up pronto. . . . When I jest come away she said she'd walk a little in the orchard an' after goin' into the Wells-Fargo office she'd be ready."

"Have you double-crossed me?" queried Jim, suspicious of this boy. "You were to make me out low-down."

"Jim, honest to Gawd, if that gurl ain't scared to death of you she's a new one on me," declared Barnes. But there was fun and evasion in his keen, hazel eyes. Somehow he had failed to follow instructions.

"I'll go in the Chink's here and get a bite to eat. You watch the horses."

Upon his return Jim espied Miss Herrick emerging from the yard of Mrs. Bowe's lodging-house. She carried the linen coat on her arm, and without it did not appear so tall. She had a wonderful step, a free, swinging, graceful stride, expressive of health and vitality. She did not look slender, as in the long ulster, but superb, broad of shoulder. She wore a half-length coat over her brown dress. It had a collar of dark fur which presented vivid contrast to her exquisite complexion. The veil was tucked back and now permitted sight of a wave of shining, golden hair. At a little distance her eyes looked like great dark holes set in white. But as she approached Jim saw they were violet in hue, warm, beautiful, fearless.

"Are we ready to go?" she asked gaily.

"Yes, if you have seen the Fargo people," replied Jim.

"I have it in my satchel," she returned, indicating the half-hidden receptacle under her linen coat.

Jim tried to interest himself in that satchel because he was in league with robbers, but it did not work. Suddenly he had a murderous desire to kill Hays. This girl—for she appeared a girl in vivid freshness of youth—seemed not in the least frightened, absolutely free from revulsion. Indeed, she was regarding him with undisguised interest and delight.



"Mr. Jim Wall, you're not in the least what my brother's letters have led me to believe," she said.

"Letters! Why, Herrick has not had time to write about me," exclaimed Jim, incredulously. "It takes long for a stage letter to go. . . . I've been at Star Ranch only a few days."

"Oh, he did not write about you, individually," she laughed. "But from his letters about bandits and desperadoes I had evolved a rather frightful conception."

"Thank you, Miss Herrick," he replied gravely. "Don't trust appearances on our Western border. . . . Will you get up? We must be going."

And he attempted to assist her inside the back seat of the buckboard.

"If you are going to drive I want to sit in front," she said frankly.

With a bow he helped her up the high step, cursing inwardly at Hank Hays and Herrick and the inscrutable fate that had brought this about. For some way or other he was lost. He almost forgot to wait for Barnes, who was saying goodbye to a red-cheeked, wide-eyed girl in the crowd. Barnes came running to leap into the buckboard, and then Jim got in. Owing to the way he had packed the baggage there was not a great deal of room in the front seat. His heavy gun and sheath bumped against Miss Herrick.

"Rather tight quarters, with that gun there," he remarked, and swung the sheath round in his lap.

"Do you sleep in it?" she asked quizzically.

"Yes. And never am dressed in the daytime till it's buckled on."

"What startling folk, you Western Americans!"

"Some of us are indeed startling. I hope you won't find us unpleasantly so."

he replied, and loosening the reins let the spirited team go. In a few moments the noise, dust, heat and the staring populace of Grand Junction had been left far behind and the red and black ranges lifted above the meadows and sage.

"Oh, glorious!" she cried, and gazed rapidly ahead as the curving road brought into view a wonderful sweep of Utah.

Jim was hard put to it to keep the blacks from breaking out of a brisk trot. He thought grimly that he would have liked to let the team run off and kill them both. Far better that than what might be! Miss Herrick's photograph on her brother's desk fell infinitely short of doing her justice. It failed to give any hint of her color, of the vivid lips, of the glory and gleam of her hair, of the dancing, laughing violet eyes, of her pulsing vitality. Jim Wall felt the abundant life of this girl. It flowed out of her. It got into his veins. It heated his blood.

"The wind makes me cry," she said merrily. "Or maybe it's because I'm so happy. You say we'll get to Star Ranch before dark?"

"Surely."

"Oh, it's been such a long, slow, dusty, cramped journey," she exclaimed. "But now I want to see, to smell, to feel, to gloat."

"Miss Herrick, this is fine country. But tame compared to that all about the Henrys. You will see them when we top the next hill. I've seen most of the West. And the canyon desert below Star Ranch is the wildest and most sublime of all the West, probably of the whole world."

"Indeed, you speak strongly, not to say surprisingly. It never occurred to me that a gunman—that is what you are, is it not?—could have any appreciation of the wonder and beauty of nature."

"A common mistake, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Nature develops the man who spend their lonely, hard, bloody lives with her. Mostly she makes them into beasts, with self-preservation the only instinct, but it is conceivable that one now and then might develop the opposite way."

"You interest me," she replied simply. "Tell me of this canyon desert and such men."

Jim talked for a full hour, inspired by her unflinching interest. He described the magnificent reaches and escarpments ending in Wild Horse Mesa, and the unknown canyoned abyss between it and Navajo Mountains, and lastly, the weird, ghastly brakes of the Dirty Devil.

"Ugh, how you make me shiver!" she ejaculated. "But it's wonderful. I'm sick of people, of fog, rain, dirt, cold, noise. I'd like to get lost down in those red canyons."

CHAPTER 10.

THEY came to a long, level valley, where the white road was like a floor, and the horses went like the wind.

What was going to be the effect of this extraordinary woman upon the fierce men of this lonely region? Upon that swartthy Hank Hays?

At last the horses had to be held in at the base of the longest ascent on the journey. Miss Herrick tucked her dishevelled hair with the ends of the veil underneath the edges of her bonnet.

"What a run! I'm used to horses—but not tearing along—with a vehicle like this," she said, breathlessly.

"Wait till one of these old drivers gets a chance at you. I'm really no teamster."

"Are you a cowboy?"

"Didn't young Barnes tell you who and what I am?" queried Jim, turning to her.

"I grasped that you were a stranger to Utah—that you were from Wyoming, where

you had killed many bad men, and that your mere reputation was enough out here to keep rustlers and desperadoes away from Star Ranch. Mr. Wall, you certainly are a hero in his eyes."

It did not take great perspicuity to grasp that Jim was not far from that in her eyes. He groaned in spirit.

"I see that you will not tell me about yourself," she went on. "Pardon my inquisitiveness. But I must inform you that I expect to go into the ranching business with my brother. You will be working for me, then, as well."

"I hope you don't, Miss Herrick," he burst out, impulsively. "Somebody must tell you, it oughtn't come from a—a—rider like me. But this is no place for such a girl as you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Wall? That hardly seems a compliment to me. I can work, and I want to."

"Miss Herrick, you didn't get my meaning," replied Jim, hastily, with strong feeling. "It is not you who couldn't fit in. You've convinced me you could. And that is the biggest compliment I could pay you. . . . I mean that you will not be able to live, and work, too, the way you want to. You dare not ride around—or even leave the house. Even that—"

"For mercy's sake, why not?" she demanded, in astonishment.

"Because, young woman, you are too new, too strange, too lovely to risk yourself in sight of these men at the ranch. . . . Not all of them. But some of them."

"You cannot be serious."

"I swear it, Miss Herrick."

"But what of the vaunted chivalry of Westerners? I've read of Fremont, Kit Carson, Crook, and many others. And of the thousands who are unsung."

"That is true," he replied, his voice husky. "Thank God, I can say so. But you won't find that at Star Ranch."

"You say I am too new, strange, too—too lovely to risk—I understand you, of course. I must doubt it, despite your evident strong feeling. You may be playing a Western joke on me."

"I wish I was."

"My brother will know, if there is anything in what you say."

"No! No!" burst out Jim. "Herrick doesn't know. He never will know. He can't see through a millstone with a hole in it. Oh, don't misunderstand me. Herrick is a fine chap, but this is no place for an English gentleman and sportsman, any more than it is a fit place for his sister."

"That is for us to decide," she returned, coldly. "I shall ride, anywhere and everywhere. I've always ridden. I'd go mad not to get on a horse in this glorious country."

"I've done my best. I've told you," he said, curly, as if he were also addressing his conscience.

"I thank you, Mr. Wall," she said, quick to catch the change in him. "No doubt you Western folks regard Bernie as eccentric. And I'm bound to admit his ranching idea—ripping as it is to us—must appear new and strange to you. So I'll compromise. If it's really dangerous for me to ride about alone, I will take you with me. Not, however, that I'd be afraid to go alone. Then I would be perfectly safe, would I not?"

Wall flicked the reins.

"Look, Miss Herrick. We're on top at last. There's your country. The black snow-capped mountains are the Henrys. We go through that gap—a pass—to Star Ranch. That purple space to the left—with the lines and streaks—that's the desert."

"Ah-h-h!" she had cried out, breathlessly.

Jim halted the horses and gazed himself, trying to see with this stranger's eyes. He had more—a feeling that it would not be long until the open wasteland claimed him again. For him the bursting of one of the Henry peaks into volcanic eruption would be no more startling than what would accrue from the advent of this white-faced, golden-haired woman.

Jim drove down the hill, and again put the blacks to a keen gait on a level road, this time a straight, white line across a longer valley. Jim calculated that he would beat the time he had declared, and reach Star Ranch before sundown.

When he drove past Heeseman's camp all that worthy's outfit were at supper. The road passed within fifty feet of their chuck wagon.

"What a ruffianly crew!" murmured Miss Herrick. "Who, pray, are these men?"

"Part of the outfit your brother hired to protect his cattle from rustlers," replied Jim. "Funny thing about that is they are rustlers themselves."



"Deliciously funny, though hardly so for Bernie. Does he know it?"

"Not to my knowledge. Heeseman—the leader of that gang—came on his own recommendation and got the job."

"I'll have the fun of telling Bernie. . . . Oh, what's that. . . . What an enormous barn! All yellow. And a new one going up. Logs and logs. . . . Look at the horses! I want to stop."

"No, Miss Herrick," he replied grimly. "I'll drive you home safely or die in the attempt. . . . Don't look at this tall man we're coming to."

"Which?" she asked, laughingly.

"The one standing farthest out," replied Jim. "He's got on a black sombrero. . . . Don't look at him. That's Hank Hays. . . . Miss Herrick, drop your veil."

She obeyed, unobtrusively, though her silvery laugh pealed out. "You are teasing, of course. But I must reward your effort to entertain me."

Jim drove by Hays, who stood apart from a group of cowboys. If he noticed him at all, it was totally oblivious to Jim. But Wall's glance, never so strained, pierced the shadow under Hays' dark sombrero rim to the strange eyes below. They were not pale now. Jim's hand clenched tight on the reins. He became preoccupied with the nucleus of the first deadly thought toward Hays.

"Hank Hays. Who is he?" Miss Herrick was saying.

"Another of your brother's vigilantes."

"Ugh! How he stared! But it wasn't that which struck me most. In India I've seen cobras rise and poise, ready to strike. And your Mr. Hays looked for all the world like a giant cobra with a black sombrero on its head. Wasn't that silly of me?"

"Not silly. An instinct. Self-preservation," returned Jim, sternly.

She passed that by, but only perhaps because she caught sight of the ranch-house up the slope. Here her enthusiasm was unbounded. Herrick stood on the porch steps with his dogs. He wore high boots and a red coat. He waved.

PRESENTLY Jim reined in the sweating horses before the steps. He was most curious to see the meeting between brother and sister. She stood up. "Bernie, old top, here I am," she said, gaily.

"Yes, here you are, Helen," he replied, and stepped out to help her alight. "Did you have a nice trip?"

"Ripping—from Grand Junction in."

They did not embrace or even shake hands. Jim, coming to himself, leaped out and began removing the bags. Barnes, whom he had totally forgotten, jumped out on the other side.

"Barnes, carry the bags in. Jim, hurry the blacks down. They're hot. You must have pushed them."

"Yes, sir. Stage was late, but we made up for it."

"Helen, where's that Wells-Fargo package?" queried Herrick.

"Here in my satchel. Oh, Bernie, it's good to get home—if this can be home."

"Come in and take off that veil," he said, and with his arm in hers led her up on the porch.

Jim let Barnes take the team, while he crossed the bench and made his way down the steep, rocky declivity to Hays' cabin. Happy Jack was whistling about the fire, knocking pans and otherwise indicating the proximity of supper.

"Howdy, Jack. What's tricks for to-day?" asked Jim.

"Glad you're back, Jim," declared the cook, cordially. "Anyone'd have think you was goin' to dish the outfit—judgin' from Hays. He's been like a bound on a lariat. Smoky rode in to-day full of ginger, news, an' a roll of long green that'd have choked a cow. But even that didn't ease the boss."

"What ailed him, Jack?" inquired Jim, not without impatience.

"Dinged if I know. It had to do with your goin' to Grand, a darned sight more than Smoky's visit."

Heavy footfalls outside attested to the return of Hays. Without more comment Jim stood up and away from the table, to face the door. Hays entered. He was not the genial Hays of other days, yet it was hard to define the change in him, unless it consisted in a gloomy, restless force behind his stride. Smoky followed him in, agreeable by contrast.

CHAPTER 11.

"HULLO, here you air. I waited at the barn," said Hays gruffly.

"Howdy, boss. I took a short cut down," replied Jim.

"I seen Barnes an' had a word with him. So your trip come off all right? You shore made them blacks stop."

"It wasn't as pleasant a drive as you'd imagine," returned Jim, darkly.

"Haw! You must be one of them woman-haters. . . . Outside of that side of it, what happened to jar you?"

"Nothing to concern you or your outfit. Smoky saw me yesterday before I got a line on him. He ducked off the road. At Grand Junction nobody paid any more attention to me than I'd expect."

"Anuh. That's good," replied Hays, and going over to the pack beside his bed he rummaged about to return with a packet, which he slapped down upon the table.

"There you air, Jim. On our first deal." The packet unrolled and spread out—bills of large denomination.

"What's this for?" queried Jim.

"Quick action. That's how we work. Your share. Smoky fetched it."

Jim did not care to give the impression that he was unused to this sort of thing. Straddling the bench, he sat down to run through the bills.

"Five thousand six hundred," he said, as if to himself, and he slipped the money inside his pocket. "Much obliged, Smoky. Now I'll be able to sit in a little game of draw."

"Jim, ain't you got any news at all?" inquired Hays, searchingly. "A feller with

your ears an' eyes shore would pick up somethin'."

"Miss Herrick fetched a Wells-Fargo packet to her brother," rejoined Jim, slowly.

"Then it's come," said Hays, cracking his hands. "Herrick was expectin' money last stage."

After supper Smoky was the first to break silence:

"Boss, now Walke back you can make up your mind about what I'd like to do."

"Jim, listen to this: Smoky an' the other fellers, except Brad, want to make a clean sweep with this next drive. What you think?"

"Clean Herrick out?" asked Jim.

"That's the idea."

Jim pondered a moment.

"It'd be harder work, but save time, and perhaps our bacon as well. These cowboys are going to find out pretty soon that the



cattle have thinned out. If Smoky drives a couple thousand more I'll be sure to be found out, sooner or later."

"See that, boss. Wal sees it just as I do. There's plenty of water along the road and feed enough. . . . Let's make it one big drive."

"Wal, it'd mean leavin' Star Ranch sudden," cogitated the robber chief.

"Shore. An' that's good."

"But I don't want to pull out of here sudden," declared Hays.

"Why not, if we get away with ten thousand and head?" queried Smoky, astounded.

"That ten thousand won't close the deal I'm on."

"What've you up your sleeve, Hank?"

"That's my business. Yours is drivin' cattle."

"You mean to rob the Englisher? Hank, don't be a hawg!"

"Hays, if you'll excuse me, I'm thinking Smoky talks sense," interposed Jim, quietly.

"My mind's made up. We'll stick to our first idea. You fellers make drive after drive, goin' slow. . . . that'll give me time."

"Ahuh! So you'll risk goin' agin' the whole outfit," interrupted Smoky, with a curious gaze at his superior.

"Wal, yes, if you put it that way," replied Hays, and he stalked out.

"Smoky, will you start the second drive to-morrow?" asked Wal.

"I'll lay it up to my outfit. Wal, so long. See you soon, one way or another."

He went out. Jim heard a few sharp words pass between Smoky and Hays, and then silence.

Next day he went back to work on the new barn. A subtle change in Hank Hays augmented his suspicion of that individual. Jim let him alone.

Herrick was around as usual, interested in every detail of the building. Hays had gone off with the cowboys across the valley to put them upon some job there, which no doubt was a ruse to keep them away from Limestone Springs, where most of the stock grazed. And the day had ended without one glimpse of Helen Herrick.

At breakfast the following morning Hays surprised Jim.

"Was the Herrick girl out yesterday?" he inquired.

"Didn't see her."

"You didn't say what kind of a looker she was."

"Oh, that," laughed Jim. "I forgot or didn't think you were interested."

"Wal, I'd like to see her once before our deal's off here."

Hays had his wish fulfilled next day. He was at work on the new barn, on the far side from where Jim was occupied, when Miss Herrick came down with her brother. Jim stared as if his eyes deceived him. An English riding habit was known to him only from pictures. She looked queenly. Jim did not look at her face. Besides, he wanted most to see the effect upon Hank Hays. That worthy's hawklike head was erect, but Jim could not see the tell-tale eyes. Hays stood transfixed.

Herrick and his sister walked toward Jim's side of the barn.

"Good morning," she said. "Bernie told me how you shot bob—no, jack rabbits—from the saddle. I want to see you do that. And I want to learn how. Will you show me?"

"I'd be pleased, Miss Herrick."

"To-morrow, then, you will ride with me?"

"I'm at your service."

"Wall, you'll oblige me by riding with my sister when it suits her," said Herrick.

"Yes, sir," returned Jim, gazing across at the statue-like Hays.

THE couple moved off toward the open yard, where mounted cowboys were leading out saddled horses.

"I seen her, Jim," Hays said, as if the event were epic. "She walked right by me."

"What if she did, Hank?"

"Nothin'. What was she sayin' to you?"

"It seems Herrick told her about my shooting jacks from my horse, and she wants to see it done."

"You're goin' ridin' with her? . . . The luck of some men!"

"Hank, shall I tell Herrick you'll go in my stead?"

"Nix, much as I'd like to. I can't hit jumpin' rabbits."

Hays hung around the barn, mostly idle, watching the valley, until the Herricks returned. The cowboys brought the horses down. Whereupon Hays abruptly left. And he did not come back. From that hour he became an elusive man.

That day ended Jim Wal's carpentry. On the next he was summoned early after breakfast to ride with the Herricks.

Under the stimulation of this girl's inspiring presence Jim gave an exhibition of swift and accurate shooting that surpassed any he had ever accomplished.

"Marvellous!" she exclaimed.

"Helen, he's a bally good shot," declared Herrick.

That night Hank Hays evinced slight but unmistakable symptoms of jealousy, occasioned, perhaps, by Jim's report of killing thirteen out of fifteen bounding jack rabbits. Happy Jack, wide-eyed and loud-voiced, acclaimed Jim's feat as one in a thousand.

"Air you thet good frontin' a man who you know is swift?" drawled the robber chief.

Jim stared. "Hank, I'm not so good then," he replied, slowly.

"Wal, somebody'll try you out one of these days," added Hays.

"I daresay," he rejoined, coolly, and sought his seclusion. He refused to let that linger in his mind. Something else haunted him. His slumber was troubled.

CHAPTER 12.

NEXT day Herrick did not accompany his sister on the daily ride, a circumstance which, if anything, gave freer rein to her spirit. Jim had concern for her safety. He could not judge well of her horsemanship, because of the side-saddle she rode. Bluntly he disapproved of the atrocious thing and said it was worse than the "pancake" her brother rode. But she rode after the hounds just the same, and held her own until she was thrown.

If she had fallen upon rocks or even hard ground she would have been seriously injured, if not killed outright. But when the horse stumbled she hurtled over his head and hit in the sand. Jim was off almost the instant she struck, and he yelled for the cowboys.

Kneeling, he lifted her and held her head up. She appeared to have been stunned. Her face was grey with sand.

"Water, Barnes," he called, as the cowboy dashed up.

"There ain't none close," replied Barnes. "I'm all-right," spoke up Miss Herrick, weakly. "I came—a cropper—didn't I?"

She sat, evidently not hurt, though she clung to Jim's arm. With his scarf he wiped the sand from her face, aware that his hand was not steady. If he had had to rely upon a gun then! The stiff hat she wore with this riding habit had rolled yards away. Barnes got it. Her hair had some partly loose to fall in a golden mass on her shoulder. She rearranged it and put on her hat deftly despite gloved fingers.

"Help me up, please," she said.

Jim placed a strong arm under hers and lifted her to her feet. She appeared able to stand alone, so he released her. However, she still clung to him.

"Deuced clumsy of me," she said.

"Miss Herrick, are you sure you're not hurt?" asked Jim, solicitously. "It was a nasty spill."

"I'm not really hurt," and letting go of Jim she essayed a few steps to prove it.

Then something cold and tight within Jim let go, and his reaction was to take refuge in anger. "Miss Herrick, I told you that saddle was no good. It's a wonder you were not killed."

"Oh, don't exaggerate. I've come many croppers cross-country riding at home."

"Barnes, back me up in this," appealed Jim to the cowboy.

"Miss, he's tellin' you true," said Barnes, earnestly. "You was ridin' fast. If this hyar had been stony ground, like it is lots of places, you'd never knowed what hit you."

"I believe I did strike pretty hard," she admitted, ruefully.

"You want a cow-saddle with a double cinch, and overalls," concluded Jim.

"Overalls!" she exclaimed, and she blushed rosy red. "You mean like these blue trousers Barnes has on?"

"Yea. Then you can ride. This is the West, Miss Herrick. You like to run a horse. It's dangerous. I shall have to speak to your brother."

"Don't. I've never ridden astride, but I'll do it, since you are so very fearful about it."

That experience left Jim shaky, probably a good deal shakier than it had left Miss Herrick. But it was not fear for her. Jim revelled in the torturing sensations engendered by contact with this beautiful girl. He shook like a leaf at the staggering realization that when she lay on the ground with her arms spread wide, her hair gold against the sand, he longed to snatch her to his breast. A natural impulse, under the circumstances, but for him—idiotic!

Hays was not present that night at supper. His absence in no wise concerned

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Jim. He was too preoccupied to care or think about the chief. Days passed by, heady or blank, according to whether or not he rode with Miss Herrick.

She took to the Western saddle, like a duck to water. She could ride. Moreover, that spirit of which she had hinted certainly overtook her. More than once she ran off alone, riding like the wind, and upon one of these occasions it took the cowboys till dark to find her. That with Hank Hays and Heeseman there to see her gallop away unescorted! Herrick did not seem to mind.

As far as Jim Wall was concerned, however, these rides with her centred him upon the love which had come to consume him; and the several she took alone were more torturing because they aroused fear of Hank Hays. It could not be ascertained whether or not Hays followed her, but when the day came that Jim discovered Hays had been riding the trails frequented by Miss Herrick, it seemed time to act.

This placed Jim in a worse quandary. To act, for a man of his training, at such a time and place, was to do only one thing. But how could he kill his leader upon mere suspicion of sinister intent to kidnap the girl? It was a predicament for a man who had always played fair, alike to honest friend and crooked ally.

Jim paced under his dark sheltering trees, in the dead of night, when he should have been sleeping. Days had passed without his once seeking to avoid disaster; and he had not sought because he knew it was



of no use. "To wish to be with this blonde girl seemed irresistible. More than once he had caught himself in the spell of a daring impulse—to tell Miss Herrick that he loved her. The idea was sheer madness. Yet the thought persisted, and when he tried to shake it the result was it grew stronger in a haunting, maddening way.

At breakfast next morning Hays raved about the fact that Smoky had not been there for over two weeks.

"Things air comin' to a head," he concluded, gloomily.

"Reckon they ought to have made two drives by now," rejoined Happy Jack. "I rid down the valley yestiddy eight or ten miles. Cattle thinned out, boss. Any cowboy with eyes in the back of his head would be on to us by now."

"Shore. Haven't I kept them workin' up here? But I've no control over this hossback ridin' after hounds. Pretty soon Herrick will be chasin' down Limestone way. Then the fire'll be out."

"Hank, he wouldn't know the difference," interposed Jim.

"Aw, I don't care," replied Hays, harshly, and that finally intimidated much. "Wait till Smoky's outfit shows up!"

Every morning when Jim rode down to the corral he fell back under the spell of something sweeter than wine. The sunny hours with the safe flat ahead, the fragrant pines, the baying hounds, and always out in front this bright-haired girl, were vastly different from the dark hours when the day was done. Nothing could be truer than that this utterly incongruous and bitterly sweet situation could not last. In moments of humility, engendered by the higher emotions this girl aroused, Jim clasped to his breast the fact that he was protecting her from worse men.

Barnes and another of the cowboys had taken the horses for the Herricks up to the house. To Jim's honest dismay he

espied Helen riding ahead, with the cowboys behind leading her brother's mount! Herrick was not coming. The hound bounded and cavorted about her, keen to the chase.

Miss Herrick looked far less proud and unattainable in the boy's riding garb she had adopted. Moreover, it had transformed her yet her femininity appeared more provocingly manifest than ever.

Barnes turned Herrick's horse over to a stableboy, and with his companion fell in behind Miss Herrick, who rode out upon the valley. Jim rejoined them, and they trotted their horses together.

"Why didn't Herrick come?" asked Jim. "He was rowin' with Heeseman," replied Barnes, soberly.

"You don't say! What about?"

"Reckon I don't know. They shet up as I come along," returned the cowboy. "But I seen enough to calkilate somethin's wrong. They was on the porch. Herrick looked sort of peevish. He didn't want his sister to go huntin' to-day, I heard thet. An' she said right pert she was goin'."

"How did Heeseman look?" went on Jim, ponderingly. Something was up. For two days Heeseman's outfit had been through hauling timber.

"Dead serious, like he was tryin' to persuade the boss to somethin'."

Jim lapsed into silence. What turn would affairs take next? It was getting warm around Star Ranch.

CHAPTER 13.

EACH day the hunters had to ride farther field to find game. Jack rabbit chasing had grown too tame for Miss Herrick.

Three or four miles out the hounds jumped a coyote from a clump of sagebrush.

The cowboys took the lead, then came Miss Herrick, while Jim brought up the rear. It was a long, gradual ascent up to an open ridge.

Here the hounds jumped a herd of deer. Despite the yelling of the cowboys they dashed up the ridge with a chorus of wild yelps and barks. Barnes and his companion rider gave pursuit, trying to call them off. They all passed out of hearing.

Jim caught up with Miss Herrick, who waited in an open spot among the pines. Flushed and dishevelled, with her sombrero on the pommel, panting from the arduous ride, she made a distracting picture.

"Hunt's off for us, Miss Herrick," said Jim.

"Too bad! But wasn't—it fun—while it lasted," she replied gaily.

"Shall we ride down?" went on Jim, uneasily.

"Let us rest the horses. I'm out of breath myself."

Jim dismounted to tighten his saddle-cinches.

"Wall, take a look at my cinches," she said.

"May I ask you not to call me Wall? I must remind you I'm no butler."

"Pray pardon me," she rejoined, in surprise. "I presume I should address you as Mr. Wall?"

"Yea, if you're too stuck up to call me Jim," he said.

She lifted her chin and declined no reply. And that infuriated him.

"While I'm at it I'll tell you this, too," he went on doggedly. "You must not ride around alone again. I've had no chance to speak with you. But I told your brother. He laughed in my face. He is a fool."

"Mr. Wall, I will not listen to such talk," she spoke up, spiritedly.

"Oh, yes, you will," he flashed, striding over to her horse. "You're not in an English drawing-room now, confronted by a disrespectful butler. You're in Utah, girl. And I am Jim Wall."

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"That last is obvious, to my regret," she returned coldly. "Will you please be so kind as to tighten my cinches? It will be the last services I shall require of you."

"Thank the Lord!" ejaculated Jim, in grim heartiness. "All the same, I'll tell you. If you were an American tenderfoot, it wouldn't be hard to make you understand. If you were Western, you would not need to be told. But as an English lady of quality, who thinks class, her class will protect her anywhere, you need to be jarred. . . . It's wrong for you to ride alone on this range like any wild tom-boy."

"Why?"

"Some of these men might kidnap you for ransom."

"Nonsense," she retorted, contemptuously.

"What do you say, Miss Herrick, when I tell you that Hank Hays has been watching you from the ridges, riding the lonely trails, biding his chance to waylay you?"

She paled at that.

"I don't believe it," she said, presently. "And you'll go on riding alone when it suits your royal fancy?" he queried, witheringly.

"That is no longer any concern of yours," she replied, at last stung. "But I certainly shall ride when and how I please."



"Then you're as big a fool as your brother," declared Jim, hotly. "Here I am, the only man in this Star outfit with honesty enough to tell you the truth. And I get insulted and fired for my pains."

She sat her horse mute. Jim laid a strong hand on her pommet and shook it.

"Your saddle's loose. Will you oblige me by getting off?"

"I can ride it back," she rejoined, icily. "But your blanket will slip out. The saddle might turn with you."

She removed her boot from the stirrup. "Tighten the cinches, then—and hurry."

Jim complied expeditiously enough, but in doing so he accidentally touched her. Something like fire shot through him at the contact. Under its stimulus he looked up to say a few more words to her, words to mitigate his offence and protest his sincerity. But they were never uttered. She had bent over to fasten a lace of her boot, and when Jim raised his head it was to find his face scarcely a foot from her red lips. Without a thought, in a flash, he kissed them, and then drew back, stricken.

"How dare you!" she cried, in incredulous amazement and anger.

"It just happened. I—I don't know."

She swung her leather quirt and struck him across the mouth. The blood spurted. The leap of Jim's fury was as swift. He half intercepted a second blow, which stung his neck, and snatching the quirt from her hand he flung it away. Then his iron clutch fastened in her blouse. One lunge dragged her out of the saddle. He wrapped his other arm around her and bent her back so quickly that when she began a furious struggle it was too late.

His mouth hard-pressed on hers stifled any but smothered cries. There was a moment's wrestling. She was no weakling, but she was in the arms of a maddened giant. Repeatedly he kissed her lips, long, hard, passionate kisses.

Suddenly she collapsed heavily in his arms. The shock of that—in meaning—pierced Wall with something infinitely more imperious and staggering than bitter wrath. He let go of her. There was blood on her lips and cheeks; otherwise her face was like alabaster.

"I think I must have been in love with you—and wanted to protect you—from men worse than myself," he went on, huskily. "I hope this will be a lesson to you. . . . Your brother was crazy to come here—crazier to let you come. Go home! Go before it's too late. Make him go. He will be ruined shortly."

She wiped the blood from her cheeks, and then shudderingly from her lips.

"You—did that—to frighten me?" she presently whispered, in horror, yet as if fascinated by something looming.

"Get on your horse and ride ahead of me," he ordered, curtly. "Now, Miss Helen Herrick, one last word: 'Don't tell your brother what I did to you till after I'm gone. . . . If you do I'll kill him.'"

She left a glove lying on the ground. Jim made no effort to recover it. His horse had grazed a few paces away, and when he had reached him and mounted, Miss Herrick was in her saddle. Jim let her get a few rods in advance before he followed.

The excess of his emotion wore off, leaving him composed, and sternly glad the issue had developed as it had. The situation had become intolerable for him. It mocked him that he had actually desired to appear well in the eyes of this girl. How ridiculous that one of a robber gang should be vain! But he was not conscious that being a thief made any difference in a man's feeling about women. He knew that he could not command respect or love; but that in no wise inhibited his own feelings. Strange to realise, he had indeed fallen in love with Helen Herrick.

She rode on slowly down the ridge without looking to right or left. Her gaze appeared to be lowered.

The ranch-house came in sight. Miss Herrick saw it and halted a moment, to let Jim catch up with her.

"Can you be gentleman enough to tell me the truth?" she asked.

"I have not lied to you," replied Jim.

"That—that first time you kissed me—was it honestly unpremeditated?"

"Miss Herrick, I don't know what to swear by. But, yes, I have. My mother! I swear by memory of her that I never dreamed of insulting you—I looked up. There your face was close. Your lips red! And I kissed them."

They went on for perhaps ten paces, as far as the road, before she spoke again. "I believe you," she said, without a tremor of the rich, low voice, though it was evident her emotion was deeply stirred. "Your action was inexcusable, unforgivable. But I should not have struck you with the whip. . . . That, and your passion to frighten me, perhaps justified your brutality. . . . I shall not tell. . . . Don't leave Star Ranch."

For an instant Jim felt as if he were upon the verge of a precipice. But her change from revulsion to inscrutable generosity called to all that was good within him.

"Miss Herrick, I'm sorry, but I must leave," he replied, sadly. "I'm only a wandering rider—a gunslinger and—a member of a gang of robbers. And I was mad enough to fall in love with you. . . . Forget it. . . . Go home to England. But if you won't, do that—never ride out alone again."

He spurred his horse and galloped down the road, by the barn and across the court, into the lane that led along the brook. Suddenly he espied a compact group of mounted riders coming down the road beyond Hays' cabin. They bestrode bays and

blacks, and there was that about them which drew Jim sharply up with a fiery thrill. Smoky's outfit!

CHAPTER 14.

HAYS stood out in front of the cabin, bareheaded, his legs spread apart as if to anchor himself solidly, his hands at his hips, his sandy hair standing up ruffled like a mane.

"Huh! The boss isn't mad. Oh, no!" soliloquised Jim. "Small wonder. Smoky's outfit has busted loose or is going to—well, now I've a hunch there's luck in this for me."

Jim turned off into the corral, and took his time unsaddling.

Jim made for the bridge then, and, crossing, looked up to see the horses of Smoky's outfit standing, bridled down, and the riders up on the porch. Jim mounted the steps.

Hank Hays sat upon the bench, his shaggy head against the wall, his pale eyes blazing at the row of men leaning on the porch rail.

Smoky was lighting a cigarette, not in the least perturbed, but his eyes had a hard, steely gleam. Brad Lincoln sat back on the rail, eyeing the chief with a sardonic grin. Mac appeared more than usually ghoulish; Bridges and Sparrowhawk Latimer betrayed extreme nervousness.

"Hello, men! What's the mix? Am I in or out?" asked Jim, sharply.

"I reckon you're in," replied Smoky. "Hank is the only one that's out. . . . Hyar, Jim, heah this." He drew a dark green bundle from a bulging pocket and tossed it to Jim—a large, heavy roll of greenbacks tied with a buckskin thong.

"Yours on the divvy, Jim," went on Smoky. "Don't count it now. There's a heap of small bills inside an if you untie them hyar there'll be a mess. But it's a square divvy to the last dollar."

"That's a hefty roll, Smoky, for a man to get for nothing," observed Jim, dubiously.

Jim then noticed that a roll of bills, identical with the one he had just received, lay on the floor.

"You've double-crossed me!" burst out Hays at length.

"Wal, that's accordin' to how you look at it," retorted Smoky. "Things came up at Grand Junction. We seen some of Heeseman's outfit. They're onto us, or will be pronto. So we jest took a vote, an' every one of us stood for one big drive instead of small drives. An' we made it. Your buyers avore they was short of money an' would pay twelve dollars a head. Talk about robbers! Wal, I took that an' said I liked it. . . ."

"You disobeyed orders."

"Put it up to Jim, hyar. What do you say, Jim?"

Thus appealed to, Jim addressed Hays-point blank:

"Smoky's right. If you meant to clean out Herrick, that was the way to do it."

"Aw—shore, you'd side with them."

"I wouldn't do anything of the kind if I thought they were wrong," retorted Jim, angrily. Here was a chance to inflame Hays that he jumped at. If the robber could be drawn into a fight, when his own men were against him, the situation for the Herricks could be made easier for the present.

"You'd better shet up."

"I won't shut up, Hays. Someone has to tell you. And I'm that fellow. There's no hand out against you in this outfit. Never heard of a bunch of riders who'd work like dogs while the boss was twiddling his thumbs and talking mysterious."

"I ain't ready to leave Star Ranch an' now I'll have to!"

"Why ain't you ready?" queried Smoky, curiously. "Our work's all done. We've cleaned out the ranch, except for a few thousand head. We've got the long green. You ought to be tickled to death."

"I'm not through here," replied the robber.

"Smoky, why don't you ask Hays what this mysterious deal is?" queried Jim, sarcastically.

From a cornered lion Hays degenerated into a cornered rat. Jim sank a little in his boots while his upper muscles corded.

"Hank, what's got into you?" queried Smoky.

"Smoky, the boss is up a tree," said Jim, caustically. "He means to rob Herrick all right. But that's only a blind. It's the girl."

"That gold-headed girl we seen you drivin' hyar?"



"Yes, Herrick's sister."

"Haw! Haw! So that's what's eatin' you, Hank?"

Hays had reached his limit and probably, but for Smoky's mirth, would have started hostilities. He hesitated, but there was a deadly flare in the eyes he had fixed on Wall.

Smoky got between them. "See hyar, Hank. So that's the deal? An' you'd fer pore Jim hyar jest because he's onto you? . . . Wal, if you're so keen as thet to draw on somebody, why, make it me. I started this. I dragged Jim into it. An' I ain't goin' to let you take it out on him."

Then Hank Hays came back to himself.

"Jim's right. Smoky, you're right," he declared, hoarsely. "I'm bull-headed. . . . An' I've lost my bull head over Herrick's sister."

"There. Spoke up like a man," declared Smoky, heartily relieved. "Why didn't you come thet clean long ago? Neither Jim nor me nor any of us blame you fer admirin' thet girl. And if you'd gone crazy, an' dragged her away into the brakes with us, we'd quit you cold."

Hays bent to pick up the roll of bills.

"Fall to, men. I've got to do some tall thinkin'," he said.

Before they were half finished with their supper Hays entered.

"We're shakin' the dust of Star Ranch to-night," he said, deliberately. "Pack up an' leave at once. I'll come later. If I don't meet you at Smoky's camp at sunup I'll meet you shore at midday in thet cedar grove above the head of Red Canyon."

No one asked any more questions or made any comments. Whatever they thought about Hays' peculiar way of leading his band they kept to themselves. Jim Wall was not greatly relieved, still he concluded that Hays must abandon any plot he might have concocted toward Herrick's sister. At any rate, whatever was in Hays' mind Jim could not further risk alienating him or his men. Jim would have to ride out with them. If he stayed behind to spy upon Hays or frustrate any attempt he might make to call upon the Herricks, he would have to kill Hays.

Dusk was mantling the valley when Jim went out. Under the bench the shadows were dark. From the shelter of the pines he looked for Hays, expecting to find him standing guard. But the robber was not on the porch. He was stalking to and fro along the brook, and he was no more

watching for Heeseeman than was Jim. His bent form, his stride, his turning at the end of his beat, his hands folded behind his back—all attested to the mood of a gloomy, abstracted, passion-driven man.

Whereupon Jim repaired to his covert, rolled his bed and made a pack of his other belongings. What to do with the two packages of bills, this last of which was large and clumsy for his pockets, was a puzzle. By dividing the two into four packets he solved it. Then he carried his effects down to the cabin. All was cheery bustle there. The men were glad to get away from Star Ranch. They talked of the robbers' roost Hays had always promised them, of idle days to eat and drink and gamble, of the long months in hiding.

"Wal, you all ready?" queried Hays, appearing in the doorway.

"Yep, an' bustin' to go."

"On second thought I'd like one of you to stay with me. How about you, Latimer?"

"All right," declared Sparrowhawk.

In a few more minutes all the men were mounted. The pack animals, with packs grey against the darkness, straggled up the trail.

"Wait at your camp till sunup," said Hays, conclusively. "An' if I'm not there I'll meet you about noon shore at the head of Red Canyon."

Without more words or ado Smoky led off behind the pack horses, and the five riders followed. Once across the brook all horses took a brisk trot. Jim Wall looked back. Then he saw a bright light on the bench. That was from Herrick's house. An unfamiliar sensation, like a weight of cold lead in his breast, baffled Jim. He knew he was glad never to see Helen Herrick again.

THE spring night waxed cold as the hours wore on, and the riders took up to the slope.

About midnight Smoky turned the pack animals up the slope into the woods, and after a mile of rough going emerged into an open canyon head.

"Hyar we air," said Smoky. "Throw things an' git to sleep. I'll stand first guard."

Evidently the horses were not to be turned loose. Jim overheard Brad Lincoln offering to bet that Hays would not show up at sunrise.

Jim unrolled his bed beside a rock, and pulling off his boots and unbuckling his gun belt, he crawled under the blanket.

Crack of axe and Happy Jack's voice pierced his slumber, both recognised before he opened his eyes. The sun was topping the eastern range. Jim sat up, stretched, and, reaching for his boots, he gazed around. The camp was an open draw with level floor narrowing to a timber belt below. Behind rose shrubby limestone walls, in a crack of which poured a gush of water. The men were stirring, two around the camp fire and others among the horses.

"Wal, long past sunup," said Slocum, as he approached the fire. "Who was it bet Brad thet Hank wouldn't show up?"

"Nobody," replied Lincoln.

"Jim, suppose you take your rifle an' sneak down an' knock over a deer," suggested Smoky.

Three hundred yards down the slope Jim emerged into the open. There were no riders on the winding, white trail.

Stealthily working back into the timber he soon espied two deer about sixty paces distant, long ears erect. He killed the buck standing.

Upon his return to camp Smoky greeted him with a grin.

"How far to Red Canyon?" asked Jim.

"I don't know. About fifteen miles. Don't you remember thet heavy grove of cedars leadin' down into a red hole?"

"Reckon I do. If Hays joins us there it'll mean he comes by another trail, doesn't it?"

"If! So you figger he might not? Course he'd come around the mountain, or mebbe over another pass. He shore knows trails that we don't."

"Aw, Hank'll show up on time."

"Wonder if he stayed back to plug Heeseeman. He hates thet rustler."

In less than an hour the riders were on the move down the mountain. Packing on the deer Jim had slain occasioned a little delay for all, because Smoky kept them close together. At the end of the timber belt he halted them again while he peeped out to reconnoitre. Then he called: "Come hyar, a couple of you long-sighted fellers."

They all rode out to join him, where he sat his horse, pointing to a faint blue on the purple valley floor. "Is thet dust?"

Most of the riders inclined to the opinion that it was just haze.

"Ten miles or more back and hard to make out," spoke up Jim. "If this was my range I'd say it wasn't haze or smoke."

"Wish I had Hank's glasses. My eyes are no good any more fer long shots. Wal, let's mosey."

Nevertheless, Jim noted that Smoky led to the left, across the ravine, along the edge of the timber belt over a ridge, and then down to the trail. He pushed the pack horses at a trot. Far ahead a black fringe of cedars thickened to a grove above a red, jagged line, which was the canyon head where the riders had a rendezvous with Hays.

When they reached another turn from which it was possible to look back for five miles or more, Smoky halted while the others caught up.

"Jeff, you hang right hyar," he said, "an' keep your eyes peeled on the back trail. I ain't so shore thet grey patch back on the valley was haze. It sort of moved to me. An' there wasn't a lick of wind. Wal, from round this corner you can easy see the cedar grove, where we'll hang up fer the boss. An' if yer ketch sight of any more'n a couple of riders on the back stretch you come ridin' hell bent fer election. Don't stay long after noon."

Perhaps another five miles down the slope lay their objective to which they headed. The gait was slowed a little, if anything, yet in somewhat over an hour the riders arrived at the cedars. Jim recalled the place, but it was not, as he had imagined, the point where Hays had led up out of the brakes of the Dirty Devil.

The hour was still some time before noon. Smoky scanned the slope to the south and east. It would not have been possible to



see riders at any distance, as the rocks, brush, ridges and washes intervened profusely.

"What'll we do, Smoky? Throw the packs or not?" queried one of the riders.

"Dog-gone if I know," replied Slocum, peevishly. "It's a rummy deal. Hot as hell now an' gettin' hotter. I forgot to ask Hank, Reckon you'd better herd the hosses an' we'll wait. I'll keep a look-out fer the boss."

Jim tied his horse in the shade of a cedar and climbed a jumble of rocks so he could command a better view. Almost at once he sighted riders coming down a wash about

a mile away, and he had opened his mouth to shout the good tidings when something checked him.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Three riders? Assuming that two of them were Hays and Latimer, who could the third be? They disappeared behind a corner of bank. Jim sank down in a cold sweat. Perhaps these men were Indians or strangers from Hankville, or prospectors. But he had not seen any pack animals.

After a long, anxious watch he saw the three reappear in the wash, considerably closer. The one in the middle rode a grey horse and otherwise contrasted sharply with the dark mounts and dark clothes of the other two. A second time the trio disappeared. Smoky was peering about in a desultory manner, but he was too low down to sight the riders. Jim was now shaking. An awful premonition attacked him. He had met it and almost overcome it as another unaccountable attack of nerves, when the foremost horseman emerged from behind a bank. He recognised the stalwart figure, the wide, black sombrero, the pose in the saddle. That man was Hank Hays.

Jim scarcely dared shift his gaze back to the second rider, but he was irresistibly forced to. A slight figure in tan, drooping in the saddle!

"So help me!" he whispered, and sank down on the stone. That centre rider was Helen Herrick. For a moment a hell riot ed in Jim Wall's breast. How he cursed himself for a vacillating idiot! His intuition had been right. He had seen through this robber leader's behavior at Star Ranch. But like a fool he had not trusted himself. Jim grew cold to his very marrow. Yet his intelligence did not wholly succumb to his fury. He strove to think. This hound had gotten Helen, just how, it was useless to conjecture. But to kill him then, right on the spot? That gave Jim Wall pause. Hays' men would roar at this deal, involving them in the abduction of a woman, still they would hardly go so far as to resist him with arms. Jim crushed down his deadly impulse. He would wait.

Well indeed had it been for Jim to spy this trio long before they reached him. He had time to recover, to think what was best. If Hank Hays had come upon Jim suddenly it would have been his doom.

One of the pack animals neighed shrilly and then all the horses stuck up their ears. "Say, I heard a horse-shoe ring on a stone," called Mac, who had ears as keen as a horse.

"What's that?" queried Smoky, sharply. He leaped up.

"Look! Riders comin'!" exclaimed Brad Lincoln.

"Can't be nobody but Hank."

Jim leaped off the rock, crawling down behind the watching men, startling them. "Smoky, it's Hays. I saw him a mile off."

"Why didn't you say somethin' then?" retorted Slocum gruffly.

"I was too flabbergasted," replied Jim, coolly, as he joined them.

"It's Hank, all right," said Mac.

"Shore, I see him now. That's Hank."

"Jim, what flabbergasted you?" demanded Slocum.

"Three riders!" flashed Jim.

"Wall... So I see. What you make of that?" ejaculated Slocum.

The three emerged clearly from behind the cedars. A blank silence ensued. Jim at last got the tigerish nerves under control. His thoughts were whirling.

"Humph! Little rider in between," commented Lincoln.

"That's Sparrowhawk behind."

"Who's the third party?"

"Hank shore is a queer duck, takin' up with strangers like he does."

"Somebody with a mask on!"

"An' a long alseker."

"Fellers," rasped out Slocum, "that's a woman with a veil!"

Jim thought the moment had come. "Men, Hank has double-crossed us. He's stolen Herrick's sister!"

CHAPTER 15.

HANK HAYS led his two followers to within a few feet of the cluster of riders. Jim's lightning-swift glance took the three in, their dust-caked horses, and flashed back to fasten upon Miss Herrick. Her features were not visible through the veil. The linen coat showed the wear and tear of contact with brush. She had on riding boots and overalls.

"Wal, you're all here but Jeff," began Hays.

"Jeff'll be comin' by now," replied Smoky. "What you aimin' fer?"

"Brakes of the Dirty Devil."

"I take it you've fetched Herrick's sister."

"You're a bright boy."

"Hank Hays, after all, you double-crossed us," roared Smoky. "You're a liar. You're a cheat. You think you can drag us in on a deal like this. I thought you acted



powerful queer. So it was this girl you tricked us fer? ... You—!"

Jim Wall strode forward and aside, his swift action menacingly significant.

"Hays, your lig's up. She goes back!"

"Wait a minute," the robber replied, stridently. "Stick or quit, if you want. I fetched this girl fer ransom. She come willin', cause if she hadn't I'd killed Herrick. He'll pay twenty-five, mebbe fifty thousand, for her."

Jim interposed again: "Hays, you're a dirty liar. You didn't steal this girl for ransom," he called out, fiercely. Then, turning to the dejected figure on the gray horse: "Miss Herrick, is he telling the truth?"

"Yes, he stole me for ransom," she replied, with emotion. "They broke into my room—one through the window, the other at the door. They threatened me with guns. . . . If I screamed they'd kill me! If I didn't come with them they'd kill my brother! . . . I agreed."

"We tied Herrick up before we got the girl," said Hays. "An' after, we made him promise to pay handsome. An'—"

"That's enough," snapped Jim. "Give me a man or two. We'll take her back and get the money."

"Hold on. That was somethin' I had in mind," drawled Hays. "But it didn't work. I had to kill Progar. An'—"

"Who's Progar?"

"Wal, he's Heeseeman's right-hand man. Now it happened that foky Heeseeman was plannin' the same trick I pulled. Progar an' another feller fetched us takin' the girl out. The other feller got away."

"That's wuss than ever!" screamed Smoky. "Heeseeman will find out."

"Hub. I should smile in particular that he will. We seen his outfit on your trail!"

"Shet up! Hosses comin'!"

The ensuing rush was quelled by Smoky's ringing order. "Hold on! It's Jeff!"

An opening in the grove showed Bridges plunging upon them.

"Heeseeman's outfit's trillin' us," he announced. "Back about five miles when I left my post."

"Fellers, grab your rifles an' take to cover," yelled Smoky.

Hays made a dive for his horse and, mounting, leaned over to take up a rope halter round the neck of the horse Miss Herrick was riding.

"You lied—to me," she cried, angrily. "You assured me that if I'd come without resistance you'd soon arrange for my freedom. Here we are miles from Star Ranch."

Hays paid not the slightest attention to her, but started off, leading her horse.

"Jim Wall, are you going to permit this outrage?"

"I'm powerless, Miss Herrick," he replied, hurriedly. "If Heeseeman catches us you'll be worse off."

The leader headed down the slope, dragging Miss Herrick's horse. Jim could hear the girl's protestations. The other riders made haste to line the pack horses. Smoky brought up the rear.

No doubt about Hays knowing his way! He rode as one familiar with this red clay and grey gravel canyon. The pack horses kicked up a dust like a red cloud.

Jim kept unobtrusively working ahead until there were only three pack horses in front of him, and he could see Hays and the girl at intervals.

Hays yelled back for his riders to hurry. He pointed to the left wall as if any moment their pursuers might appear there.

The next sign from Smoky was a rifle shot. Jim espied something flash along the rim, high up and far back, out of range, if it were a pursuer.

"Bustle!" shrilled Smoky. "I seen riders. They ducked back. They'll aim to head us off."

Hays bawled back an order and pointed aloft.

Suddenly riders popped into view back on the point of an intersecting canyon. Hays and Latimer opened fire with their revolvers. The riders began to return the fire with rifles. Jim saw Latimer knocked off his horse, but he leaped up and mounted again, apparently not badly injured. He raced ahead after Hays, who rode fast, dragging the girl's horse, and at the same time shooting at the riders until he passed around a corner of the canyon. Latimer soon disappeared after him. Then the riders above turned their attention to the rest of Hays' outfit.

Jim had a quarter of a mile to ride to pass the corner ahead to safety. The pack-horses were scattered, tearing up the canyon. Jim gained on them. Then he began to shoot.

One of his first shots hit a horse, and his seventh connected with a rider, who plunged like a crippled rabbit back out of sight. The others of Heeseeman's outfit took alarm, dodged here and there to hide, or ran back. Jim emptied the magazine of his rifle just before he passed round into the zone of safety.

Jim hauled Bay to a halt, and soon the pack-horses galloped by, every pack riding well. Lincoln dashed into sight first, closely followed by Mac, Happy Jack and Jeff, all with guns smoking. And lastly came Slocum, hatless, blood on his face.

"Jest barked," panted Slocum. "Load yer guns—an' ride on!"

CHAPTER 16.

Around the next turn they came upon Hays and his two riders. With another big intersecting canyon on the right, it looked as if their pursuers were held up.

Deeper and deeper grew the canyon. Mid-afternoon found the fugitives entering a less constricted area, where sunlight and open ahead attested to the vicinity of a wider canyon, surely the Dirty Devil. And so it proved.

Hays waited for his riders and the pack animals to reach him.

"Hank, air you almin' for thet roost you always give us a hunch about but never produced?" asked Slocum.

"I've saved it up, Smoky, fer jest some such deal as this."

Jim, over the back of his horse, watched Miss Herrick. She was tiring and her head drooped.

"The robber took up her halter and, straddling his horse, he spurred into the muddy stream. Hays led into the middle of the river and then turned downstream.



An hour later, he turned into a crack that could not be seen a hundred yards back, and when Jim reached it he was amazed to see the robber leading up another narrow gorge, down which ran another swift, narrow stream. Jim appreciated that a man would have had to know where this entrance was, or he could never have found it. The opening was hidden by a point of wall which curved out and around.

This gash wound like a snake into the bowels of the colored, overhanging earth. Two long hours later Hays led up out of the boxing canyon. A hummocky, lonely, black and grey landscape rolled away on every side to the horizon of stars. Then abruptly they began to descend into a black, round hole the dimensions of which were vague. Presently they reached a bottom from which weird, black, bold walls stood up, ragged of rim against the sky.

"Hyar we air," called out Hays. "Throw saddles an' packs. Let the hosses go. No fear of hosses ever leavin' this place."

Jim's night-owl eyes discerned Hays lifting Miss Herrick off her horse and half-carrying her off toward the rustling cottonwoods. Jim, making pretence of leading his horse, followed until Hays stopped at the border of what appeared a round grove of cottonwoods impenetrable to the sight.

"Oh, for God's sake; let go of me!" gasped the girl, and sank down on the grass.

"You may as well get used to thet," replied Hays, in a low voice. "Do you want anythin' to eat?"

"Water—only water. I'm—choking."

"I'll fetch some an' a bed fer you."

Little did Hays realise, as he strode back to the horses, that Jim stood there in the gloom, a clutching hand on his gun and mad lust for blood in his heart. Jim knew he meant to kill Hays. Why not now? But as before he had the sagacity and the will to resist a terrible craving.

With nerveless hands he unpacked his outfit. Then he sat down upon his bed roll, exhausted, and gazed around him. The place fascinated. An owl hooted down somewhere in the canyon, and far away a wolf bayed bloodthirstily.

SOON a crackle of fire turned Jim to see a growing light, and dark forms of men. Jim waited until he saw Hays go to the camp fire, and then he, too, joined the men.

"What kind of a roost is it, Hank? Anythin' like the Dragon Canyon?"

"No. I seen that place once. It's a cave high up—forty feet mebbe, from the canyon bed. Only one outlet to thet burrow, an' thet's by the same way you come. This roost has four. We could never be ketchin' in a hundred years."

"Hank, how'd the lady stand the ride?"

"She's all in."

"Gosh, no wonder. Thet was a job fer men."

"Reckon I'll put up the little tent fer my lady guest."

"Hank, how air you goin' to collect thet ransom now?" inquired Lincoln.

"I dunno. Heeseman shore spoiled my plan."

Jim watched the robber chief minister to the wounded Latimer. While he was bandaging the wound Jim stole away in the darkness toward where the chief had left his prisoner.

It was dark as pitch toward the grove of cottonwoods, which were shadowed by the bluff, here very close. The rustling of the leaves and the tinkle of water gulded Jim.

At length Jim located grey objects against the black grass. He stole closer.

"Where are you, Miss Herrick?" he called in a tense whisper. "It's Jim Wall."

He heard a sound made by boots scraping on canvas. Peering sharply he finally located her sitting up on a half-unrolled bed, and he dropped on one knee. Her eyes appeared unnaturally large and black in her white face.

"Oh, you must be careful. He said he'd shoot any man who came near me," she whispered.

"He would—if he could. But he'll never kill me, Miss Herrick," Jim whispered back. "I want to tell you I'll get you out of this some way or other. Keep up your courage. Fight him—if—"

"I felt you'd—save me," she interrupted, her soft voice breaking. "Oh, if I had only listened to you! But I wasn't afraid. I left both my door and windows open. That's how they got in. I ordered them out. But he made that Sparrow man point a gun at me. He jerked me out of bed—throwing me on the floor. I was half-stunned. Then he ordered me to dress to ride."

"Keep your nerve," interposed Jim, with a backward glance toward the camp fire. "But I'll not deceive you. Hank Hays is capable of anything. His men are loyal. Except me. I'm with them, though I don't belong to the outfit. I could kill him any time, but I'd have to fight the rest. The odds are too great. I'd never save you that way. You must help me play for time—till opportunity offers."

"I trust you—I'll do as you say. . . . Oh, thank you."

"You said he robbed you?" went on Jim, with another look back at camp. Hays was standing erect.

"Yes. I had four thousand pounds in American currency. The Sparrowhawk man found it—also my jewellery. . . . Another thing which worries me now—he made me pack a bundle of clothes, my toilet articles—"

"Ahuh. But where was Herrick all this while?"

"They said they had tied him up in the living-room."

"How much money did Herrick have on hand?"

"I don't know, but considerable."

"It is a good bet he robbed your brother, too. That'd make this ransom deal look fishy, even if there were nothing else."

"There! He is coming. Go—go! You are my only hope."

Without a look Jim rose to glide away along the grove. He made no sound. The darkness cloaked him. Hays' deep voice floated to him from the other direction. Circling to the left he got on higher ground, from which he saw the camp fire again. Then he sought his bed and crawled into it.

Jim realised that when Hank Hays stole this girl from her home he had broken the law of his band, he had betrayed them, he had doomed himself. No matter what loyalty they felt for Hays, the woman would change it. Her presence alone meant disruption and death.

Morning disclosed as remarkable a place as Jim had ever seen. Mocking birds, blackbirds, and meadowlarks were mingling their melodies.

Below him the little grey tent Hays had raised for his captive had been pitched against the grove of cottonwoods, which occupied a terrace. One-half of the trees stood considerably higher than the other, which fact indicated rather a steep bank running through the middle of the grove. The luxuriant jungle of vines, ferns, flowers, moss and grass on that bank was eloquent of water.

This grove was on a point, that was separated from the wall on each side by a deep gully. But these gullies ended abruptly where the point spread into the oval floor of the hole. Also both gullies opened into a canyon below.

Jim saw some of the men at the camp fire, among them Hays. Beyond them rose a wall of white, grey and reddish stone. Jim was reminded of what Hays had said about outlets to their burrow. There was also, on the other side, the steep entrance down which Hays had come to get into this place.

The inclosed oval contained perhaps twenty-five acres of level sward, as grassy as any pasture. Aside from the features that made this retreat ideal for robbers, it was amazing in its fertility, in its protected isolation, and in the brilliance of its many colors.

Jim strode over to the camp fire to wash. "How's Sparrowhawk?" asked Jim.

"Stopped bleedin'." It was Hays who answered this time. "But I gotta dig out thet bullet an' I'm plum feared I can't."

"Let it be a while. How's our prisoner?"



"Say, all you fellers askin' me that. Fact is, I don't know. She was dead to the world last night."

"Let her sleep. That was an awful ride."

"After grub we'll climb up an' look our roost over," announced Hays presently.

"It certainly is a great robbers' roost," agreed Jim, wiping his face. "If we get surprised we'll simply go out on the other side."

"Wal, we jest can't be surprised," said Hays, complacently. "One lookout with a glass can watch all the approaches."

"If I was Heeseman and had seen you, as he sure saw us, I'd find you in three days," returned Jim, deliberately.

"Wall, I'll bet you two to one that you can't even git out of here," declared Hays.

"Why, man, you just told us all how to get out."

"Down the gully, yes. But you've never seen it an' you'd shore be stuck. . . . Wal, we'll keep watch durin' daylight."

"Fellers," Hays said at the end of the meal, "I forgot to tell you that we took a little money from Herrick. I'll make a divvy on that to-day."

This news was received with manifest satisfaction.

"How much, about, Hank?" asked Bridges eagerly.

"Not much. I didn't count. Reckon a couple of thousand each."

"Whew! That added to what I've got will make me flush. An' I'm gonna keep it."

"Hank, as there's no deal in sight all summer, an' mebbe not then, we can gamble, huh?"

"Gamble yourselves black in the face, provided there's no fightin'. It's good we haven't any likker."

"Boss, I forgot to tell you that I bought a couple of jugs at the Junction," spoke up Smoky, contritely.

"Wal, no matter, only it 'pears we're all forgettin' things," said the leader, somewhat testily.

"Hank, when're you aimin' to collect ransom fer the girl?"

"Not while that hard-shootin' outfit is campin' on our trail."

Later Jim caught Smoky aside, digging into his pack, and approached him to whisper:

"Smoky, I wish we had time to talk. But I'll say this right from the shoulder: It's up to you and me too see no harm comes to this girl."

"Why you an' me, Jim?" returned Smoky, his penetrating eyes on Wall's.

"That's why I wish I had time to talk. But you've got to take me straight. If I wasn't here you'd do your best for her—that's my hunch. . . . Shoot now, quick! Hays is suspicious as hell."

"Wal, yore a sharp cuss, Jim," retorted Smoky, going back to his pack. "I'm with you. One of us has always got to be heah in camp, day an' night. Do you savvy?"

"Yes. . . . Thanks, Smoky. Someshow I'd have sworn by you," replied Jim, hurriedly, and retraced his steps to the fire.

CHAPTER 17

AFTER breakfast Hays led his men, except Latimer, up through the west outlet, from which they climbed to the highest point in the vicinity. Every point of the green hole was in plain sight. Every approach to it, even that down the dark gully, lay exposed.

Brad Lincoln said sarcastically: "So you been savin' this roost for your old age?" Then Jim put in his quiet opinion: "A band of men could hang out here for 20 years—unless they fought among themselves."

"Ha!" Slocum let out a single sharp exclamation.

They left Jim on the bluff to keep the first watch.

Jim had Miss Herrick's word as to the amount taken from her. It was a certainty that Hays had also robbed her brother. But he had not reported the truth as to amount; and this was another singular proof of the disintegration of the chief's character.

In all likelihood Sparrowhawk Latimer was aware of this omission on the chief's part. Probably he had been bribed to keep his mouth shut. Whatever there was to learn Jim meant to learn.

While his thoughts ran in this fashion, skipping from one aspect to another, Jim's

keen manipulation of the field glasses followed suit. And after each survey he would shift the glass back to the oval bowl where the robbers were at work.

Some were carrying water, brush, stones, while others were digging postholes. Hays began to lay a square fireplace of flat stones. The stone, sand, water were fetched to him, but he did the building himself. An hour or so after the start the square grate appeared to be completed, and the chimney was going up. Four cotton-woods formed the four corner posts of the shack. Poles of the same wood were laid across for beams. Probably Hays would construct a roof of brush, and give it pitch enough so that it would shed water.

Three times Hays left off work to walk across the green to the tent where Miss Herrick kept herself. No doubt the robber called to her. The third time he peeped in.

But Hays did not attempt to enter the tent. Then Hays retraced his steps back to the job.

Long after noonday, and when Jim had spent at least six hours on watch, Jeff Bridges detached himself from his comrades and laboriously made his way up the long slope to the bluff, upon which Jim was stationed.



Jim relinquished the glass and his seat to Bridges. He made his way leisurely down off the smooth red ledges to the slope, and eventually to the valley floor. Jim drew his gun, and selecting a favorable shot, he put out the eye of a rabbit; and presently he repeated the performance. With the rabbits dangling, one from each hand, he turned into the oval, amused to find not a single man in sight. They had heard his shots and had taken to cover.

As he approached, one by one they reappeared.

"Huh! You scared us," declared Hays, forcibly.

"Young rabbit for supper won't go bad," rejoined Jim.

"They sure won't," agreed Smoky. "Lemme see, Jim." He took the rabbits and examined them. "Look ahyar, Brad. He shot the eye out of both of them."

"Durned if he didn't," said Brad enthusiastically. "How fer away, Jim?"

"I didn't step it off. Reckon one was about twenty paces and the other farther," returned Jim, stretching the truth a little. He knew such men, how their morbid minds centred about certain things.

"Hank, for Gawd's sake don't let's give Jim Wall a chance to shoot at us!" ejaculated Smoky, with a loud laugh.

"We don't want Jim shootin' at us any more'n he wants us shootin' at him."

"Jim, take a snack of grub, an' then come to work with us," said Hays.

While they were at it Smoky suggested they erect a sun and rain shelter for the prisoner. Hays consented with a bad grace. So before dark they built one for Miss Herrick that would add materially to her comfort.

"Reckon this cottonwood grove is her private grounds, fellers," added Smoky. "It ain't no fault of our'n if this gurl is hyar, but since she is, we'll see she gets treated like a lady."

That was strong speech, yet passed over by Hays.

A tiny stream ran out from under the trees. Jim banked it up with clean red rocks, forming a fine little pool of clear, cold water. Smoky deftly fashioned a rude armchair, which, when covered with saddle blankets, made an acceptable chair. Hays, not to be wholly outdone, cut and carried a great armload of ferns.

"Come out, miss," he called into the tent.

Helen emerged, her eyes suspiciously red, but that did not mar the flash of them.

"Hays, am I to gather from this kindly service that my stay here will be indelinite?" she queried.

"Wal, it looks like that."

"You can send Jim Wall and another of your men back to Star Ranch. I'll write a letter to my brother to pay and ask no questions or make no moves."

"Shore, I reckon Jim would go. It's easy to see that. But none of my regular men would risk it," returned Hays.

"There's a better way, Hank," spoke up Smoky. "Send Jim an' me back with the girl. If she'll promise it we'll get the money."

"I give you my word," swiftly agreed Miss Herrick.

"When it suits me—which is when it's safe to send fer that ransom money—I'll do it an' not before."

Hays stalked away toward the cook shelter.

"You—what's your name?" she asked, turning to Smoky.

"Wal, you can call me Smoky," drawled that worthy.

"Jim has made you a friend—to help me?"

"I reckon so, but fer Gawd's sake don't talk so loud. Try to savvy this deal, an' what's your part in it." Smoky wheeled to his task as Hays strode back into ear-shot.

Miss Herrick entered her tent, and after that little more was spoken between the men, and presently, at Hays' suggestion, they quit for the day.

"Whar you bunkin', Smoky?" inquired Hays.

"Under the cliff with Sparrow. That poor devil needs nursin'."

"Jim, whar you sleepin'?"

"There's my bed and pack and saddle," replied Wall, pointing. "I'll leave them there till it rains."

Hays made no comment. They repaired to Happy Jack's shelter and to their evening meal. Later by the light of the camp fire Jim saw Helen come out of her tent to walk up and down in the dusk. And she got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf.

Darkness soon settled down, and with it the robbers, worn out with their labors. Jim stayed up long enough to see Hays stretch in his blankets under Happy's shelter.

The next day was like the preceding, with its camp tasks and improvements, the guard duty, attendance upon Sparrow, and the universal, if covert, observance of Miss Herrick. To do her credit she kept out of her tent, ate, exercised, and watched with great anxious eyes that haunted Jim.

After that, day after day, full of watching and suspense for Jim, wore on.

The seventh day, during the heat of the afternoon, Jim was on the lookout from the bluff with his field glasses.

When he returned, Smoky came to meet him.

"Sparrow's been askin' fer you," he said, moodily. "I'm afeared he's lots wuss."

When Jim bent over the wasted Latimer it was indeed to feel a cold apprehension. "What is it, Sparrow? I've been on watch," said Jim.

"Am I a-goin' to croak?" queried Latimer, calmly.

"You've a fighting chance, Sparrow."

"Wal, I've been shot before. But I never had this queer feelin' . . . Now, Jim, if I git to sinkin' don't keep me from knowin'."

"Sparrow, I couldn't honestly ask for that confession yet," replied Jim. "You might pull through. But I promise you, and I'm shaking your hand on it."

"Good. That eases my mind."

On the walk across the oval Smoky said very seriously: "Jim, I reckon we better have Sparrow tell us to-morrow—whatever



he has on his chest. That is, if we want to know it. Do you?"

"I sure do, Smoky. If it's something Latimer must confess it's something we ought to know."

That night Jim moved his bed closer to the grove, farther from the campfire, and it commanded a view of the rise of ground where anyone passing could be detected above the horizon. Even after he had crawled under his blankets he watched.

But nothing passed. The hours wore on until the utter loneliness of the deep pit weighed heavily upon Jim's oppressed breast.

He fell asleep and dreamed that he was riding a gigantic black horse with eyes of fire, and that there was a white flower growing out from a precipice, and in a strange, reckless desire to pluck it he fell into an abyss. Down, down, he plunged into blackness. And suddenly a piercing, terrible cry rose from the depths.

CHAPTER 18.

JIM was sitting upright in bed, his brow clammy with sweat, his heart clamped as in a cold vise. What had awakened him? The night was silent, melancholy, fateful. He swore that a soul-wracking cry had broken his slumber. Then he remembered the dream. He was not subject to dreams. The rest of the night he dozed at intervals, haunted by he knew not what.

One by one the members of the gang appeared at Happy Jack's calls to breakfast.

Jim was the last to arrive, except Hays, who had not yet appeared.

After the meal Jim, as was his custom, hurried toward the shelf where Latimer lay. He had gotten half-way when Slocum caught up with him.

"Jim, you look like the wrath of Gawd this mornin'."

"Smoky, I didn't sleep well. I'm cross, and I reckon I need a shave."

"Wal, if that's all— Say, Jim, did you hear the gurl scream last night?"

"Scream . . . did she?"

"Huh. If she didn't, I've shore got the jimjams. . . . My Gawd, look at pore Latimer!"

The patient had wrestled off his bed out into the grass. They rushed to lift him

back and make him comfortable. He appeared to be burning up with fever and alarmingly bright-eyed, but he was conscious and asked for water. Jim hurried to fetch some.

"How I rolled out there I don't know," said Latimer, after he had drunk thirstily.

"Reckon you was delicious, Sparrow," replied Smoky.

"No, sir. I was scared."

"Scared! You? That's funny," rejoined Smoky, looking across at Jim.

"What scared you, old man?" queried Jim.

"It was after I got my sleep. Must have been late, fer I always am dead to the world fer five or six hours. I was wide-awake. It was shore a lonecome, still night. Mebbe my sins weighed on me. . . . But all of a sudden, I heard a cry. It scared me so I jumped right off my bed. Hurt me, too, an' I didn't try to get back."

"Maybe it was a coyote by close," returned Jim.

"Fellers, I'll bet you'll find that gurl dead . . . murdered!" concluded Latimer hoarsely.

"Sparrow, you don't look flighty," replied Jim, gravely. "But your talk is else you've got a reason to think it."

"Shore, I have," rejoined Latimer, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Hays beat an' robbed Herrick! That's part I wanted to tell you, if I was goin' to croak. But I gotta tell it anyhow. An' I ask you both, as pards, to keep what I tell you secret till I'm dead."

"I swear, Sparrow," said Smoky, huskily.

"You can trust me, too," added Jim.

"Wal, that's why I feel Hank must have done fer the gurl, too."

"Robbed Herrick!" exclaimed Slocum, incredulously. "Was there a fight?"

"Yes. But Hank might have avoided it. He drove the man crazy. Fellers, Hays'd steal coppers off a dead man's eyes—shore. But what he said he wanted was the gurl fer ransom. Yet he poked a fight with Herrick an' beat him with a gun."

"Sparrow, how come you didn't tell us before?" asked Smoky, sternly.

"I'm beholden to Hank. But I will say that if I'd known his game I'd never have gone with him. After it was too late—wal, I stuck. An' I'd kept it secret. But I feel in my bones I'm done fer. So I'm squealin', an' I'm doin' it because Hays double-crossed you all."

"Reckon I'd have done the same, if Hank had a hold on me," conceded Smoky, generously. "Suppose you take a nip of whisky an' tell us what happened."

"I'm hot enough without liquor. But I'll tell you. . . . Gimme some more water."

After a moment Latimer drew a long breath and resumed: "Hank picked me because he had a hold on me. . . . After you fellers left that night Hank went out an' got another hoss. He had a saddle hid somewhere. We took them hosses up the bench back of the house an' tied them. Then we went down toward the house."

"Ahuh. He'd had this deal in mind all the time," said Smoky, nodding his head.

"Yes. Before we got to the house he told me he meant to hold Herrick up fer what money he had on hand—then steal the gurl fer ransom. I opened my trap to kick again' the gurl part of it, anyway, but he cursed me somethin' fierce. I seen then he was blood set on it, so I shut up. . . . Herrick was in the livin'-room. We walked round the house, an' Hank showed me the gurl's winder, which was open. . . . Wal, we went back, an' up on the porch, an' into the livin'-room."

"When Herrick looked up Hank threw a gun on him. 'Keep quiet an' shell out your money,' Hank ordered. That didn't faze the Englishman. He jumped up,

thunderin' mad. Hank hit him over the head, cuttin' a gash. That didn't knock Herrick out, but it made him fight till Hank got him good an' hard. Then he opened his desk an' threw out some packages of greenbacks. After that he slid to the floor. Next Hank ordered me to go out an' round to the gurl's winder. It was bright moonlight, but I didn't locate that winder quick. An' at that I was guided to it by the gurl's voice. 'Gimme another drink'."

Latimer quenched his inordinate thirst again, while Jim and Smoky exchanged thoughtful glances over him.

"Wal, where was I? . . . When I straddled that winder—kill I seen the gurl sittin' up in bed, white as the sheets about her. Hank had a gun pointed at her head, an' he was sayin' if she yelled he'd shoot. Then he told me to look around fer money an' jewels. I started that, keepin' an eye on them. The room was as moonlight as outdoors. Hank told her to git up an' dress for ridin'. She refused an' he yanked her clean out of bed. 'Gurl,' he said, 'yore brother is hawg-tied down in the livin'-room, an' if you don't do as I tell you, I'll kill him. . . . I'm takin' you away fer ransom, an' when he pays up you can come home. So long's you're quiet we won't hurt you.' . . . At that she got up an' ran into a closet. I heard her sobbin'. He made her put on ridin' clothes an' pack what else she wanted. Meanwhile I found a heap of gold things an' diamonds, an' a package of money, still with the Wells-Fargo paper on it. These I stuffed in my pockets, an' I shore was a walkin' goldmine."

"How much was there?" asked Smoky, curiously, when Latimer paused to catch his breath.

"I'll come to that. . . . We went out the winder, an' Hank hustled her into the woods, with me follerin'. Soon we come to the hosses, an' Hank put the gurl up on the grey. He blindfolded her an' told me to see she didn't git away. The gurl talked a blue streak, but she wasn't so scared, except when we heard a shot, then someone runnin' on hard ground. Hank come back pronto, pantin' like a lassoed bull. He said he'd run plump into Progar an' another of Heeseman's outfit."

"Miss Herrick," he says, 'them fellers was bent on robbin' your brother—mebbe killin' him. I shot Progar, but the other got away.' He tied the bundle on his hoss, an' leadin' the gurl's hoss he rode up the mountain. We rode the rest of the night, stoppin' to rest at daylight. Hyar I turned the money an' trinkets over to Hank. He



counted the money Herrick had turned over—somethin' more'n sixteen thousand—but he never opened the Wells-Fargo package I'd found in the gurl's trunk. . . . That's all, fellers. We rode till noon, meetin' you as agreed in the cedars."

"What was in that Wells-Fargo package?" asked Smoky, after a long pause.

"Money. Hundred-dollar bills. I tore a corner of the paper off. It was a thick an' heavy package."

"Ahuh. So Hank went south with that an' the jewellery?"

"Yes. When he made the divvy byar he gave me his share of that sixteen thousand. It's hyar in my coat. You an' Jim air welcome to it. 'Cause where I'm goin'—I don't need any."

"Sparrow, it was a long story for a sick man—an' hard to tell," said Smoky, feelingly. "Jim an' me will respect your confidence. An' if you pull through—as I hope you do—we'll never squeak. . . . But, pard, don't be surprised at what comes off."

CHAPTER 19

FIVE days later Sparrowhawk Latimer died during the night, after a short interval of improvement which gave his comrades renewed hope. He passed away alone, evidently in agony, to judge from his distorted face.

"Wal, I don't know but that Sparrow's better off," remarked Smoky, with pathos. They buried him in his tarpaulin on the spot, and divided his effects among them by drawing lots.

"What'd you do with the money you found on him?" queried Hays.

"We didn't find none. Sparrow gave it to me an' Jim some days ago," replied Smoky.

"Reckon you better divide it."



"Ump-um!" rejoined Smoky, nonchalantly, his beady little eyes on the chief. "Why not?"

"Wal, Sparrow wanted us to have it, not I reckon, because we took care of him when you forgot, but jest because he cottoned to us."

"Smoky, tell Hays the other reason," spoke up Jim.

"That'll wait, Jim. No hurry. An' I'm not so shore Sparrow wanted us to tell."

Hank Hays turned livid. "Ahuh. Mebbe you'd both be wise to stay shut up," he said, and left.

"Fellers," said Brad Lincoln, turning to the others, "I've had a hunch all along there was a hitch in this deal. Air you with me in demandin' a showdown from Smoky and Jim?"

"We shore air," rejoined Bridges, and Mac and Happy Jack expressed like loyalty.

"Smoky, you're square. If there's anythin', we want to know."

"Wal, there's a lot. It's due you, Jim an' me have no mind to keep silent, now Latimer's gone. But we're stuck byar in this hole, an' we don't want to fight among ourselves."

"Right you air—but no matter," snapped Lincoln.

"It'll bust up the poker game, Brad. You're behind, an' so long as there's a chance to win Hays' roll, why not take it?"

Lincoln made a passionate gesture. Smoky had hit his weakness. He was the top gambler of the outfit.

"Smoky, you're slugin' me one below the belt. You know I'd pass up anythin' to beat Hank. I'm game. Keep your mouth shut till it's gotta come out. An' you can bet your life if it's as serious as you hint there'll be a row."

"Mebbe we can slick it over," replied Smoky, smoothly. "If we win all the boss money—an' he'll shore be easy now with that gurl on his mind—I reckon there won't be any sense in tellin' at all. Eh, Jim?"

"I don't make any rash promises, Smoky," returned Jim. "I admire you a lot, Slocum, but I'm thinking you run this into the

ground. In all justice these men ought to be told something."

"I say cards. You fellers can't keep it for ever," rejoined Lincoln, darkly.

From that hour dated the grim and passionate gambling in which they all participated. With one man on lookout duty the others spent most of the daylight hours sitting at Happy Jack's table of cottonwood poles.

Jim had separated his money into two parts—one consisting of the bills of large denomination, and the other of small. The latter he kept out for gambling, intending to quit when it was lost.

But fortune was fickle. He did not lose it. Instead, he won steadily. There was no hope of his getting out of the game so long as he was ahead. He wanted to watch, think, plan. Luck changed eventually, and he lost all he had won. Then he see-sawed for a day, before he struck another streak of losing, and lost everything.

"I'm cleaned," he said, rising. "But, by gosh, I gave you a run."

"I'm way head. I'll lend you some," offered Hays.

"No, thanks. I'm glad to get off this well. I'll go up to the rack and send Mac down. From now on I'll do most of the lookout work. I like it."

Jim was glad this phase of his connection with the outfit was past. He had played for days, won and lost, all in the interest of the scheme fermenting in his mind. He wanted to be alone. If nothing else intervened, this gambling would lead to the inevitable quarrel. Whether Hays won all the money or lost what he had, there would be a fight.

Mac was so glad to be relieved of his lonely duty in the hot sun that he ran like an overgrown boy down the slope and back to the camp. But Jim welcomed the change.

At once a restless, baffled, harried condition of mind seemed to leave him. To face those men hour after hour, day after day, hiding his thoughts, had engendered irritation. When the split came and the shooting began Jim wanted to be around. He would help it along considerably.

He piled the glasses as diligently as before, sweeping all the hazy distances, the purple canyons, the white washes and valleys of green from which heat veils rose like smoke, and the mounds and ridges of red stone. Then he would watch the gamblers for a while. Often he would take a long look at the tent shelter where the girl spent her weary days.

One day, when Jim was returning to camp, somewhat before sunset, he heard a shot. He listened for others. None came.

The moment he entered the oval, to see Hays striding for the cabin, his hair standing up, and his men grouped outside of the camp shelter, Jim knew that there had been trouble.

"What now, Smoky?"

"Hank did fer Brad."

"How? Why? . . . You don't mean Hays beat Lincoln to a gun?"

"He did, Jim," ejaculated Slocum. "He bored Brad. I was the only feller who seen it. The rest was duckin'."

"What was it about, Smoky?"

"Wal, Brad has been gittin' sorer every day, an' to-day we cleaned him. Brad opened up on Hank, no doubt meanin' to call him fer fair. But Brad didn't git goin' good before Hank went fer his gun."

"Smoky, he had his mind made up," declared Jim, tensely.

"Shore. That's the queer part of it. Hank was not goin' to let Brad spit out much. . . . An', friend Jim, that's a hunch fer us."

"Hays can't beat me to a gun," rejoined Jim, with a cold ring in his voice.

"Nor me either. That's a safe bet."

They reached the camp. Lincoln lay face down over the table, his right arm hanging low, his gun lying near his hand.

"Lend a hand, some of you," ordered Slocum, peremptorily.

They carried Lincoln, face down, across the oval to the lower side of the cottonwood grove, and in half an hour he had been consigned to the earth, and his possessions divided among the men who had buried him.

"Grave number two?" speculated Smoky. "Fellers, it runs in my mind that Robbers' Roost in these next twenty years will be sprinkled all over with graves."

"How so, when nobody has any idee where it is?"

"Heeseman will find it, an' Morley, an' after them many more," concluded Slocum, prophetically.

"Let's rustle out of the hole," suggested Bridges.

CHAPTER 20

IT was dark by the time Happy Jack called them to supper. Jim carried over an armload of brush to make a bright fire. By its flare Hays was seen approaching, and when he drew near he said: "Jim, did they tell you straight how I come to draw on Brad?"

"Reckon they did," replied Jim, coldly.

"Anythin' to say?"

"No. I don't see how you could have acted any differently."

"Wal, you've coppered it with the ace. The second Brad jumped me I seen in his eyes he meant to egg me on to draw. So I did it quick. . . . Jack, what you got fer supper?"

By tacit consent and without a single word the men avoided Happy Jack's table that night and ate around the camp fire. Hays stood up, Smoky sat on a stone, Jim knelt on one knee, and the others adopted characteristic poses reminiscent of the trail.

"Cool after the rain," remarked Hays, after he had finished. And he took up a blazing faggot of wood. "Reckon I'll make a little fire fer my lady prisoner."

He stalked away, waving the faggot to keep it ablaze.

"I call that nervy," declared Smoky.

"What you think, Jim?"

"Just a bluff. Watch him."

"Hank's gone dotty," snorted Happy Jack.

"That gurl hates him."

"Men, what this Herriek girl thinks or feels it nothing to Hays," chimed in Jim, ringingly.

"I seen her last night when he called me to fetch her supper," said Jack. "First time I'd had a peek at her face lately. Seemed a ghost of that other gurl."



"Yes, and you fellows saw only a ghost of the money Hays got from the Herrieks," retorted Jim, divining the moment for revelation had come.

An angry roar arose. Smoky threw up his hands and left the camp fire. Then Jim, in brief, cold terms, exposed the machinations of their chief. After the first outburst they accepted the disclosure in astounded and ominous silence. Jim paced off into the darkness.

The fire Hays had built in front of the shelter cast a bright light, showing the girl walking to and fro. Jim kept in the shadow of the cliff and stole within a couple of hundred feet, then sat down on the grassy bench. If the girl spoke when Hays brought her food, it was too low to hear. Jim quivered when she faced in his direction and at the end of her short walk gazed across at the camp fire. It was too long a gaze to be casual.

Jim had a feeling that he could not much longer stay his hand. Right then if he had seen Hays as much as touch the girl he would have shot him, and risked having it out with the men. But the chief sat there, a fading figure in the dusk. Finally, Helen went into her tent. Jim grasped at that break in the tension of the hour and stole away to his bed.

Some time during the night Jim was awakened. As he lay there, eyes open, a soft hand touched his cheek and a whisper brought him wide awake, transfixed and thrilling.

"Jim! . . . Wake up! . . . It is I!" Helen knelt beside him. Jim sat up with a violent start.

"You! . . . What is it? Has that devil—"

"Hush! Not so loud. Nothing has happened. . . . But I couldn't sleep—and I must talk to you—or go out of my mind."

In the starlight her face had the same pearl-white tint as the clouds.

"All right. Talk—but it's risky," he whispered huskily. His hand rested upon the blanket. She put hers on it, as if in her earnestness to assure him of her presence and her feeling.

She bent lower, so that her face was closer, and she could whisper very softly:

"First I want to tell you how cruelly it has come home to me—my ignorance, my failure to believe and trust you, even after you—so—so rudely insulted me that day up on the mountain trail. If I had only had faith in you then! It's too late. But I want you to know I have the faith now. Only the fear and the suspense are wearing me out."

"But you are well—all right still? . . . He has not harmed you? Helen?"

"No, he has not harmed me, and I am not ill. I'm losing flesh because I can't eat. But that's nothing. . . . Lately I don't sleep because I'm horribly afraid he will come—and smother me—or choke me—so I can't cry out. I've slept some in the daytime. . . . Jim, the thing is—I can't stand it much longer. I think I frightened him. But I can see—I can feel—oh, Jim, for God's sake, do something to end—this horror—"

She leaned or fell forward in the weakness of the moment, her head against him. He stroked it gently, his reaction as far from that passionate and mocking embrace at Star Ranch as could have been possible.

"Helen, don't—give up," he replied. "You have been brave. And it has gone—better than we could hope. . . . Only a little while longer!"

"We might steal away—now."

"Yes. I've thought of that. But only to get lost and starve—or die of thirst in these breaks."

"That almost—would be better—for me."

"If you can't stick it out we'll plan and go—say, to-morrow night. We must have food, horses. . . . It's only honest, though, to tell you the chances are a hundred to one against us. . . . We've got an even break if we wait."

"How can you—think that?"

"This gang is about ready to go up in smoke. There'll be a terrible fight. Hays surely will be killed. And just as surely, more than he. That will leave a proposition I can handle without risk to you."

"Even then—we still have to find a way out of this awful place."

"Yes, but I'd have time, and I could pack water and food. . . . Helen, trust me, it's the best plan."

"If you take me back to my brother, I'll give you the ransom."

"Don't insult me," he replied, bitterly.

At that she drew up suddenly, and threw her hair back from her face. "Forgive me. . . . You see, I have lost my mind. That never occurred to me before. But I'll reward you in some way."

"To have saved you will be all the reward I ask—and more than I deserve. You have forgotten that I love you."

"Yes—I had," she whispered. Her great eyes studied him in the starlight as if the fact had a vastly different significance here than it had at Star Ranch.

"The proof of it is that I'm one of this robber gang—yet ready to betray them—kill their chief and any or all of them. Except Smoky. I've worked on him so that he's our friend. He is a real man, as you'll see when the break comes. . . ."



"But surely you don't mean that it's because you love me you'll save me?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"I cannot believe you. . . . I never accepted you as a desperado."

"Miss Herrick, all that doesn't matter," he rejoined, almost coldly. "We are wasting time—risking much—"

"I don't care. That is why I had to come to you. I knelt here for moments before awakening you. It helped me somehow—and it is easing my nerves to talk."

"Well, talk then. But make it low. . . . You must have crept very softly to my side. I sleep with one eye open."

"Indeed you don't. Both yours were tight shut—"

Suddenly she stiffened, no doubt at the slight sound that had checked her speech. She put a hand over his lips and stared at him with wide, vague eyes.

Over her shoulder Jim's eye was arrested by a glint of starlight upon a bright object on the ground. Above and behind it a shape, darker than the dark background, gradually took the outline of a man on hands and knees.

CHAPTER 21

COLD terror assailed Jim Wall, despite his iron nerve. That was Hays crawling upon them with a gun in his hand.

A bursting tide of blood through Jim's veins paralleled the lightning flash of his thoughts. Death for both of them was terribly close. His gun was under his pillow. Helen knelt between him and the robber. A move of even the slightest kind would be fatal. Cunning must take precedence of action.

He swerved his rigid gaze from the humped black form to Helen's face. It was white as marble in the moonlight. Her eyes

showed the tremendous strain under which she labored. In that instant she could almost read his very thoughts. Her fingers still crossed his lips and they had begun to tremble.

"It's Hays," he whispered, scarcely audibly. "Follow me—now." Then, exerting all his will to speak naturally, he said aloud: "No, Miss Herrick, I'm sorry, but I can't oblige you. I don't approve of Hays' kidnapping you, but it's done. And I'm a member of his band. I would not think of going against him, let alone trying to run off with you."

There was a tense silence, fraught with much apprehension for Jim. Would she be able to play up to him? There was just a chance that Hays had not heard any of their whispers, in which case it was possible to deceive him. Helen comprehended. It was Jim Wall's privilege then to see the reaction of a woman at a perilous moment.

"I'll give you the ransom money," she said, quite clearly, and certainly most persuasively. "My brother will reward you otherwise."

"You can't bribe me," he rejoined. "And I wouldn't advise you to try it on Smoky or any of the others."

"Hays may have had only money in his mind at first, but now—"

"Don't move, Jim!" came a low, hard voice from the shadow.

Helen gave a little gasp and sagged on her knees. Jim waited a moment.

"I won't, Hank," he replied.

Then Hays' tall form looked black above the rise of ground. He strode forward. If he had sheathed his gun Jim would have made short work of that interview. But he held it half-levelled, glancing darkly in the starlight.

The robber chief gazed down upon Jim and Helen. His features were indistinguishable, but the poise of his head was expressive enough. Still Jim sensed that he had been misled.

"You cat!" he declared, roughly. "If I catch you again—tryin' to bribe any of my outfit—I'll treat you so you won't want to go back to your baby-faced brother. . . . Now, you git to your tent!"

Helen rose unsteadily and vanished in the gloom.

"Jim Wall, you ain't been with me long, an' I don't know you, but I'm takin' this deal to heart," Hays said slowly. "I'm much obliged. I reckon you're the only man in the outfit who could of withstood that woman."

"No, you're wrong, Hank. Smoky wouldn't have listened to her. And I'm sure the others would have stood pat."

"My faith was near gone."

"That's in you, Hank. You've no call to lose it. You've about spilt your gang over this woman."

"Wal, I'm not askin' judgments from you or any of the outfit," growled the chief, gloomily. "You'll all be good an' glad to git your share of the ransom."

"The thing is—boss—will we get it?"

Hays made a violent move, like a striking snake. "What you mean by that?"

"I'm askin' you."

"Air you insinuatin' you mightn't git yours?" demanded Hays. And Jim, used for years to sense peril, divined he was not far from death then. He had not moved a hand since Hays' arrival. If he had had his gun within reach he would have ended that argument. But the chances were too greatly in Hays' favor. Wit and cunning must see him through. He could feel how intensely the chief wanted to know what Jim knew.

"No. You might say I was askin' for all of us," replied Jim, curtly.

"Wal, I'll git the outfit together an' do some askin' myself."

"It's a good idea. It might prevent the split—provided you divide the money you stole from Herrick."

"I'll wring that white cat's neck," blazed the robber.

"You're wrong, boss. She didn't tell me. She doesn't know you robbed her brother. Sparrow confessed before he died."

Hays swore a mighty oath. "An' he squealed?"

"Yes. To Smoky an' me. We kept it secret until we had to tell. They knew somethin' was wrong."

"All the time you knowed!" There was something pathetic in the fallen chieftain's shame and amaze. By this he seemed to realise his crime.

"You see, Hank, how your outfit has stood by you, even in your guilt."



"Aluh! . . . If it ain't too late—I'll make amends," he rejoined hoarsely, and stalked away in the darkness.

Jim lay back on his blankets with a weight of oppression removed. He had saved himself for the hour, but what would the outcome be?

Jim had breakfast before the other men were up. With rifle in hand Jim headed towards the western exit.

The sun was still beneath the rim of the escarpments in the east, but its approach was heralded by a magnificent glory of red and gold.

Jim had never before been high up here at such an early hour. Any man would have been struck by the spectacle. And there ran through his mind a thought of how Miss Herrick would have revelled in this glorious scene.

"Well, I am loco," he soliloquised, blankly, suddenly brought up sharply by the absurd reflection. Excitement and emotion had reacted so powerfully upon him that he was not himself. Right then he made the stern decision that when he started back to camp, to face Hays again, he would be a thousand times his old self.

The sun shelted he had erected had once before toppled over and this morning he found it again flat, except one of the poles. Jim gathered up the dry brush and made a seat and back rest of it. He did not inquire into his premonition that the shelter had served its turn. Then he sat down to watch.

It was as if he had never seen a sunrise. There was no comparing it with any other he could recall. And one magnifying look through the field-glass was more than enough. Nature's exaggeration of color and loveliness and transparency and vastness was too great even for the normal gaze of man.

But that superlative grandeur passed, leaving something Jim could accept and gloat over as actual.

From this lofty perch he gazed with narrowed eyes across the shaded hole below, into which no ray of sun had yet penetrated. The black mouth of the gorge yawned hungrily. Above it on all sides spread the grey and red rock ridges, dotted with dwarf cedars, with white washes between, and on to spotted red ragged hummocks that fringed a green level, yellow with sunflowers, which led to an abrupt break into a canyon.

Loneliness was paramount. There was no sound—only an immense silence. No

life at all! Not a winged creature hovering over that ghastly region! But over this scene of desolation slowly spread the solemn blight of heating, blazing sun, soon to mantle all in illusive copper haze.

Before that hour arrived Jim Wall took up the field-glass. Below in the camp the men were lazily stringing to a late breakfast. The door of the cabin was open. A glint of gold crossed the dark aperture. Then the tall form of Hays stalked out. He yawned. He stretched wide his long arms. His ruddy face gleamed in the glass to that sight. Wall's whole being leaped.

"By Heaven!" his voice rang out. "Hays, that's your last morning's stretch. . . . Before this day's gone you'll stretch forever!"

Let his men have their hour, thought Jim darkly, but if they did not mete out justice to their chief the end was, nevertheless, fixed and unalterable.

Jim settled back and raised the field-glass more from habit than any semblance of the old watchfulness. There was nothing to see but the stark denudation of the brakes.

Suddenly into Jim's magnified circle of vision crept dark objects—a long line of them.

He was so startled that the glass wavered out of line. He moved it to and fro, searching. What could that have been? An error of sight, a line of cedars, a conception of idle mind?

"There!" he breathed. He had caught it again. Not cedars—not brush, but moving objects! . . . "By heaven!" he muttered. "Am I dotty?"

Horses! A line of dark horses! His straining eyes blurred. He lowered the glass with shaking hands. "So help me—it looks like riders!"

CHAPTER 22

A THIRD time Jim caught the objects. He froze the glass on them. Horses and riders—horses with packs! A bursting gush of hot blood ran all through him. It looked like Heeseman's outfit, at least three miles away, approaching slowly by a route far to the south of that over which Hays had come.

"About three miles," muttered Jim. "Coming slow. They're lost. . . . But that wash they're in heads into the Hays trail. . . . If they strike that they'll come fast. Not enough rain yet to wash out our tracks. We've not time to pack and ride out. . . . By thunder, they've cornered us! Now, Hank Hays—"

Jim took one more straining look. No hope! It was a big outfit and not traveling so slowly, either. The leader bestrided a black horse. Jim remembered that horse, snatching up his rifle he slung the field-glass over his shoulder and ran down off the bluff to the slope.

It occurred to him to locate Hays' horses. He sighted some—six, seven, eight—the others were not visible. Then Jim tore down the slope with giant strides. Reaching the valley floor he ran along the wash, through the entrance into the oval, and once on the grass he fairly flew the remaining distance to camp.

To his profound amaze he espied Hays bound hand and foot, with a stick behind him and through his elbows. The robber sat in an uncomfortable posture against the woodpile. At a second Jim saw that Hays had been gagged and his face was so contorted by rage that it appeared scarcely human.

"What's up!" cried Jim, breaking out of his bewilderment.

Hays gave vent to an inarticulate sound, but it was expressive. Jim wheeled to stalk under the shack, his hand on his gun, as if he half expected Heeseman to

have arrived before him. To his further amaze Miss Herrick was sitting at the rude table, eating breakfast. A big gun, that Jim recognised as Hays' property, lay conspicuously in front of her. Happy Jack, whistling as usual, was serving her.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jim. "Ask the men," she replied, curtly.

Outside and below the shack sat Smoky on a rock, with the others standing near.

"Maw'nin', Jim," drawled Smoky, with a grin. "You see, we've got a new chief."

"Who hawg-tied the boss?"

"Reckon I did—with a little help."

"What for?"

"Damn! If I know. Our lady prisoner made me do it."

"Miss Herrick forced you to tie Hays up?" queried Jim, trying to conceal his exultation.

"I should shiver she did. Stuck Hays' hair-trigger gun—cocked—right into my belly an' says: 'Will you tie this villain—an' swear by your honor not to release him or allow any of these other men to do so—or will you have me shoot you?'"

"How'd she get that gun?"

"Wal, she snatched it quicker'n lightning, that's how. An' when she cocked it with both hands it went off bang! The bullet went between Hank's legs. Ticked him. You can see the hole in his pants. Scared? My Gawd, you never see a man so scared. That gurl, cool as a cucumber, cocked the gun again, an' held Hays up—then all of us."

"We was sittin' at the table. She made us all stand, hands high, an' then she performed that little trick with Hank's gun agin my gizzard. Jim, I hope to die if I didn't go cold an' stiff. But I promised on my word of honor—as a robber—that I'd tie Hank up, an' make the other fellers play square. It was so funny, too, that I near bust. Hays, soon as he was helpless, got over his scare, an' then he was mad! I reckon no one on this earth saw a madder man. He cursed so terrible that she made me gag him."

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" gasped Jim.

"No wonder. We was wuss. We'd had breakfast, an' Hank was tryin' to face us fellers. I'll say he came clean, Jim. He divided all the money he got from Herrick an' his sister, an' the gold things an' diamonds. 'Fellers,' he said, 'I could lie an' say I meant to give this to you later. But I'm not built that way. I double-crossed you all—first time in my life. I meant to keep it all, an' the ransom for the girl. But now there won't be no ransom, for I'm not goin' to give her up. She's mine, an' I can do as I want, an' if any of you don't like it you can make your kick now.' . . . Wal, we was so plumb flabbergasted that we didn't see the gurl, who came close on the sun side of Happy's shelter. She heard



the whole damn' show. . . . Jim, I wish you could have seen her when she stepped up to Hank. I don't know what did it—maybe her eyes—but he shore wilted. It was then she snatched his gun."

"So that's the deal!" ejaculated Jim. "What are you going to do?"

"Don't ask me. I gave my word an' I'll keep it. For that matter the rest of our outfit air fer the gurl, ransom or no ransom."

Suddenly Jim awoke out of his stupefaction to remember the approach of Heeseman.

"Smoky, I know what you're all going to do, and that's fight," he flashed, curtly. "Heeseman's outfit is coming. I sighted them, perhaps three miles. Travelling slow, but sure. We've no time to pack and get away. We've got to find the best place to stand an' fight, an' pack our stuff into it pronto."

"Heeseman!" cried Smoky, coolly. "So it's come. I reckoned on that. Git busy, men."

Jim strode under the shelter to face Miss Herrick. She had heard, for she was white.

"We're all but surprised by Heeseman's outfit," he said abruptly. "We must fight."



You will be worse off if you fall into their hands. I'm sorry I must release Hays. We need him."

"Too late!" she exclaimed.

"Pack your things quickly and hurry over to the cave on this side." Then Jim picked up Hays' gun from the table and ran out. First he removed the gag, and then in terse terms he stated the situation. Next he released the robber from his painful fix and handed him the gun.

"Heeseman, huh! Wal, so be it!" Hays said, facing Jim with an air of finality that intimidated relief.

"How far are they?" Hays then asked.

"Two miles."

"We've got half an hour—mebbe. Did you think to look for the horses?"

"Eight horses in the valley. Others not in sight."

"Fine about you air. How come you didn't spy them soon enough fer us to rustle out of hyar?"

"I couldn't have seen them half a mile sooner," snapped Jim. "They came out from behind a bank."

"Hell's fire! Tell that to me? You was sleepin'!"

"You're a liar!" flashed Jim, leaping clear of the others. "Open your trap to me again like that!"

"Say, it's you who'll shet his trap," replied Hays, stridently. "Or you'll git a dose of the medicine I gave Brad Lincoln."

"Not from you—you yellow dog of a woman thief!"

SMOKEY SLOCUM ran out in time to get in front of Jim.

"Hyar! Hyar!" he called, pictorially. "Is this a time fer us to fight each other? Cool down, Jim. Make allowance fer Hays. He's wuss'n drunk."

"I don't care a damn if there're ten outfits on our trail. He can't talk to me that way. . . . And, Smoky, I reckon you're presuming on friendship."

"Shore, I am," returned Slocum, hurriedly. "I'll not do it again, Jim. Hays is what you called him. But leave your dispute till we settle with Heeseman."

"All right. You're talking sense," replied Jim. He had been quick to grasp the opening made by Hays. "There must be ten riders in Heeseman's outfit."

"Wal, thet suits me," rejoined the robber, harshly.

"Now think fast!" snapped Smoky.

Hays pulled himself together. "Mac, you an' Jeff run to fetch what hosses you can find quick. . . . Jack, you an' Smoky an' Wal hustle the grub, cook kit, packs an' beds into thet cave across the wash. I'll

git up high an' watch. When I yell, dig fer cover."

"You almin' to fight or run?" queried Smoky.

"We might git packed light, if somethin' holds them up. But we can't leave the way we come in. Dirty Devil too high. Heeseman has stumbled on the next best way. If we had plenty of time. . . . But rustle, everybody."

Mac and Jeff were already in limbering flight up the oval. And Happy Jack, not concerned enough to stop his whistling, was packing his utensils. Hays made for the notch in the bluff west of the cabin. Jim sprang into action, while Smoky dashed off toward the cottonwood grove.

Upon Jim's first return trip from the cave he encountered the girl burdened with her effects.

"Helen, I'll carry that. Hurry. We've no time to lose."

At the back of the cave there was a crack deep enough to protect Helen. He directed her to hide inside and await developments.

Jim ran on toward the camp, resolving to withhold a shell in his rifle and to keep a sharp watch on Hays.

The next quarter of an hour was filled with strenuous and unceasing action. Their united efforts collected all the supplies, utensils, saddles and packs, and several of the beds in the three-cornered cave back and to one side of the shack. A huge slab of stone lay across the top of this triangular notch in the cliff. The wall had been hollowed by the action of water. A small stream flowed out from the base of the wall.

At the extreme apex of the notch there was an opening, but hidden from above by thick bushes. Also bushes of the same kind screened the west side of this notch. Beyond the shack and in close around the opposite corner a corral had been built under that shelving wall.

It was the best place for defence in the oval, and Jim believed Hays' outfit could hold it indefinitely, though they couldn't save the horses. If it came to a siege they could be released.

CHAPTER 23.

SMOKEY came panting in with Hays' pack, and started off again.

"That's enough, Smoky," called Jim.

Slocum returned. "Nothin' left—cept Hank's bed," he panted. "I—couldn't—locate thet."

"Listen!"

"What do you hear?"

"Hosses."

"Sure, I catch it. . . . Which way?"

"Can't tell."

"Grab a rifle. Seems to me if Hays was up on top somewhere he'd hear horses before we could—in that direction."

"Shore. Must be Mac an' Jeff."

Smoky had guessed correctly. Half a dozen horses appeared tearing over rocks and through brush into the oval, with the two men, riding bareback, in close pursuit.

Then above the noise rose Hays' stentorian voice: "Ride! Ride fer camp! . . . Let the hosses go!"

The robber chieftain came plunging down the gap. He was warning Mac and Jeff. There must have been more danger for them, on the moment, than for him.

"Jim, keep your eye peeled on thet cliff," said Smoky, and stole forward under cover of the brush.

Presently a white puff of smoke showed above the ragged rim. Spang! The fight was on. One of Hays' men—Bridges—let out a hoarse bawl and swayed over, almost losing his balance. Jim looked no more

at him, but concentrated his gaze on the rim. Another puff of white! Something dark—a man's slouch hat—bobbed up. Jim's rifle, already raised, swerved a trifle—cracked. The hat went flying.

"Wal, if thet bird didn't have it on a stick he got scalped, I'll gamble," observed Smoky.

The horses came over the bench, frightened, but not stampeding, and Mac drove them into the corral. This was around the corner from the range of the sharpshooter of the rim. Bridges, reeling on the horse, followed Mac, who ran out of the corral to catch him as he fell. Then, as they came along close to the wall, Hays arrived from the other direction.

"Heeseman—with his outfit—nine in all," he heaved. "They're scatterin' to surround the roost. . . . But they can't cross—below us—an' across there it's—out of range. . . . We're all right."

"Yes, we air! Haw! Haw!" ejaculated Smoky, glaring back.

Mac half-carried the bulky Bridges into the safety zone and let him down on the ground with his head on a bed roll.

"Hank, I'm done fer," said Bridges.

"Lemme see." And the leader, kneeling beside Bridges, tore open his bloody shirt. He had been shot in the back, the bullet going clear through. "Wal, I should smile. Say your prayers, Jeff. . . . Somebody take his gun."

"Take it yourself, Hays," rejoined Mac, sullenly.

"Hank, you go hide with your lady prisoner an' we'll do the fightin'," added Slocum, who had crawled back from the edge of the brush.

"Hide! What's eatin' you?" roared the chief.

"You know what, you—"

"Hays, we'd rather die fightin' than owe our lives to one bullet of yours," said Happy Jack, in a cold contempt Jim had not thought possible of the man.

"Wal, I'll take you up," rasped Hays, after a moment of assimilation. He had degenerated to a point where he let passion away him utterly.

"You stay here, Hays," ordered Jim, hotly. "You got us in this mix. You lied and cheated. You betrayed us. And you'll fight, by Heaven! Unless you're as much of a coward as you are betrayer."

The chief grew livid where he had been grey. Only then had he grasped the significance of this fiery scorn of his comrades.

"You all double-crossed me!"

"Shore. Same as you did us. If we git through this deal, which I've a hunch we



never will, there'll come a reckonin' with me, Hank Hays."

"I meant to make a clean breast of it—divvy all the money," said Hays, in a strangled voice. "But I got crazy about the gurl. I couldn't think of nothin' else."

"Haw! Haw! fer thet first crack an' okay on the second. . . . Now!"

A bullet thudded into the wall, followed by the report of a rifle.

"Duck back! That was from somewhere else," shouted Hays.

They dove twenty feet farther back. Here they were apparently safe, except from the grassy ridge of the oval in front, which it was unlikely any sharpshooters could reach in daylight. Smoky peeped around the west corner, Mac round the one opposite. Hays knelt on one knee, rifle in hands, peering out. Jim went back to the apex of the notch, and bracing one foot in each side, clinging with one free hand, got up to a shelf from which he could peep out of the hole. He was exceedingly wary. In front was thick, low brush; on his right a thinner fringe, and the left was open.

After a careful study Jim crept out into the brush, stirred by a renewal of firing from the west rim. Wipe of white cloud, thinning on the light wind, located the positions of the shooters. First Jim peered through the growth of brush directly in front. He did not spy any men, but half a mile over the hummocky rocks he saw a little cove full of horses. The packs had not yet been removed from some of them, nor saddles from the others. Heeseman had come to make a siege of it.

Jim did not move hastily. A ragged section of cliff, quite high, above and to the left of the south exit, gave him misgivings. That was a likely place for ambush. Farther to the west, however, where the shooting came from, there was some hope of locating an enemy.

Almost at once he caught a movement of a dark object through a crevice in the rim. The distance was great for accurate shooting at so small a target. But with a rest he drew a coarse, steady aim and fired once.

THE object flopped over. A shrill cry, unmistakable to any man used to gunplay, rent the air. Jim knew he had reached one of the Heeseman gang, to disable him if no more. Next instant a raking fire swept the brush on both sides of Jim. He dropped down into the cave.

Smoky stood there, in the act of climbing. "They near got me," rang out Jim. "I hit one of them way over where they shot at Bridges. There's a bunch of them hid on that cliff to the right of the outlet, you know, where Jeff went up to scout."

"Jim, they got us located," replied Slocum, gravely.

"Sure. But so long as they can't line on us in here—"

"They can move all around. An' pretty soon Heeseman will figger that men behind the high center in front can shoot straight in hyar."

"I believe I can seen over that high centre."

"Whar from?"

"This hole above. The side toward the oval is a foot lower. It'd be reasonably safe."

"I'll go with you."

Bridges lay groaning, his big hands clutching his clothes, his face a bluish cast. Mac sat helplessly beside him. Hays knelt out by the corner of the wall, with Jack whispering behind him.

"Hold my rifle. I'll go up," said Jim. Without encumbrance he readily climbed to the shelf, finding to his satisfaction that he could stand on it and look out over the oval without being seen from the cliff.

"Hand up both rifles."

Smoky complied, and was soon beside Jim. "Jim, there's only one place we couldn't see, an' that's straight back of the centre. If they savvy it they'll almost shore try to work in from the west."

"You're right, old-timer," replied Jim, grimly, and pointed to the western entrance, where two stealthily moving figures could even then be discerned slipping, like Indians, from bush to bush.

"Jim, you're a right fine fightin' pard," quoth Slocum, delighted. "Now, ain't that jest a shame? They won't have sense

enough to run, givin' us hard shots. They'll sneak it . . . shore, look at 'em. I could almost bore one already."

"It's nerry of them, at that," admitted Jim. "After I shot from the top of this bank."

"They might not know that. It takes a good quarter of an hour to grade round that cliff an' down. . . . Where'd they go, Jim?"

"They're below the ridge now. Look sharp, Smoky, or they might get a couple of shots in first."

"Wal, if they do I hope both bullets lodge in Hank's gizzard."

"My sentiments exactly . . . Smoky, I saw something shine. Tip of a rifle. Right—so the right. . . . Ah!"

"Take the first feller, Jim. . . . One—two—three."

CHAPTER 24

THE rifles cracked in unison. Jim's mark sprang convulsively up, and plunged down to roll and weave out of sight. The man Smoky had shot at sank flat and lay still. Next moment a volley banged from the cliff and a storm of bullets swept blissing and spanging uncomfortably close.

Jim slid and leaped to the floor of the cave below. Smoky, by lying down, lower-



ed the rifles to him, and then came scrambling after.

Hays slouched back to them, followed by Happy.

"Heeseman ain't havin' a walk-over," said Smoky. "If we can kill two or three more, an' particularly Heeseman, we'll have that outfit licked."

"Yes. But how, Smoky? We're stuck here. And they'll take less risks now."

"The thing is we can't let night overtake us in hyar."

"Why not? It's as safe for us as for them."

"Safe nothin'. We can't make no light. This green bush wouldn't burn. An' Heeseman has us located. He'd be slick enough to station men after dark. Behind the centre and the rocks. In that wash, an' shore above us watchin' our hole. Then when daylight come we'd be snuffed out. No, if we don't end it before dark we shore gotta sneak out of hyar after dark."

Hays swaggered closer. "That's a good idee, Smoky."

"You wanta talk, huh?"

"Course I do. I'm boss hyar, an' what I say—"

"Hey, fellers, the boss wants talk," interrupted Slocum fiercely. "You, Happy an' Mac, talk to the skunk who used to be our boss. An' you, Jeff, air you able to talk to Hays?"

The dying man raised a haggard, relent-

less face which needed no speech to express his hate for the fallen chief.

"Hays, when I meet you in hell—I'll stamp your cheatin' brains out!" whispered Bridges, in a terrible effort to expend all his last strength and passion in one denunciation. The he sank back, his head fell on his breast, and he died.

"Gone! That makes three of us," ejaculated Mac, twisting restless hands round his rifle.

"Jack, gimme Jeff's gun an' belt," Hays said, and receiving them, he buckled them over his own. Next he opened his pack to take out a box of rifle shells, which he broke open to drop the contents in his coat pocket on the left side. After that he opened his shirt to strip off a broad, black money belt. This was what had made him bulge so and give the impression of stoutness, when in fact he was lean. He hung this belt over a projecting point of wall.

"In case I don't get back," he added. "An' there's a bundle of chicken-feed change in my pack."

There was something gloomy and splendid about him then. Fear of God, or man, or death was not in him. Rifle in hand, he crept to the corner on the left and boldly exposed himself, drawing a volley of shots from two quarters. Then he disappeared.

"What's Hays' idea?" asked Jim.

"He must know a way to sneak around on them."

A metallic, spanging sound, accompanied rather than followed by a shot, then a sudden thud at hand, choked further speech. Happy Jack had been cut short in one of his low whistles. He swayed a second upright, then, uttering an awful groan, he fell.

Smoky leaped to him, bent over.

"Dead! Hit in the temple. Where'd that bullet come from?"

"It glanced from a rock. I know the sound."

Spow! The same sound, another shot, and another heavy lead, deflected in its course, struck the stone above Jim's head.

"That rock thar," shouted Smoky, pointing. "See the white bullet mark. . . . Jim, some slick sharpshooter has figgered one on us."

Twenty feet out, a little to the left of the centre of the cave, lay a huge block of granite with a slanting side facing west. This side inclined slightly toward the cave. On its rusty surface showed two white spots close together.

Another spang and shot followed, with a banging of another heavy bullet from wall to wall.

"Come on, Jim, it ain't healthy hyar no more," said Smoky, hugging the wall and working to the extreme left-hand corner.

"I'm going' up in that hole," declared Mac, furiously, after another leaden missile had chased him around the cave.

He laboriously climbed up out of sight, and presently Jim heard him shooting.

Other shots pattered out from the cliff. Jim heard a scuffle above, then the clang of metal on stone. Mac had dropped his rifle. A sudden crash did not surprise him. Mac had fallen back into the hole to lodge upon the shelf. His shaggy head hove in sight over the edge. It dripped blood. Then he slid heavily off the bottom of the notch.

An instant later, before either Jim or Smoky could comment on this further diminution of their outfit, another spanging, zipping, spating ounce of lead entered the cave.

"Jim, the only safe place from that—is hyar, huggin' this corner," declared Smoky. "An' there ain't room enough fer the two of us."

"Keep it, Smoky. I'm not going to get hit. This is my day. I feel something in my bones, but it's not death."

"Huh. I feel somethin', too—clear to my marrow—un' it's sickish an' cold. . . . Jim, I'll sneak out an' crawl back of them. That's my idee. I don't have wrong idee at this stage of a fight."

That was the last he spoke to Jim. Muttering to himself, he laid a huge roll of bills under the belt Hays had deposited on the little shelf of rock. Then he vanished.

Scarcely had he gotten out of sight when Jim thought of the field-glass. Smoky should have taken it. Jim risked going back to his pack to secure it, and had the fun of dodging another bullet.

Jim returned to his safest cover and waited. Sitting against the wall he used the glass to try to locate Smoky across the oval. Meanwhile the sharpshooter kept firing regularly.

Next he attempted to locate this diligent member of Heeseman's outfit. This man evidently shot from behind the rim, low down, and not even the tip of his rifle could be seen. Jim had a grim feeling that this fighter would not much longer be so comfortable. Before this, Smoky must have passed the danger zone below.

What had become of Hays? Waiting alone among these deflecting bullets wore on Jim's mood. He decided to peep out of the hole again. To this end he climbed to the shelf, rifle in hand and the glass slung round his neck.

He could command every point with the aid of the field-glass, without exposing his head.

The sharpshooters had eased up a bit on wasting ammunition. Jim sought for the owl-shaped piece of rim rock and got it in the centre of the circle.

An instant later a far-off shot thrilled Jim. That might be Smoky. Suddenly a dark form staggered up, flinging arms aloft, silhouetted black against the sky. That must be the sharpshooter. Smoky had reached him. Headlong he pitched off the cliff, to plunge sheer into the wash below. Smoky had at least carried out his idea.

THE rattle of rifles fell off, but still what was left was not the scattering, desultory kind. It meant a lessening of man power. One at least for every two shots of Smoky Slocum's! And those on the cliff grew louder, closer. Heeseman's gang, what was left, were backing from that fire out of the west.

Suddenly Jim espied Hays boldly mounting the slope. But it appeared that he had not been discovered yet. Those on top were facing the unseen peril to the west.

Jim marvelled at the purpose of the robber chief. Still another shot from Smoky—the last! But Hays had reached high enough to see over. Levelling the rifle, he took deliberate aim. Then he fired.



"Heeseman!" hissed Jim, as sure as if he himself had held that gun.

Hays, working the lever of his rifle, bounded back and aside. Shots boomed. One knocked him to his knees, but he lunged up to fire again. Again he was hit, or the rifle was, for it broke from his hands. Drawing his two revolvers he levelled them, and as he fired one, then the other, he backed against the last broken section of

the wall. Jim saw the red dust spatter from the rock above.

The shots thinned out and ceased. Hays was turning to the left, his remaining gun lowered. He was aiming down the slope on the other side. He fired again—then no more. Those who were left of Heeseman's outfit had taken flight. Hays watched them, strode to the side of the big rock, and kept on watching them.

Soon he turned back and, sheathing one gun, took to reloading the other. It was at this moment that Jim relinquished the field-glass to take up his rifle. With naked eyes, through the aperture in the brush, he could see Hays finish loading his gun.

This moment, to Jim's avid mind, was the one in which to kill the robber. He drew a bead on Hays' breast. But he could not press the trigger. Lowering the hammer, Jim watched Hays stride up among the rocks and disappear.

Jim leaped up out of the hole to have a better look. Far beyond the red ridge he discerned men running along the white wash. There were three of them, scattered. A fourth appeared from behind a bank, and he was crippled. He waved frantically to the comrades who had left him to fare for himself. They were headed for the cove where the horses still stood. And their precipitate flight attested to the end of that battle and as surely to the last of Heeseman's outfit.

CHAPTER 25.

JIM picked up the field-glass, and slinging it in his elbow, essayed a descent into the cave. On the shelf he hesitated and sat a moment locked in thought. A second time he started down, only to halt straddling the notch. The battle had worked out fatefully and fatally. Would he see Smoky again? Yet nothing had changed the issue. The end was not yet. With his blood surging back to his heart, Jim leaped down to meet the robber chief.

Hays was not yet in sight. Thunder was now rolling and booming over the brakes, and grey veils of rain drifted from purple clouds. The storm, black as ink, centred over the peaks of the Henrys.

Between the intervals of mumbled rumble there was an intense quietness; a sultry suspension of air. Even in that moment the beauty of the scene struck Jim as appalling. It seemed unnatural, because death lay about him, bloody and ghastly; and down the arroyo stalked the relentless robber.

Jim strode out. The chief hove in sight. He walked slowly with an air of intense preoccupation.

"Where's Smoky?" called Jim, his lynx eyes on Hays' right hand.

"Cashed in," boomed Hays, fastening great hollow eyes of pale fire upon Jim. "He had cover. He plugged I don't know how many. But Morley's outfit had thrown in with Heeseman. An' when that gambler Stud broke an' run Smoky had to head him off. They killed each other."

"Who got away? I saw four men, one crippled."

"Morley an' Montana fer two. I didn't recognise the others. They shore run throwin' rifles away."

"They were making for their horses, tied half a mile back. Where'll they go, Hays?"

"Fer more men. Morley is most as stubborn as Heeseman. An' once he's seen this roost of ours—he'll want it, an' to wipe out what's left of us."

"Heeseman?"

"Wal, he didn't run, Jim. Haw! Haw! He's dead."

The chief strode to the mouth of the cave and stared around. Jim remained at the spot he had selected, to one side, between the robber and Helen's covert.

"Jack an' Mac, too?" he ejaculated in amaze. "How come? No more of that outfit sneaked down in hyar."

"Mac stuck his noddle too far out of that hole in the cave. And Happy Jack stopped a glancing bullet. There's just two of us left, Hays. Hy the way—you going to bury your dead?"

"No. If I do anythin' at all it'll be for my gurl. Them stiffs ain't a pretty sight."

If Jim Wall needed any galvanising shock to nerve him to the deed he had resolved



upon that single possessive word was enough.

"I'll bury them later," he said.

"Good. I'm all in. I climbed more'n a mile to git to them fellers." Hays sat down heavily, and ran his right hand inside his shirt to feel of the bulge of his shoulder. Jim saw him wince. Blood had soaked through his shirt.

"You got hit, I see."

"Flesh wound. Nothin' to fuss over this mornin'. An' I've got a crease on my head. That hurts like sixty. Half an inch lower an'—"

"I'd have been left lord of Robbers' Roost?"

"You shore would, Jim. Lousy with money, an' a gurl to look after. But it jest didn't happen that way."

"No, it didn't. But it will!"

That cool statement pierced the robber's lethargic mind. Up went his shaggy head and the pale eyes, opaque, like burned-out furnaces, took on a tiny, curious gleam. When his hand came slowly down from inside his shirt the fingers were stained red.

"What kind of a crack was that?" he demanded, puzzled.

"Hays, you forget."

"Oh, ho! Reckon I did. Never thought I'd fergit Smoky's blazin' tongue. But, Jim, this wasn't no mix of yours."

"I've made it mine."

"You an' Smoky come to be pard's?"

"Yes. But more than that."

"You're sore thet I didn't divvy square?"

"Hays, I take it you double-crossed me same as you did them."

"Uh-huh. Wal, you got me in a corner, I reckon. That's only two of us left. I'd be crazy to quarrel. . . . Would a third of my money square me?"

"No."

"It wouldn't. Wal, you air aimin' at a bargain. Say half, then?"

"No."

A tremor ran over the robber's frame. That was a release of swift passion—hot blood leaped again. But he controlled himself.

"Jim, I don't savvy. What's eatin' you? Half of the money hyar is a fortune for one man. I did play the hawg. But that's past."

"I won't make any deals with you."

"Ahuh. Then we've split?"

"Long ago, Hays."

"Air you tryin' to pick a fight with me?"

At this Jim laughed.

"'Cause if you air, I jest won't fight. I'd be senseless. You an' me can git along."



I like you. We'll throw together, hide somewhere a while, then build up another outfit."

"Hays, you're thick-skulled," retorted Jim, sarcastically. "Must I tell you that you can't bamboozle me?"

"Who's tryin' to?" demanded the robber, hotly. "All I'm tryin' is to patch it up."

"It can't be done."

"I'll give you two-thirds of the money."

"Hays, I wouldn't take another dollar from you—that you gave willingly."

Jim had turned his left side slightly towards Hays, concealing his right hand, which had slipped to his gun butt, with his thumb on the hammer. For Jim then, Hays was as good as dead.

"It'll all be mine, presently," he replied.

"Holdin' me up, huh?" rasped Hays. "Learned to be a shore-enough robber, trailin' with me, huh?"

"Hays, I promised Smoky I'd kill you—which he meant to do if he had lived to come back."

The robber's face grew a dirty white under his thin beard. At last he understood so much, at least. What volumes his stupidity spoke for his absorption! It changed. Jim's posture, his unseen hand suddenly loomed with tremendous meaning.

"Shore. That doesn't surprise me," admitted the robber. "When men's feelin's are raw, as in a time like this, they clab. But I did my share to clear the air. An' if Smoky had come back he'd have seen it different. I could have talked him out of it. . . . Jim, you're shore smart enough to see that, an' you oughter be honest enough to admit it."

"I daresay you could have won Smoky back. He had a fool worship for you. . . . But you can't talk me out of anything."

"Why, fer Gawd's sake—when I'm givin' you all the best of the deal?"

"'Cause I want the girl," thundered Jim.

A great astonishment held Hays stricken. Through it realization filtered.

"That! That was it—all the time!" he gasped.

"All the time, Hank Hays," replied Jim, steadily, and it was the robber's eyes, pale fires no longer, that he watched for thought and will.

Still he saw the violent muscular quivering which slowly diminished to freeze into rigidity. He had struck the right chord. In whatever way possible, Hank Hays loved this woman. However it had begun, the sordid, brutal thing had ended in Hays' worship of the golden-haired sister of Her-riek. Jim read this in the extraordinary betraying eyes, and read more—that it had been Helen the robber had fought for, not his lost caste with his men, not the honor of thieves. It was this that accounted for the infernal blaze of unquenchable hate, of courage that death itself could scarcely have stilled.

All this immediately coalesced into the conscious resolve to act and kill!

CHAPTER 26.

AS the robber sprang up Jim's first shot took him somewhere in the breast. It whirled him half round. His gun, spouting flame, tore up the gravel at Jim's feet. A terrible wound with its agony, a consciousness of its mortality, added to the overwhelming ferocity of jealous hate, gave the man superhuman physical activity. He whirled, bounding the other way so swiftly that Jim's second shot missed him altogether. Hays' gun was booming but it was also describing the same curves and jerks as his body. Then as passion gave place to desperate need and the gun aligned itself with Jim, Jim's third shot destroyed aim, force, and consciousness.

Hays' demoniac face set woodenly. The gun, with hammer up, dropped to explode. And the robber lodged against the slant of wall, dead, with the awfulness of his mortal passion stamped upon his features.

It was over. Jim breathed. The hand which held his gun was so wet that he thought his blood was flowing. But it was sweat.

"I wish—Smoky could—know," muttered Jim, over a convulsive jaw. He shoved Hays off the wall.

Wiping his face, Jim staggered to the rock and sat down. Spent and heaving he sat there, his will operating on a whirling mind. It was over—the thing that had had to come. All dead! Loyal and faithless robbers alike. What to do now? The girl? Escape from that hell-hole, soon to be besieged again! He must pack that very hour and ride—ride away with her.

"Jim—oh, Jim," came a cry from the back of the cave.

"Helen—it's all—over," he called, hoarsely.

She appeared in the opening. "Gone?" she whispered.

"Yes, gone—and dead."

"I saw—you . . . is he—dead?"

"You bet your life," burst out Jim, his breast oppressed.

"Oh, help me out!"

He ran to assist her. She came sliding out, to fall on her knees, clasping Jim with fierce arms. Her head fell against him.

"Get up," he ordered, sharply, trying to lift her. But she was more than a dead weight.

"God bless you! Oh, God bless you!" she cried. The voice was husky, strange, yet carried the richness and contralto melody that had been one of Helen's charms.

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Jim, you've saved me," she whispered. Jim's hands plucked at her arms, caught them.

She loosened her hold and raised her head to look up at him. He saw only her eyes, tearless, strained in overwhelming gratitude.

"No—not yet!" he blurted out. "We must hurry out of this."

She arose, still clinging to him. "Forgive me, I am selfish. We can talk some other time. I should have realised you would want to leave here at once. . . . Tell me what to do. I will obey."

Jim stepped back and shook himself.

"You kept me from thinking," he began, ponderingly. "Yes, we must leave here. . . . Put on your riding clothes. Pack this dress you have on—and all you have. Take your time. We're safe for the present. And don't look out. I've got to bury Hays and the men."

"My spirit wouldn't faint at that," she replied. "I saw you kill the wretch—and I could help you bury him."

"I won't need you," replied Jim, constrainedly, and wheeled away. Madly he rushed to and fro, while he searched the dead robbers, to find their money and valuables in a pile. Then he dragged them to the brink of the wash and toppled them over.

Action had begun to steady Jim, if not compose him. He shoved all the money into his saddlebag. Next he packed every one of his shells. He might be attacked again in that hiding place. Then he selected supplies for two packs and filled them, not forgetting a few utensils.

His next move was to strap blankets and saddles on the two gentlest horses. Those he led back to the cave, where he packed them. After that he had only to saddle Bay and the gray horse Helen had ridden there.

Suddenly he thought of Smoky. If he had been alone, or with another man, even a helpless one, he would have taken time to find that strange and faithful robber and have given him decent burial. But he would not leave the girl.

While he stood there, trying to think what else to do, he remembered a sack of grain that Hays had packed from Star



Ranch. He found it half full and tied it on the lighter pack.

He hurried back to the girl, calling: "Are you ready?"

"I've been waiting," she said, and came swiftly out. The rider's costume brought out the rounded grace of her form. She had braided her hair. The sombrero he remembered shaded her face.

"Where are your veil and long coat?" asked Jim, seeing her as on that unforgettable day.

"He burned them," she answered in a stifled voice.

"Get into this." And he held his slicker for her. It enveloped her, dragged on the ground.

"We're in for storm. Rainy season due. You must keep dry."

Turning to the grey horse, she mounted. "Ride close beside me where there's room. Just ahead where there's not," he directed her.

Jim tied the halters of the two pack animals to their packs, and started them off. Then he vaulted upon Bay—the first time for many weeks. The horse pranced, but steadied down under an iron hand and heel.

Helen looked back as one fascinated, but Jim bent stern gaze ahead.

"I would destroy this canyon if that were in my power. Come," he said.

They rode up out of the oval, driving the pack horses ahead. The rain was now falling heavily. On the gravel ridge to the west Jim saw a dead man lying prone.

Soon they entered the wide, shallow wash, in the sand of which Jim espied footprints filling with water. They rode out of the tail of the storm and into a widening of the wash, where it reached proportions of a small valley. Scrub cedar and brush and cactus began to show, and patches of sun-flowers on low, sandy knolls. They passed the cove where the riders' horses had been left. Broad and deep was the trail to the south.

"Are you all right?" Jim queried.

"Oh, I did not know I could feel rapture again. Yes, I am."

"You're dizzy just the same. You sway in the saddle. Ride closer to me, while you can. . . . Give me your hand. Don't talk. But look—look! You might see what I do not see."

They rode at length to a canyon head, down which the hoof tracks turned.

"We came this way by night, but I remember," she said. "Do you dare to follow them?"

"We must not."

"But that is the way to Star Ranch!"

"Yes, on the trail of desperate men, and across that Dirty Devil River. These

"When you get out, you must go home to England."

"I have no home in England. Bernie is my only kin, except very distant relatives who hate the name of Herrick."

"Then go to a country as different from this naked, stony wilderness as day from night. Where it snows in winter, and in spring there are flowers, birds, apple blossoms . . ."

"No, I shall not—leave," she replied positively.

A flash of joy leaped up in Jim at her words, but he had no answer for her. He led on, away from that broad, fresh trail, into an unknown region. And it seemed that this point of severance had an inscrutable parallel in the tumult within his heart.

The sun set in an overshadowed sky and storm threatened all around the horizon. Far north the thunder rolled, and to the south faint mutterings arose. Jim could not hold to a straight course. He wandered where the lay of the land permitted. Rising white and red ground, with the mounds of rock falling, and green swales between, appeared endless and forlorn. He began to look for a place to camp.

At last, as twilight darkened the distant washes and appeared creeping up out of them, Jim came to another little valley where scant grass grew and dead cedars stood up, spectral ghosts of drought, and on the west side a low caverned ridge offered shelter. He led over to this and, dismounting, said they would camp there. Her reply was a stifled gasp, and essaying to get out of her saddle she fell into his arms.

CHAPTER 27

TO Jim Wall it seemed a miracle that he did not snatch Helen to his breast. Like a wind-driven prairie fire his blood raced. He set her upright on the ground.

"Can you stand?" he inquired.

She essayed to, and, letting go of him, plainly betrayed her spent condition. Jim helped her into the shallow hollow under the rock.

In the quarter-hour before dusk he had unpacked, hobbled and fed the horses, built a fire and put water on to boil.

He carried his bed under the shelf and unrolled it, changed and doubled the blankets and folded the tarpaulin so that it could be pulled up in case rain beat in.

The fire sent a ruddy light into the cavern, and all at once Jim discovered that the girl was watching him.

"Are we safe here?" she asked.

"God only knows! I think so—I hope so. It's a lonely desert. Our enemies have gone the other way. They know they nearly wiped out Hays, and they'll try again with reinforcements. They knew Hays had a fortune in cash—and you."

To his concern and discomfiture she ate very little. She tried, only to fail. But she did drink her coffee.

"You'll pick up," he said hopefully. "Sleep, though, is more necessary than food."

"Jim, I can't pull off my boots," she said later. "Please help me."

She was sitting on the bed when Jim took hold of the boot she elevated.

"Look to see if you have any blisters," he said. "I'll bathe your feet in a little cold water and salt."

Bringing a pan of water, he knelt before her.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Helen. Stick out your foot . . ."

She put out her small feet. Jim lost no time in pressing them down into the cold, salt water. Then he rubbed her feet until they were red.

"Put your stockings back on and sleep in your clothes," he said. "Before you crawl in, I'll bring a hot stone."

"Ooooo!" She stretched out with a slow, final movement and pulled the blankets up under her chin.

Almost instantly she fell asleep with the flickering firelight upon her face.

Jim walked out to find the horses close to camp and making out fairly well on the



grass. He patrolled his beat between the flickering fire and the sleeping girl, heedless of the rain, sleepless for hours, on guard. And after that when he slept, it was with one eye open.

Toward dawn he got up and rolled his bed. The air was raw and cold, blowing a fine rain in his face.

By the time breakfast was cooking daylight had broken. Finding a thin, flat rock Jim placed Helen's breakfast upon it and carried it to her bedside. Then he called her.

"I've brought some food and strong coffee," he said.

Jim repaired to his own breakfast, after which he wrapped up biscuits and meat to take on the day's ride.

She pulled on her boots, and crawling out and straightening up with slow, painful effort she asked for a little hot water. Jim fetched it.

Free then to pack, Jim applied himself with swift, methodical hands.

She mounted unassisted. Jim helped her into the long slicker.

"It'll be a tough day," he went on. "But we're starting dry. Hang on as long as you can. We absolutely must get out of these brakes."

With that he lined up the pack animals, and they were off.

Jim travelled as best he could, keeping to no single direction, though the trend was northerly and following ground that appeared passable. The pack horses led. He followed them, and Helen brought up the rear.

The rain fell all morning and let up at intervals. Then black clouds gathered, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, burst upon them. Water ran in shoots off the rocks.

At length the fugitives came to a veritable river at which the lead horse balked. Bay, however, did not show any qualms. So he put Bay to the task. The big horse made it easily, with water coming up to his flanks. Whereupon Jim rode him back, after which the pack horses, intelligent and sensible, essayed the ford.

Then Jim returned for Helen.

"I'll carry you while you hang on to your bridle," said Jim, riding close to the grey.



summer rains. It will be in flood. I would not be able to get you through."

"You know best. But just to be free . . . to see my brother, Bernie! It is unbelievable."

Jim Wall looked away across the brakes. Presently he said, "I will try to find a way out of this hole. The country is strange. I'll be lost soon. But somewhere up out of here—we'll find a lovely canyon where there is grass and water. I must not run into cattlemen; robbers are not my only enemies. I don't want to be hanged—for saving you."

"Hanged! Oh, you frighten me!"

"I didn't want to tell you. It is no sure thing that I can safely elude the rest of Heeseman's outfit. If I try to get out through the brakes, I'd be far safer to hide you for a while—south of here, out of the way of riders."

"Take me where you think best," she said tremulously.

He had to lift her sheer off her horse and around in front of him, where he upheld her with his left arm.

They made it, with the splendid horse staggering out under his double burden just in the nick of time.

"You are doing fine. We have come eighteen or twenty miles. But I don't like the look ahead."

When once more they were on the way Jim gave her a biscuit and a strip of meat. "Eat. The rain will be on us soon."

Late in the afternoon there was a momentary brightening of massed clouds in the west.

They rode down out of these low gravel hills that had limited their sight, into a long, green, winding valley. A red river, surely the Dirty Devil, ran, ridged and frothy, under a steep wall of earth.

"I can't hang on—longer," faltered Helen faintly.

"I'll carry you. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" reproved Jim. He knotted her reins and dropped the loop over the pommel of her saddle. Then he lifted her off her horse on to his.

So Jim rode on, aware that her collapse and the terrible nature of the desert and another storm at hand were wearing away even his indomitable spirit.

Ragged, red bluffs stood up all along his right, with acres of loose rock ready to slide.

They swung in behind the bluff, and then out again to the higher and narrower bank upon which the old trail passed around the corner.

"Whoa, Bay," called Jim, hauling up to wait for the grey. "I don't like this place. Don't look, Helen."

As she made no reply, Jim leaned back to get a glimpse of her face. Asleep!

"Come on, Grey," he called to the horse behind, and to Bay: "Steady, old fellow. If that narrows round there you want to step sure."

It did narrow. Eight feet, six feet—less! Bits of the steep bank were crumbling away. But the pack horses had gone round. It would not be safe to try to turn now.

SUDDENLY Jim encountered a still narrower point, scarcely five feet wide. The edge had freshly crumbled. It was crumbling now.

Bay stepped carefully, confidently. He knew the horses with wide packs had safely passed there. He went on. Jim felt



him sink. One hind foot had crushed out a section of earth, letting him down. But with a snort he plunged ahead to wider trail.

Jim's heart had leaped to his throat. He heard the thud of hoofs behind, a heavy, slithering rumble. Looking back he saw the grey horse leap from a section of wall beginning to gap outwards to solid ground

ahead. Next instant six feet of the trail, close up to the bluff, slid down in an avalanche.

"Close shave for us all!" cried Jim huskily.

Right at his feet a red torrent rushed with a wrestling, clashing sound from out a deep-walled gorge of splintered, rocking walls.

This was a tributary, a vicious child of the hideous Dirty Devil. It barred Jim's progress. Thirty paces to the fore, on the widest part of the bank, stood the pack horses. Jim forced his startled gaze to the rear. No rider would ever come or go that way again.

The rain had slackened. The girl, stirring in his arms, roused him out of his bewilderment.

He rode on to a huge section of cliff wall which had fallen from above and now leaned at an angle over the trail. It appeared to be a safe retreat.

Jim dismounted carefully with Helen and, stooping as he moved under the leaning rock, he set her down on dry dust.

"Is it the end for us?"

He did not answer. Folding the slicker into a pillow he laid her head upon it. Scrambling up, he removed the saddle from Bay and dropped it under the shelter. Then, leading the horse, he stepped forward to where the grey and the pack animals had halted.

The instinct of the horses had guided them to halt behind the only safe spot on the unsafe bank. Jim removed their packs, leaving the saddles on. Without hesitation he poured out all of the grain, about two quarts for each horse. Lastly he jammed the packs under the edge of the boulders and left the horses free to take care of themselves.

"If that storm breaks over the head of this gorge we're lost," soliloquised Jim, in dark solemnity. Gloomy, weighed down by inscrutable events, he hurried back to the shelving rock.

He dreaded the coming hours—the night—the—he knew not what.

Jim removed his slicker and folded it into a long pad. As he crept closer the girl stirred again and spoke. He thought she asked if he was there. He placed the slicker in the best available place and covered that with the drier of the two saddle blankets. He pulled the saddle closer. Then he lifted the girl over his lap and covered her with the dry blanket. He leaned back against the stone with her head on his shoulder and his arm supporting her. It was not only that he wanted to keep her dry and warm; he had to have her in his arms while he waited for the nameless terror he anticipated.

CHAPTER 23.

THIS was the climax of the storm that had been gathering for days. Out upon the level desert it would have been serious for travellers; here in this gorge it was a massacre. Jim did not expect to live to hear it pass away. Yet he did. And then began the aftermath of a flood let loose upon such unstable earth. The waterfall gradually rose to a thundering, continuous crash. It dominated for a while, until the thousand streams from above poured over the rims to deafen all, to completely deafen Jim.

A sheet of water sliding over the rock hid the opaque blackness from Jim's eyes. Any moment now a flood would rise over the bank, and when it did Jim meant to climb higher with the girl, to front the hurtling rocks and slipping sides, and fight till the bitter end.

But many changes as the hours brought,

that flood did not rise above the bank. Jim saw the sheet of water fall and the black space of the gorge again. He heard the avalanches and the great single boulders come down, and the furious backlash of the torrent below, and the lessening roar of the waterfall.

The time came to Jim, as if he dreamed, when all sounds changed, lessened, faded away, except the peculiar thrashing of the stream below. And he got to listening for that sound, which occurred only occasionally. For a while the sliding rush of heavy water swept on, suddenly to change into a furious splashing.

At length Jim calculated it was a strong current laden with sand which at times caused billows to rise and lash their twisting tips back upon themselves. Long he heard these slowly diminishing, gradually separating sounds.

The streams ceased flowing, the slides ceased slipping, the rocks ceased rolling, and the waterfall failed from a thundering to a hollow roar and from that to a softening splash.

Jim imagined he saw dim stars out in a void that seemed to change from black to grey. Was dawn at hand? Had they been



spared? The gurgle of the stream below merged into the distant, low rumble of the Dirty Devil. Jim rested there, staring out at the spectral forms on the opposite wall, thinking thoughts never before inhabitants of his confused brain.

But the sky was greying, the gorge taking shape in the gloom, and this place which had heard a din of hideous sounds was silent as a grave.

At last Jim had to accept a marvellous phenomenon—dawn was at hand. Gently he slipped Helen into the hollow of the saddle. She was still asleep. His cramped limbs buckled under him, and excruciating pains shot through his bones and muscles.

In the grey light objects were discernible. He could not see the head of the gorge, where the waterfall had plunged out from the wall. But silence meant that it had been surface water, a product of the storm, and it was gone. Beneath the bank ran a channel of fine-ribbed sand where not even a puddle showed. On the bank the horses stood patiently, except Bay, and he was nosing around for a blade of grass that did not exist on the sodden earth. The great slope appeared the same and yet not the same. A mute acceptance of ultimate destruction hovered over it.

Sunrise found Jim Wall topping a rise of rocky ground miles beyond the scene of his night vigil. Again he followed his sure-footed lead pack-horse.

The sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, and at the moment it crowned with gold the top of the purple butte Jim had seen twice before. It appeared close now, rearing a corrugated peak above yellow and brown hills. Jim was carrying Helen in front of him. Conscious, but too spent to speak or move, she lay back on his arm and watched him.

There had been a trail along here once, as was proved by a depressed line on the gravelly earth. When Jim surmounted this barren divide he suddenly was confronted by an amazing and marvellous spectacle.

"Blue Valley!" he ejaculated

Below him opened a narrow, winding valley, green as emerald with its cottonwoods and willows. Only in the distance did it shine blue under the hot sun. Through it the Dirty Devil wound a meandering course, yellow as a bright ribbon. It was bank-full in swirling flood. And from where it left the valley, which point Jim could not see, a dull chafing of waters came to his ears.

"Blue Valley! . . . Helen, we're out of the brakes! . . . Safe! Men live here."

She heard him, for she smiled up into his face, glad for his sake, but in her exhaustion beyond caring for her own.

There was no sign of habitations, nor any smoke. But Jim knew that was Blue Valley. It was long, perhaps fifteen miles, and probably the farms were located at the head.



where irrigation had been possible. How could even pioneers utilise that ferocious river?

The startling beauty of this lost valley struck Jim next. It resembled a winding jewel of emerald and amethyst, set down amid barren hills of jasper and porphyry, and variegated mosaics of foothills waving away on the left, and golden racks of carved rocks, and mounds of brown clay and dunes of rusty earth.

Jim followed the lead pack-horse down into gumbo mud. The floor of the valley supported a mass of foliage besides the stately cottonwoods. And at every step a horse-hoof sank deep, to come forth with a huge cake of mud.

At midday Jim passed deserted cabins, some on one side of the river, some on the other. They did not appear so old, yet they were not new. Had Blue Valley been abandoned? Jim was convinced it could not be so. But when he espied a deserted church, with vacant, eye-like windows, then his heart sank; Helen must have rest, care, food. He was at the end of his resources.

An hour later he toiled past a shack built of logs and stones, and adjoining a digout, set into the hill. People had lived there once, but long ago.

Jim's last hope fled. He was still far from the head of the valley, but apparently he had left the zone of habitation behind.

The afternoon waned. The horses plodded on, slower and slower, wearing to exhaustion. Helen was a dead weight. Despair had seized upon him when he turned a yellow corner between the slope and the cottonwoods, to be confronted by a wide pasture at the end of which a log cabin nestled among cottonwoods. A column of blue smoke rose lazily against the foliage.

The horses labored out of the mud to higher ground. Jim rode up to the cabin. Never in all his life had he been so glad to smell smoke, to see a garden, to hear a dog bark. His ever-quick eye caught sight of

a man who had evidently been watching, for he stepped out on the porch, rifle in hand. Jim kept on to the barred gate. There were flowers in the yard and vines on the cabin—proof of feminine hands. And he saw a bed on the porch.

"Hello," he shouted, as he got off carefully, needing both hands to handle Helen.

"Hullo, yourself," called the man, who was apparently curious but not unfriendly. Then as Jim let down a bar of the gate with his foot this resident of Blue Valley leaned his rifle against the wall and called to someone within.

CHAPTER 29

JIM hurried on to the porch and laid Helen on the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not speak, but she smiled at Jim. Her plight was evident. Then Jim straightened up to look at the man.

His swift gaze, never so penetrating, fell upon a sturdy individual of middle age—a typical pioneer, still-faced and bearded. The instant Jim looked into the blue eyes, mildly curious, he knew that whoever the man was he had not heard of the abduction of Herrick's sister.

"Howdy, stranger."

"My name's Wall," said Jim in reply, slowly seeking for words.

"Mine's Tasker. Whar you from?"

"Durango. . . . My—my wife and I got lost. She wasn't strong. She gave out. I'm afraid she's in bad shape."

"She shore looks bad. But the Lord is good. It's only she's tuckered out."

"What place is this?"

"Blue Valley. I've stuck it out. But I'll be givin' up soon. No use tryin' to fight that Dirty Devil River. Five years ago there was eighty people livin' hyar. Blue Valley has a story, friend—"

"One I'd be glad to hear," interrupted Jim. "Will you help me? I have money and can pay you."

"Stay an' welcome, friend. An' keep your money. Me an' my women folks ask nothin' fer good will towards those in need."

"Thank—you," Jim replied huskily. "Will you call them to look after my—my wife?"

Helen was staring up at Jim with wondering, troubled eyes.

"Is everything all right?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if to find friends an' care is that," replied the rancher, kindly. Then he stepped to the door to call within. "Mary, this rider was not alone. It was his wife he was carryin'. They got lost in the brakes an' she gave out. We must take them in."

That night, after the good ranchers assured Jim that Helen was just worn out, Jim went to sleep under the cottonwoods and never moved for seventeen hours.

Helen sat up the second day, white and shaky indeed, but recovering with a promise that assured well. Her eyes hung upon Jim with a mute observance.

Next morning while the women were at work in the fields and Tasker was away somewhere Jim approached Helen on the porch. Her hair, once again under care, shone like burnished gold.

"Well, you look wonderful this mornin'," he said. "We must begin to think of getting away."

"Oh, I'm able to start."

"We mustn't overdo it. To-morrow, per-

haps. And then if we're lucky, in three days you'll be back at Star Ranch. . . . And I—"

His evident depression, as he broke off, checked her vivid gladness.

"You will never go back to—to your old life?" she questioned quickly.

"No, so help me, God! This I owe to you alone, Helen. It will be possible now for me even to be happy. But enough of myself. I have traded two of the horses for Tasker's light waggon. I will take you to the stage line and soon you will be at Grand Junction."

Jim ceased. Her hands slipped from her eyes, to expose them wide, flamed with tears, through which shone that which made him flee.

"Wait—please wait!" she called after him, as he made with giant strides for the gate. But he did not go back.

In a moonlit hour that night, late, when the good Taskers had gone to well-earned rest, Jim heard his name called. He ran with swift, noiseless feet to Helen's bedside.

"You did not come back," she whispered. "I cannot sleep. . . . There is something I want to say."

He sat down upon the bedside and clasped her hand in his.

"Is your real name Jim Wall?" she asked, with more composure.

"No. I will tell it if you wish."

"Are you a free man?"

"Free. What do you mean? Yes free—of course!"

"You called me your—your wife to these kind people?"

"I thought that best. They would be less curious."

"It has not offended—and I understood. . . . I want you to go back to Star Ranch with me."

"You ask me—that!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, I do."

"But you will be perfectly safe. Someone will drive you from Grand Junction."

"Perhaps. Only I'll never feel safe again—unless you are near. I've had too great a shock, Jim. I suppose one of your Western girls could have stood this adven-



ture. But this was my first rough experience. It was a—little too much."

"I can never go back to Star Ranch," he replied, gravely.

"Why not? Because you are—you were a member of a robber gang? I had an ancestor who was a robber baron."

"That's not the reason," he said.

"What is it—then?"

"If I leave you now—soon as I've placed you in good hands—I can ride off in peace—go to Arizona, or somewhere, and be a cowboy—and be happy in the memory of having served you and loved you and through that having turned my back on the old life. . . . But if I went back to Star Ranch—to see you every day—to—to—"

"To ride with me," she interferred, softly.

"Yes—to ride with you," he went on,

ROBBERS' ROOST

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

hoarsely. "That'd be like what you called your rough experience—a little too much. It would be terribly too much. I'm only human."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she whispered, averting her face and withdrawing her hand. "Jim, I believe if I were you, I'd risk it."

Jim gazed down at the clear-cut profile, at the shadowed eyes, hair silvered in the moonlight; then stricken and mute he rushed away.

Before dawn Jim had beaten his vain and exalted consciousness into a conviction that the heaven Helen hinted at for him was the generosity of a woman's heart.



she could not yet be wholly herself. He must not take advantage of that. But to reassure her he decided he would conduct her to Star Ranch, careful never to reopen that delicate and impossible subject, and after she was safely there and all was well he would ride away in the night, letting his silence speak his farewell.

At sunrise Jim acquainted Tasker with his desire to leave for Torrey.

At breakfast and in the bustle of departure he was sure Helen felt something aloof and strange in him, and he dared not meet her thoughtful eyes.

Soon they were on the way, Helen comfortably settled in the back of the two-seated wagon, and Jim riding beside Tasker in front.

A rancher at whose place Tasker stopped invited them to pass the night at his house and next morning take the road from there to Grand Junction, which could be reached in a long day's drive. Jim accepted both invitation and advice. In the morning Tasker bade them good-bye and God-speed.

"Thank you, Mr. Tasker," replied Helen. "I shall remember your kindness. And I'd like to buy back the two horses Jim traded you."

"I'll fetch them, if you'll tell me where," replied the rancher.

"Star Ranch, north of Grand Junction."

"I've heard of that. Well, you may expect me some day, though I had taken a likin' to your bay horse."

Jim drove off in the clear, cold air of a mountain autumn morning before the sun had come up.

"Helen, you shouldn't have asked him to fetch the horses," said Jim reprovingly. "He'll find out I lied."

"Lied! What about?"

"I told Tasker you were my wife."

"Oh, that!" laughed Helen, and turned away a scarlet face. "It can be explained easily—if necessary. . . . Look! This glorious country! . . . No, I don't ever want to leave it."

SOMEHOW Jim got through that long ride of suspense, fear, and thrills, and when they reached Grand Junction just after dark it was none too soon for him. Fortunately he got Helen into the little inn before she was recognised, and then returned to put the tired horses in the care of a stableboy. Jim did not risk entering store or saloon. Hays had had secret friends there. Yet Jim was keen to hear the gossip about Star

Ranch. He was late for supper, having taken time to shave and change his shirt.

To his surprise he found Helen radiant.

"What do you think Bernie has done?"

"Bernie!" ejaculated Jim.

"Yes. My brother. This good woman told me. . . . Jim, you are the richer by ten thousand dollars."

"Richer? . . . Me!"

"Indeed. Bernie offered ten thousand dollars for my safe return."

"You know I wouldn't take a dollar!" flashed Jim.

"Well! What do you want, Jim?" she inquired, with a woman's sweet tantalising mystery. "However, never mind that now. Listen. Bernie hired all the riders available to hunt for me. Also he found where Hays sold our cattle, and he forced the buyers to sell back every head at the price they paid. He threatened to take the case to Salt Lake City."

"That's sure good news. It might have a tendency to end rustling, at least in wholesale bunches. Did you hear how badly your brother was hurt?"

"She did not mention that. Anyway, it couldn't have been much, for Bernie has been here. . . . Aren't you going to eat any supper? Oh, I shall not sleep much to-night. . . . And what shall I tell Bernie?"

The query was arresting to Jim, and he hastened to direct her mind into other channels, trying to make her feel concerned that they had still fifty miles to cover.

Every moment of that ride next day was a joy and a pang. It seemed as short as the preceding one had been long. Helen was gay, sad, thoughtful, and talkative by turns, but she did not infringe on the one subject that crucified Jim.

It chanced that as they surmounted the pass that led down into Star Ranch Valley the sun was setting out of a glorious cloud



pageant over Wild Horse Mesa and the canyon brakes of the Dirty Devil. Jim judged of its beauty and profundity by the sudden silence it enjoined upon his companion. She never spoke another word until Jim halted the team in front of the ranch-house porch. "Home!" she whispered as if she had never expected to see it again.

CHAPTER 30.

AT Jim's halloo Herrick came out on the porch. "By Jove—here you are!" was his greeting, as cool and un-

emotional as if they were returning from a day's visit to the village.

"Yes, Bernie, here I am—thanks to my escort," replied Helen.

Jim helped her out, while some cowboys came running.

"I'll take the team down," Jim said hurriedly.

"You come in," returned Herrick, as he gripped Jim's hand and gave him a searching glance. He kissed Helen and led her in, with his arm around her. Jim purposely



lingered at the task of collecting Helen's worn and muddy luggage, and carried it in. Brother and sister stood with arms locked, and their gaze was hard to meet.

"Jim, you will have supper with us," she said. "I'll leave you and Bernie. . . . Oh, what will a tub and a change feel like!"

She gathered up her things and ran out of the living-room.

"Helen hadn't time to tell me much," Herrick said. "Hays kidnapped her for ransom. Took her to a hell-hole down in the brakes. Robbers' Roost she called it. Held her there captive. They fought among themselves—gambling with my money. Heeseman's crew found them. There was a battle. In the end you killed Hays and brought Helen back. . . . That's the gist of her story. But I want it in detail."

"I have all the money, almost to a dollar," Herrick replied Jim.

The Englishman regarded that as of little consequence and urged Jim to a recital of the whole affair.

Presently Herrick spoke with something of gravity: "Helen told me that I was to keep you at Star Ranch. I hope you won't let this Hays debacle drive you away."

"It'll be impossible for me to stay," rejoined Jim, briefly. "But thanks for your kindness."

"I'll have you manage the ranch—give you an interest. Anything—"

"Please don't embarrass me further. I can't stay. . . . It's hard to confess—but I have had the gall, the absurd luck, to fall in love with your sister. I couldn't help it. . . . I want you to know, however, that it has turned me from that old outlaw life. I'll go away and begin life over again."

"By Jove! So that's your trouble. Does Helen know?"

"Yes, I told her. It was after she asked me to come and stay at Star Ranch. Said she would never feel safe again unless I came. So I had to tell her."

"Declare I don't blame her. I'd feel a little safer myself. That devil Hays left his trade-mark on me. Look here. . . . By thunder, Wall, it's a blooming mix. I understand you, and think you're a man to respect and like. Can't we get around the trouble somehow?"

"There is no way, Herrick."

"Helen has her own sweet will about everything. If she wants you to stay, you'll stay, that I can assure you. Is there any honorable reason why you ought not stay—outside this unfortunate attachment to Helen?"

"I leave you to be judge of that," replied Jim, and briefly related the story of his life.

"I like your West. I like you Westerners!" Herrick exploded. "Whatever Helen wants is quite right with me. . . . I can't conceive of her insisting on your staying here—unless there is hope for you."

"That is wild, Herrick. I can't conceive of such a thing. It wouldn't be fair to take her seriously—after the horror she's been through—and her intense gratefulness."

Helen came in to breakfast next morning attired in the riding-habit she had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten day of their ride.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Herrick. "If I were you I'd never want to ride again!"

After greeting her, Jim could only look his admiration and wonder.

"I am taking up my ranch life where it left off—with reservations from sad experience," replied Helen, as she took her seat. "Bernie, we had to trade Jim's horse, Bay. What can he ride to-day?"

"He may take his choice. There are any number of good beasts."

"By the way, Jim, I told Tasker to follow us up at once with our horses. I shall treasure that horse Grey. A robber's horse! . . . Tasker ought to be here soon, maybe to-morrow."

Jim felt the solid earth slipping from under his feet.

"I expected to leave to-day," he said casually. "But I'll wait till to-morrow. Bay is a horse I hated to part with."

"So soon!" exclaimed Helen, with dark, inscrutable eyes on him.

"You are home. All is well with you."

"Bernie, could you not induce Jim to stay?" she queried.



Herrick waved a deprecatory hand. "Bernie has consented to let me share his ranching enterprise," she said. "I'd like to see it pay—a reasonable interest, at least. And I have rather conceived the idea that it'd be difficult, if not impossible, without you."

"Not at all," replied Jim, constrainedly.

Presently she rose. "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle."

Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her . . .

Barnes led the onslaught of ranch hands upon Helen, and the welcome she received

could not have been anything but gratifying.

Jim got on the horse Barnes saddled for him and followed Helen, who, to his surprise, took the road back up to the ranch-house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the ridge. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on. When they got up to the level ridge, among the pines, he trotted to catch up with her. But she kept a little ahead.

Jim's thoughts looked around one astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he



had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all around him, seemed strangely intensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky burned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above, and the purple-grey valley deepened its colors below.

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer.

"My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen.

"Helen, I fear it's better than your sense—of kindness, let me say. . . . Why did you bring me here?"

"Please look at my cinch," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally.

Her saddle cinch was all right, and he rather curtly told her so.

"Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her booted and spurred foot.

"Well, I can't see anything wrong with that, either. . . . Helen. . . ."

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irresistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her ungloved hand went to his shoulder.

"Nothing—the matter with—your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all it's not my cinch—nor my stirrup. . . . Jim, could any of your Western girls have done better than this?"

"Than what?"

"Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes. They would have been more merciful."

"But since I love you—"

"You are mad," he cried.

"And since I want you—presently—to be—have somewhat like you did that day."

He reeled under that. The truth was almost overwhelming. The strong, earnest light of her eyes told more than her words. Her pallor had vanished. She was no longer cool.

"Jim, you might have saved me this. But perhaps it is just as well. You are laboring under some delusion that I must dispel. . . . I want you—ask you—to stay."

"If you are sure—I will stay. Only, for God's sake, don't let it be anything but—but—"

"Love," she added. "Jim, I am sure. If I were going back to England I would want you to go just the same. . . . It's what you are that has made me love you. There need be no levelling. I lived years down in Robbers' Roost. That changed me—blew the cobwebs out of my brain. This wonderful West and you are alike. I want both."

"But I am nobody. . . . I have nothing," he cried haltingly.

"You have everything a woman needs to make her happy and keep her safe. The fact that I did not know what these things really were until lately should not be held against me."

"But it might be generosity—pity—the necessity of a woman of your kind to—to pay."

"True. It might be. Only it isn't. . . . I brought you here!"

Jim wrapped his arms around her and for the reason that he was ashamed to betray the tears which blinded his eyes he



buried his face in her lap and mumbled that he would worship her to his dying breath and in the life beyond.

She ran soft ungloved hands through his hair and over his temples. "People, cities, my humdrum existence had pulled on me. I wanted romance, adventure, love. . . . Jim, I regard myself just as fortunate as you think you are. . . . Lift me off. We'll sit a while under our pine tree. . . . Jim, hold me as you did that other time—here!"

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person)

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